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THE HABIT OF WORK

BY WOOD LEVETTE WILSON



HE bells in the old church tower had struck the hour, and the miniature automaton had given the expected toot on its ridiculous little trumpet.

"Is this what we stopped here to see?" asked Wallace Kemble, lowering his gaze, as he turned to the guide.

"Partly, mynheer—sir; but not all. Of a certainty, not all." The guide spoke excellent English—and had expectations in direct proportion to this excellence. "There is yet the Stadthuis tower, built in 1501, and everyone sees the choir screen in the church, completed in 1562. About the town are many curious houses, built about the same time. Very—very—quaint and charming. All Americans say so. Yes, sir, Mönnikendam is a very interesting old place."

Kemble listened with all the patience of a man who is slowly and carefully lighting a cigar.

"Well," he said, as he threw the match away, "let's move along back to the boat."

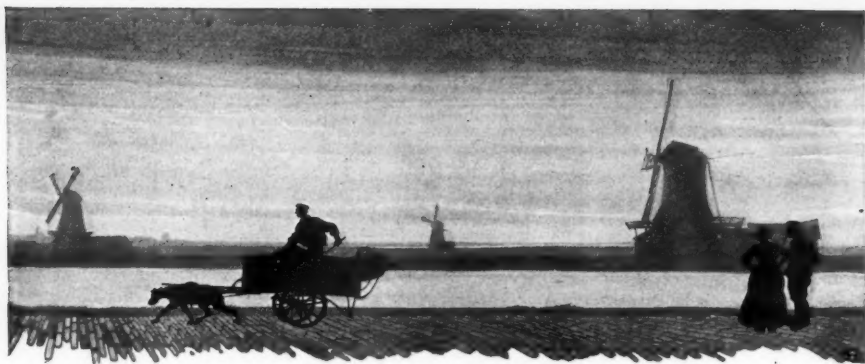
"But, mynheer—sir," protested the guide, "there is yet——"

"Oh, well, let it stay 'yet.' I've got enough."

Kemble was homeward bound. That was plain enough to be seen from his manner, even if he hadn't shown a tendency to boast of the fact when opportunity offered. To other American tourists, fresh and enthusiastic, after seven or eight days at sea, he declared that God's country was good enough for him. And when they smiled at him with an expression of pity, he merely let it go at that, leaving time and experience to vindicate him. Of course Kemble was not homesick; because, under the circumstances, no one ever is; but he had heard strange tongues and strange accents so long that his ears were weary of them; and he had seen so many things that he had got to the point where his mental camera was producing nothing but fogged plates.

Finding himself in Amsterdam on the very day the boat made its first trip of the summer season to Marken, he concluded that this would be as good a way as any to kill six or seven hours.

It was a reluctant spring, with a cold and



"But this was Holland."

blustery May day for the little launch to make its initial trip of the season through the canals. Probably this accounted for the fact that Kemble was the only passenger. Notwithstanding the efforts of the guide, and the waiter who served his luncheon after passing Broek in Vaterland, who strove to hide their disappointment at so meager a prospect for tips by assiduous attention to their only hope in that direction, Kemble was bored. He smoked much and said little; and the guide was so depressed by his charge's inattention and the lack of the usual questions, that he sighed heavily. He had high hopes of arousing an interest at Mönnikendam, but even these had failed.

Disconsolately he led the way through the clean, narrow streets, walled by clean, low-built houses on either side, back toward the boat, from time to time, from sheer force of habit, throwing out an informative remark about some object of interest.

Presently Kemble stopped, and the light of hope once more shone in the guide's eyes. He looked at Kemble questioningly, and then followed his gaze.

It rested on a big dog, which had lain down, in the harness that hitched him to his cart, on the other side of the street. He was tawny in color, with short thick hair, a long curving tail, and a rather wolfish head. At home, Kemble would have said he was a cross between a mastiff and a Great Dane—but this was Holland; and by those bulging hip muscles, that broad chest and those abnormally large spreading feet, he knew that the dog was of a line of ancestors who had for centuries worn out their lives as beasts of burden in the Netherlands.

Kemble stared at the heavily laden cart with a frown. There was enough loaded on it for an ordinary horse—and it was to be pulled by a dog. His choler rose, as it had done frequently before for the same reason. But the thing had never come so near to him before. Seen from a carriage or a train, it didn't look quite so bad; but right here under his nose—

"There ought to be a law against that sort of thing," he muttered.

"Ah, but there is," exclaimed the guide, brightening with a hope of arousing interest, as his eager ear caught the words, "in Amsterdam."

"Um-m-m, yes; civilization's making some headway, I know," grumbled Kemble. "But why aren't they decent enough to stop it here?"

"Ah," said the guide, with a deprecating gesture of spread palms, "it is the custom of the country. It has been so for—for—always."

Evidently to his mind there was no way out. Kemble grunted in scornful disgust.

The dog bent one of his fore legs toward him, and turning up a huge paw began to lick it.

"I believe that dog's got a sore foot," declared Kemble, starting across the street.

"I would not go too close to him, mynheer—sir!" exclaimed the guide hastily. "The dogs are taught to guard the wagons with anger."

Kemble didn't even look around.

The dog stopped licking his paw and looked up suspiciously as Kemble approached. The guide followed apprehensively—at a safe distance. He had long been a guide, and he

knew there was no telling what Americans would do.

"Got a sore foot, old fellow?" said Kemble kindly, stopping so close to the dog that the guide shivered.

The suspicion in the dog's eyes faded, and he looked at Kemble with a puzzled expression. He did not understand the words—probably it was the first English phrase that had ever been addressed to him; but he understood the tone—it was a friend who spoke. There was in it the hailing sign of that freemasonry which exists between dog lovers and dogs. He almost wagged his tail.

"You wouldn't mind my taking a look at it, old fellow, would you?" Kemble went on, squatting down.

The dog, still puzzled, but with growing friendliness, moved his ponderous tail just a trifle. Kemble reached out a cautious hand, and laid it on the big head; there was no objection, and he smoothed the coarse hair backward gently.

"You're an all right dog, all right," he said, with the sympathetic kindness of thorough understanding. "Let me take a good, close look at your foot. Maybe I can do something for it."

Still cautiously, he passed his hand down the fore leg to the injured foot. The dog watched the movement intently, with just a tremor at the end of his tail as if he would say, "Please be careful; it is a very sore foot," but that was all.

Kemble turned the big spreading paw upward. There was a deep cut in the ball of the foot back of the four toes, apparently an accident of the road, and an injury which had

evidently received no attention, for the wound was caked with blood and dirt.

"That ought to be washed out and tied up," declared Kemble softly.

The dog wagged his tail gently. Of course such treatment would be comforting and beneficial, but, really, mynheer would understand that nothing of the kind was expected. A little pain in a life of labor was, after all, a small thing; and when one earned only the right of existence, and food barely sufficient to maintain it, by almost unceasing toil, the luxury of humane attention was hardly to be thought of seriously.

A man in wooden shoes clumped out of a near-by doorway, and stopped, with a stare of amazement. He was short, heavy set, and his face was not pleasant. In his hand he carried a light club with a heavy leather thong on the end of it.

Kemble rose and stepped back. Undoubtedly this was the owner of the dog and the heavily laden cart.

"Your dog's got a pretty sore foot," he said, forgetting the difference in tongues.

The man stared at him a moment, and then—being

thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly self-contained—climbed on the cart without a word. He spoke harshly to the dog and the animal got up, glancing back at his master pathetically, bloodshot from his former efforts at pulling his heavy load.

Again the man spoke, and the dog strained against the breaststrap, but his sore foot was pressing gingerly against the ground, and his full strength was not against the load. The cart did not move. Kemble scowled, and



"He sat on deck talking to the dog."

the guide looked nervous—these impetuous Americans!

With another guttural ejaculation, the man brought the heavy leather thong viciously across the dog's back. Again the animal tugged, but the cart did not move. Then he eased himself in the traces, and lifted his lame foot from the ground. Kemble raged silently.

With an abrupt utterance that had all the intonation of profanity, the man reached over and with the club of his whip struck the dog a heavy, dull-sounding blow across the back—and Kemble boiled over.

"Here, you lazy brute," he growled fiercely, "quit that! Don't you see that dog's got a sore foot and can't pull?"

The man faced around with eyes that were rounded with surprise and glowed dully with resentment at the tone. But after one look he merely turned to the dog again and lifted his club for another blow.

With a quick step forward Kemble wrenched the club from the raised hand, and sprang back again. The man slipped from the cart and confronted the presumptuous American, anger battling with discretion in his mind. Kemble looked down on him from his six feet two with monitory gray eyes.

"Here, you!" he exclaimed, turning toward the guide. "Tell this fool of a Dutchman that he's got no business to try to work a dog in that condition, and I won't stand for it."

The guide stepped forward reluctantly and addressed the man. With the natural diplomacy of the professional interpreter, he explained that it pained the noble American to see animals punished, no matter how much they deserved it, and that the noble American feared that the dog's foot would be permanently injured if he was forced to pull so heavy a load.

The Dutchman's reply was of few words.

"He says," interpreted the guide, "that it is his dog, and that he may do as he wills. And," he added, with some embarrassment, "that is true, mynheer—sir."

The man had stepped to the side of the dog. He kicked the animal, but, no doubt feeling the restraining influence of a threatening presence of impressive proportions, he kicked lightly.

"Stop that!" growled Kemble. "Tell him," he went on, to the guide, savagely, "that if he kicks that dog again I'll knock his block off!"

The guide was a little puzzled at the words, but their meaning was reasonably clear. He

explained that the noble American was surprised and pained to find a dog so treated in beautiful Mönnikendam, and that he protested and entreated against such action.

Again the Dutchman's grumbling reply was laconic.

"He says, mynheer—sir," the guide's embarrassment was increasing, "that it is his dog, and he will do as he wills."

"Ask him," commanded Kemble, as one who speaks with a sudden inspiration, "what he will take for the dog."

The guide gaped in surprise, but recovered himself with a slight, apologetic bow. Mynheer, the noble American, he explained to the Dutchman, had taken a fancy to the dog, and would be glad to buy it at a reasonable price.

The surly look faded from the man's dull face, and was succeeded by one of greedy interest. He glanced covertly at the dog's disabled foot, and calculated the possibilities of the injury. Yes, he would sell the dog to the noble American. Then, with the shrewdness of the stupid, he named a price of triple the animal's market value. Was not the American a noble, and were not all nobles and all Americans rich? Then what must be the unlimited possibilities of such a combination of affluence as were afforded in an American nobleman? He really felt that he had been quite modest in his demands.

Kemble was not familiar with the current quotations on draught dogs in Mönnikendam, but the price did not seem to him a large one.

"Hm-m-m, why, a dog of that size is worth that by the pound," he muttered, when the guide had translated the price. "I'll take him," he added, shortly. "Unharness him."

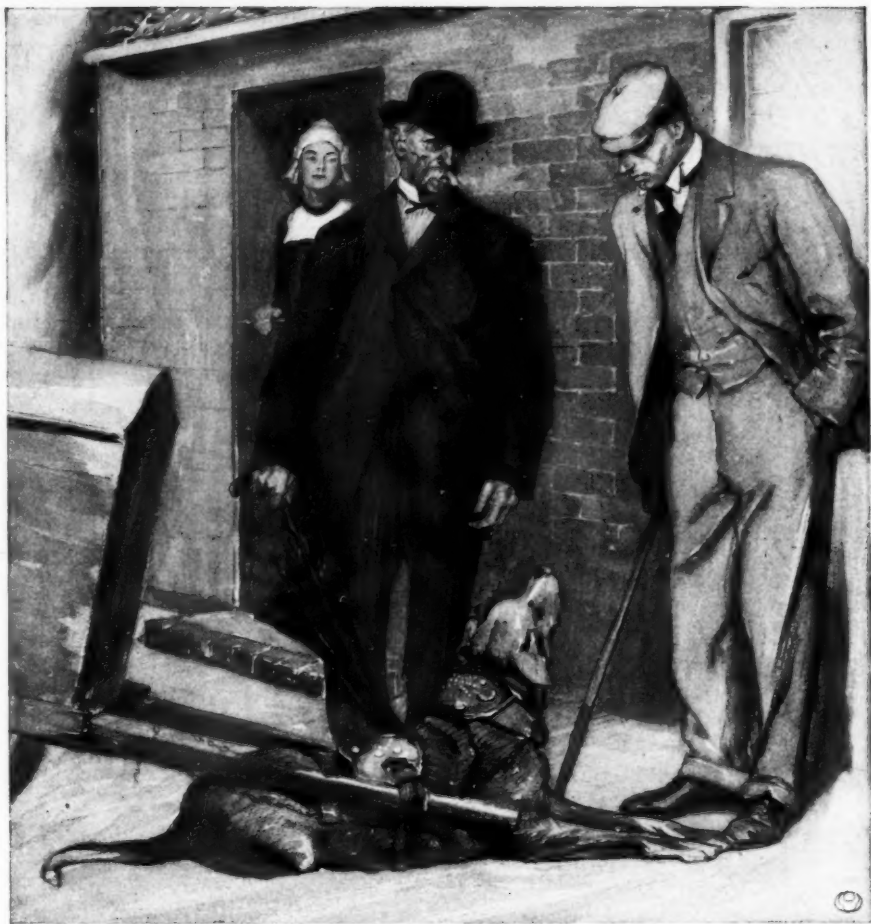
The money was paid over, and the dog stepped out of the harness, free—the first of his line in many a generation that had not been a slave.

"By the way," said Kemble, with a sudden afterthought, "what's his name?"

The guide translated.

"Dirck, eh? Well, Dirck's a bully good name for him, and we'll let it go at that. Come here, Dirck!" Kemble snapped his fingers softly to translate the command, and the dog limped to him, looking up wonderingly.

"Now," he went on, as he rested his hand on the dog's head, "you belong to me, and you're through work for life. There is not going to be any more pulling carts and Dutch brutes when you've got a sore foot, or any other time. We don't treat dogs that way in



"The dog stopped licking his paw, and looked up suspiciously."

the place where I live and where you are going to live. For you're going on a mighty long trip for a dog. You're to say good-by to Holland to-morrow for good, and I should think you would be mighty glad of it. I don't suppose you understand a word I say, but you know what I mean, and you'll catch on to your new lingo pretty quick, or I'm more fooled by your eyes than I've ever been by a dog's eyes before. Come on, now; this will be about all of Mönnikendam for you."

The guide looked on in amazement when the dog unhesitatingly followed Kemble back to the launch. He spoke no word, but his hope in regard to his tip was rising.

The launch made its way through the narrow canals to Marken, and stopped there its appointed time; but Kemble did not go ashore. He was busily engaged, under the stares of the crew, in washing out the wound in the dog's foot and tying it up with strips torn from an apron he had bought from the waiter at four times its value.

During the return trip by the *Zuider Zee* he sat on deck talking to the dog while the animal lay looking up at him with eyes that showed he was trying to understand the strange tongue, that told of gratitude and that promised devotion. When the boat reached Amsterdam all of the crew got even bigger

tips than they had expected. Dirck was proving a rather expensive dog. "But," Kemble thought, as he contemplated the big eyes which kept looking at him so expectantly, "he's a mighty good one, and he'll be the only one of his kind in our neck o' woods, at least."

Under the burden of toil one thinks that leisure must be the greatest blessing in the world; but under the burden of leisure—what may one come to think? Dirck was gradually beginning to find out.

It was a queer land that he had been dropped into after a queer journey such as he believed no dog had ever undergone before. Apparently nobody worked, not even the few dogs he saw. And he wondered much how, where idleness was so common, food could be so plentiful; for he always had all he wanted to eat, and sometimes more. And after a few weeks he even achieved that degree of confidence in the future where he ceased to hide or bury his surplus food, and merely left it lie, with the care-free belief that in this wonderful land of plenty, which was now his home, other ample meals would come at need.

"Getting used to your new home, old fellow?" asked the big man, patting him on the head; and Dirck thumped his big heavy tail with grateful appreciation. Then he stretched himself out luxuriously in the shade, and slept and dreamed—dreamed of Mönnikendam, and the deprivations and horrors of his life there, till he woke with a start, and stared about him for a moment, wild eyed. And then, with a sigh of comfort and security, he slept again, for there was nothing else to do at all.

Everybody was kind to him; and he remembered, with a pleasant feeling of confidence and rectitude, that he had not seen a club or a leather thong since he had come to live in this pleasant place. Still a dreamy and far-away look would come into his eyes sometimes, and his thoughts would blot out his immediate surroundings.

"You're not getting homesick, are you, old fellow?" the big man asked, another time. "No?" he added, as the dog wagged his tail, and tried to lick the hand that patted him so kindly. "This is the land of the free and the home of the brave, and you're in that class now. You just content yourself here a little while, and we'll naturalize you, and confer on you that inestimably high privilege of the freeman, the ballot," and the big man laughed

with that easy laugh of his which sounded so satisfied with the present and so careless of the future.

Again and again Dirck wondered vaguely how affairs could go on so prosperously with so little work; but this effort only caused a drowsiness which ended in dreams—dreams of Mönnikendam, with its clean, rough-paved streets, its clean, low-built houses walling them on either side.

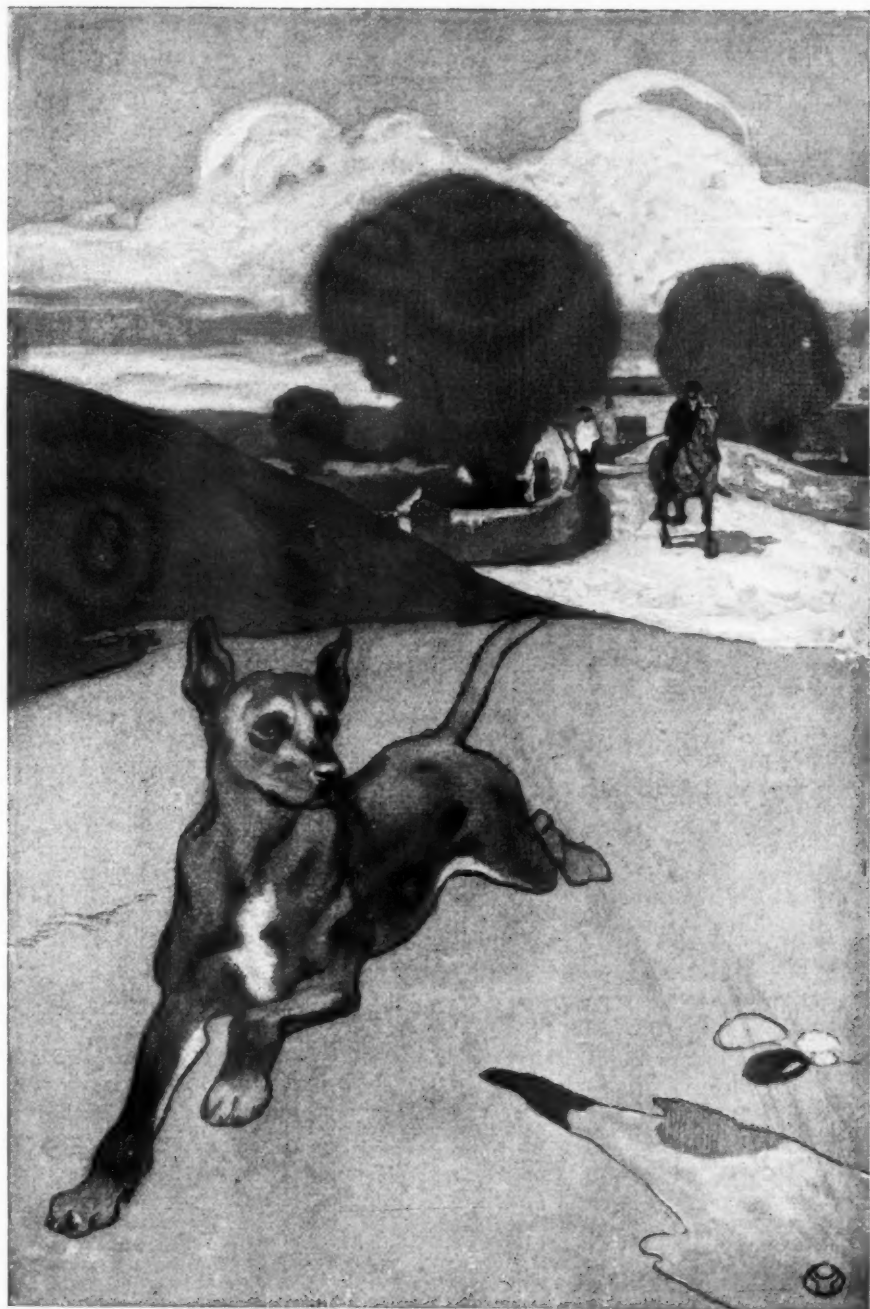
His new home was so unexpectedly different. Here the streets were not paved at all, and the houses stood far back from them and far apart, within big grounds where bigger trees than he had ever seen before filled the breeze with leafy murmurs that encouraged sleep, while beneath them the grass grew with a luxuriance that made all places pleasant.

Then there were so few dogs. None of them, as far as could be seen, did any work, and all of them were harum-scarum fellows who seemed more afraid than sociable. The affable advances Dirck made, during his walks with the big man, were met with bristling necks, tense jaws, and stiffened tails. But Dirck did not want to fight. In the gradually increasing loneliness which was beginning to depress him a little, he sought the friendship of his kind; but his ways were strange, his appearance unconsciously menacing, and his size such as to make other dogs, mindful of dire possibilities, view his approaches with a pretentiously truculent and repellent attitude, and withdraw as quickly as dignity would permit.

So Dirck was much alone, and sometimes very lonely. Now, in Mönnikendam, he remembered with a little pang of longing, there were other dogs with whom he could talk and compare experiences of the day's work. Surely there was a satisfaction to be found even in the discussion of one's troubles if it were in a familiar tongue.

And perhaps that was it, after all—the strange language spoken by these people, which was so hard to understand. True, the tone was always kindly, and that meant much; but the words were peculiar, and there were so few of them that meant anything definite to him. It was all so very difficult, Dirck thought, as, with eyes that were full of puzzled intelligence, he looked up at the big man.

"Do you know, little mother," said the big man to the gentle gray-haired old lady, who sometimes seemed just a trifle afraid of Dirck in spite of the docile and yearning advances he made to her, "there are times when I really



"He did not even look back at the horse."

believe he is a little homesick; and I know enough about that myself to know that it doesn't make a fellow feel very jolly."

"But, Wallie, he has a pleasant home here, and everybody is kind to him," said the gentle old lady; "and I should think he would be contented."

"Yes, I know; but, you see, everything is so different, and—well, I know how that is."

"But think what a relief it must be to escape from that awful life of drudgery. Here he has nothing at all to do."

"Sometimes I wonder if that isn't the trouble. He had worked so long and so hard, you know. And then there is the strange language too. I tell you a fellow's ears get mighty lonesome for the sound of the old words after he hasn't heard them for a long time. I wish I could talk a little Dutch to him. I'm sure it would help him out a whole lot, wouldn't it, Dirck, old fellow?"

And the dog wagged his tail sociably, but in the manner of one who responds as best he may to something that he does not quite understand.

Every morning, now, when the big man greeted him cheerily, Dirck looked up with expectation followed with something almost like disappointment in his big serious eyes. Where was the harness, and where was the cart? What had become of those days of labor when he strained his big muscles at the behest of a master who knew not pity and who let the leather thong speak so mercilessly for him? For so good and kind a master as this big man, who had cured his foot, Dirck would have worked faithfully, willingly, even eagerly. But there seemed to be no work to do in this remarkable land. Dirck sighed.

Then, at last, he met Jan Flinck—and heard the familiar tongue.

Jan Flinck knew and, even yet, longed for the dikes and ditches, though it had been ten years since he had seen them; and in that time he had prospered in a way that it would have been hard for people back in quaint old Rijnsoord to believe. He had a little tract of ground that was all his own, and was fertile in the production of vegetables which were better than any others that were brought to the village—such was the result of patient and careful Dutch methods of cultivation; and he had three cows, which gave freely of their rich yellow milk to be sold in the village for the increase of his worldly holdings. Jan Flinck was too well to do in his new home to pine seriously for the old; still there was the beauty,

the comfort, and the cheer of Holland, made golden and precious by memory, and the longing, almost unconscious though it was, for the sound of the familiar tongue.

When Jan Flinck passed, Dirck was lying on the lawn near the sidewalk, dreamily wondering—wondering at the peculiar language, which he was daily trying and slowly learning to understand; wondering where all the dogs were who should be doing the work which he knew had to be done sometime, somewhere, by somebody.

Jan glanced at the dog, and stopped. There was something in that wolfish head, something in those broad spreading feet that—

He spoke to the dog.

Dirck quickly raised his head with yearning eyes and ears keenly cocked. At last, out of the babel of sounds, there had come a familiar word. He rose and approached the Dutchman, wagging his tail eagerly. Ponderous and dignified as he was, he almost frisked. Jan sat down and talked to him long and familiarly in the sweet language of home, heart to heart, as one expatriate to another.

Then the big man came along cheerily whistling, as he so often did.

"Fellow-countryman of yours, Jan," he said, good-naturedly, as he tousled the dog's ears in that rough but friendly manner which big dogs like. Jan agreed smilingly. He was a man of few words—with people.

"Come over and talk a little Dutch to him sometimes, Jan," Kemble went on. "He'll be glad to hear the old home lingo, I'll bet."

And Jan, promising, withdrew with more old thoughts and memory pictures surging in his mind than had been there for many a day. They were like a breath of the sea to a man cast away far inland. Dirck stood and watched him longingly, then turned with reluctant step, drawn by duty and obligation, and followed the big man to the house.

Jan stopped many afternoons after that to talk the familiar tongue to the big dog who patiently waited for him every day at the front of the lawn; and there grew to be a fellowship between them such as, despite duty and obligation, had not yet warmed into full life between the dog and the man who had taken him from the slavery of the harness.

And then one morning Dirck was missing. He had greeted Kemble with the usual expectant look in his eyes, followed by the expression of disappointment as if something were lacking, which these peculiar idle people could not or would not understand. He had

eaten his breakfast, and had lain down for his sun bath with a dreamily thoughtful gaze, and then—he had disappeared; no one had seen him go; no one could guess where.

With the dusk of the evening he came back, tired and hungry, but with an air of contentment he had not shown for many a day. Strange it was that no one noticed the change; but perhaps it was because he so soon closed those now satisfied eyes in his pleasant weariness, and dropped off into contented dreams of the occupied and useful life of one trained by inheritance and habit to daily toil.

The next morning his expectant look was almost eager, and it did not fade into the usual shadow of disappointment. After eating his breakfast, once more he disappeared, and no one saw him go. And again the dusk brought him home, hungry and weary, but content to drift off into those same pleasant dreams. For a week this continued.

"I suppose it is none of my business what you do all day, old fellow," said Kemble, one evening when the dog returned; "but, really, now, don't you think, under the circumstances, it would be courteous to explain?"

But the dog only wagged his tail cheerfully, and licked the big man's hand to assure him that everything was all right.

Kemble was puzzled by the dog's actions. Still, he believed that dogs, as well as people, have rights, and, as Dirck faithfully returned every night—tired, but evidently contented—and showed no disposition to abandon his home, he did not feel that he had any justifiable reason to interfere. But the dog's goings and comings were so regular and persistent that increasing curiosity finally reached a point where it aroused an interest sufficient to lead him to investigate.

And finally one morning when Dirck trotted out of the yard immediately after breakfast, Kemble followed him at a discreet

distance on horseback. Straight through the village and out into the country Dirck went on the brisk trot of the dog who knows just where he is going, and why. Never a stop did he make, and not once did he slacken his gait. Striking the road outside the village he kept on directly toward Jan Flink's place of productive vegetable gardens and cows. He did not even look back at the horse whose hoof beats pounded dully along the dusty road behind him. He was too intent on his mission to be distracted by sights or sounds.

As Dirck jumped the fence at Jan Flink's place, Kemble pulled up his horse, dismounted, and leaned against the top rail. He was beginning to have a glimmering suspicion, which made him smile curiously, and wonder if, after all, nature did not know her own business best.

Through the stillness around him, which was only broken by the unobtrusive twittering of the birds and the faint murmuring of the breeze in the grove of maples, from which the thrifty Jan made sirup in the season when there was no gardening to do, there came to Kemble from the little shed where Dirck had disappeared the sound of kindly words in a foreign tongue. Then there were the notes of a queer little Dutch folk song, softly sung in Jan's well-meaning but rather uncertain voice; and through it all came occasionally a faint jingle, as of light trappings, and a slight scraping, as of wheels moving a little and then stopping on sandy ground.

Then the door of the shed swung wide open, and from it emerged Jan, still cheerfully singing his little folk song—and without a whip. Following closely after him came Dirck, in full harness, drawing a cart laden with milk cans and vegetables—drawing it proudly, as one who is doing his chosen work and knows he is doing it well. As he looked up and saw Kemble the big mouth opened, and from it came an unexpectedly soft little bark, which, in its happiness, was almost boastful.





CUERNAVACA FROM THE HOTEL MORELOS

THROUGH CLOUDS TO CUERNAVACA

BY CLARA DRISCOLL



HERE are times when the monotony of our daily routine existence becomes almost unbearable, and we long for the unconventional places where we can forget work and worries and live for the moment in a borrowed atmosphere of charm and mystery, the charm the Latin countries hold as a rich and natural heritage. We think nothing of a six days' journey across the ocean and forget that a Latin country is touching our own borders—a land of sunshine and flowers filled with the beauty and grandeur of snow-capped mountains and deep barrancas—this tempting land our sister republic, Mexico.

Hidden in the valleys between its lofty mountains are villages where the hurry of the world is forgotten—everything is *mañana*. The atmosphere of rest is found in these picture places of Montezuma.

One of the most interesting and picturesque of the quaint little towns that nestle among the peaks of southern Mexico is Cuernavaca, the capital of the State of Morelos.

The climate of Cuernavaca is delightful and

equable—it is truly ideal. Here the extreme cold experienced in the Northern cities of the United States and the intense heat from which the cities of the South are seldom free are unknown. The air is at all times bracing, the evenings and early mornings being cool enough to make light wraps comfortable.

The road that takes you from Mexico City to Cuernavaca passes many points of historical interest—Molino del Rey, a place captured by General Scott during the war between Mexico and the United States; Casa Mata, and the field of Cherubasco, where once was a town of great importance, and a temple built to the god Huitzilapochtli. It also runs through the pretty town of Tacubaya, about three miles distant from the city, where the wealthy Mexicans have their private gardens, called *huertas*, large inclosures ornamented with flowering shrubs, tropical plants, and fruit trees.

The love of flowers is inherent among the Mexicans, having descended to the present generation from their ancestors of the ancient city of Tenochtitlan, who, when too cramped for room in their island city to gratify their desire for floral decoration about their homes, constructed "floating gardens," or rafts cov-

ered with black loam, which were moored at various points in the shallow lake.

The road winds its way past little towns, with the ever-present church tower, through fields of maguey, and up steep inclines into the hills which frame the valley of Mexico. From a great height you look down into this fertile valley, glowing like an emerald, and

Indian woman, Marina. And here, too, in after years, was the culminating point of the Mexican War, when the castle was besieged and taken by the American army. Its brave defenders, the boy cadets, fought a noble fight, and a monument to their memory stands at the foot of the hill. To-day it is the home of Mexico's foremost statesman and soldier—



A CHURCH IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

its seven lakes glimmering in the sunlight. Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl rise majestically in the distance—their snowy peaks hidden by caressing clouds.

The steeples and domes of Mexico City cluster in the cup of the valley, and the hill of Chapultepec, with its white castle, rises from the midst of giant cypresses of over a century's growth. On this spot once stood the palace of Montezuma.

Here it was that the then conqueror Cortez loved to pass his days with the soft-eyed

Porfirio Diaz. He is a half-breed Indian of Oaxaca, born of a people uneducated and unenlightened, yet a man who is the embodiment of freedom and progressiveness—a man who holds not only the unbounded respect of the people of the United States, his neighbors, but also that of the entire civilized world.

Through the haze of the distant sunlight Chapultepec fades from sight, and for a time the road winds through the lava wastes of the extinct volcano Ajusco.

La Cima, which is the highest point on the road, is ten thousand feet above sea level. Here is a great pine forest.

From now on the road descends, and all the while, as you wind through rocky gorges and under rugged precipices, where the rocks hang menacingly over the track, through every de-file and opening you see the town of Cuernavaca

sent by Charles V, of Spain, to Cortez. You wander into the famous Borda gardens, which were built at a cost of one million dollars by a Frenchman, Joseph de la Borda, who became rich through the silver mines he owned. To-day, in the myriads of ruined cement walks, silent fountains, stagnant lakes, and crumbling balustrades, one sees only the de-



ACROSS THE ROOFS OF CUERNAVACA

navaca, with its red-tiled roofs, nestling in a grove of trees far down, with its deep barrancas or cañons on either side of it.

There is not a moment of the journey when the eye is not surprised and pleased by some view or strange aspect. Too soon it is over and your train pulls into the little station.

There was once a convent of the Franciscan order attached to the Church of San Francisco. You enter the grounds through a large gateway in the deep yellow stone wall. In the tower of the church is a clock said to have been

caying evidences of the original beauty of the place. Rows of stone vases ornament the sides of the walks, and trellises of climbing roses perfume the air. Mango trees in profusion shelter the paths, which are strewn with the golden fruit left to rot where it falls.

It was here that the ill-fated Maximilian passed some of his days with Carlotta, his wife—the poor, unfortunate, unhappy woman who lost her reason on the execution of her husband.

Another place of particular interest you find

in Cuernavaca is the palace of Cortez. It is now used as the State government building.

To get to it you pass through narrow, picturesque streets, where the sound of running water makes music. Almost every house you pass possesses a charming little *patio* choked with flowers. Even through the doorway of the most humble *casa* one catches a glimpse of something green and blossoming.

A little to the left of the front of the palace is a market place quaintly attractive, and beyond this a square set with trees and shrubs. The palace itself, upon close examination, is devoid of richness. The painting of the stones on the outside and the grace and charm of the architecture make it ornamental and somewhat pretentious looking. It is in one of the



A CABELLERO

rooms of this palace that Cortez is said to have murdered one of his wives. This palace was the favorite abode of the Spanish conqueror. From its windows he looked out over the deep ravines to the mountains beyond and lived over again in his dreams the days of his great conquest.

In the evening the band plays in the little plaza in front of the hotel. Crowds of black-eyed señoritas stroll with linked arms around the plaza, and men in tight-fitting trousers, short jackets, and great, wide-brimmed hats watch them keenly as they pass. Everywhere is that charm which a little indolence and a little mystery lend to people and places, and everywhere is the seductive perfume of flowers and shrubs that grow in profusion in this most attractive of Mexican towns.



INDIAN TYPES ON MARKET DAY



"Terry met the look and grasped the limp band."

WATCHING THE RISE OF ORION

BY GILBERT PARKER



IN all the wide border his steed was the best," and the name and fame of Terence O'Ryan were known from Strathcona to Qu'appelle. He had ambition of several kinds, and he had the virtue of not caring who knew of it. He had no guile, and little money; but never a day's work was too hard for him, and he took bad luck when it came with a jerk of the shoulder and a good-natured surprise on his clean-shaven face that suited well his wide gray eyes and large, luxurious mouth. He had an estate, half ranch, half farm, with a French Canadian manager named Vigon, an old prospector who viewed every foot of land in the world with the eye of the discoverer. Gold, coal, iron, oil, he searched for them everywhere, made sure that sooner or later he would find them. Once Vigon had found coal. That was when he worked for a man called Constantine Jopp, and had given him great profit; but he, the discoverer, had been put off with a horse and a hundred dollars. He was now as devoted to Terence O'Ryan as he had been faithful to Constantine Jopp, whom he cursed waking and sleeping.

In his time O'Ryan had speculated, and lost; he had floated a coal mine, and "been had"; he had run for the local legislature, had been elected, and then unseated for bribery committed by an agent; he had run races at Regina, and won—he had won for three years in succession; and this had kept him going and restored his finances when they were at their worst. He was, in truth, the best rider in the country, and, so far, was owner also of the best racer that the West had produced. He achieved popularity without effort. The West laughed at his enterprises and loved him; he was at once a public moral and a hero. It was a legend of the West

that his forbears had been kings in Ireland like Bryan Borhoime. He did not contradict this; he never contradicted anything. His challenge to all fun and satire and misrepresentation was, "What'll be the differ a hundred years from now!"

He did not use this phrase, however, toward one experience—the advent of Miss Molly Mackinder, the heiress, and the challenge that reverberated through the West after her arrival. Philosophy deserted him then; he fell back on the primary emotions of mankind.

A month after Miss Mackinder's arrival at La Touche, a dramatic performance was given at the old fort, in which the officers of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police took part, together with many civilians who fancied themselves. By that time the district had realized that Terry O'Ryan had surrendered to what they called "the laying on of hands" by Molly Mackinder. It was not certain, however, that the surrender was complete, because O'Ryan had been wounded before, and yet had not been taken captive altogether. His complete surrender seemed now more certain to the public because the lady had a fortune of \$200,000, and that amount of money would be useful to an ambitious man in the growing West. It would, as Gow Johnson said, "let him sit back and view the landscape o'er before he puts his plowshare in the mud."

There was an outdoor scene in the play produced by the impetuous amateurs, and dialogue had been interpolated by three "imps of fame" at the suggestion of Constantine Jopp, one of the three, who bore malice toward O'Ryan, though this his colleagues did not know distinctly. The scene was a camp fire—a starlit night, a colloquy between the three, upon which the hero of the drama, played by Terry O'Ryan, should break, after having, unknown to them, but

in sight of the audience, overheard their live intentions toward himself.

The night came. When the curtain rose for the third act there was exposed a star-sown sky in which the galaxy of Orion was shown with distinctness, each star sharply twinkling from the electric power behind—a pretty scene evoking great applause. O’Ryan had never seen this back curtain—they had taken care that he should not—and, standing in the wings awaiting his cue, he was unprepared for the laughter of the audience, first low and uncertain, then growing, then insistent, then a peal ringing with ungovernable mirth, as one by one they understood the significance of the stars of Orion on the back curtain.

He got his cue and came on to an outburst of applause that shook the walls. La Touche rose at him, among them Miss Molly Mackinder in the front row with the notables.

He did not see the back curtain or Orion blazing in the ultramarine blue. According to the stage directions, he was to steal along the trees at the wings, and listen to the talk of the men at the fire plotting against him, who were presently to pretend good comradeship to his face. It was a vigorous melodrama with some touches of true Western feeling. After listening for a moment, O’Ryan was to creep up the stage again toward the back curtain, giving a cue for his appearance.

When the hilarious applause at his entrance had somewhat subsided, the three took up their parable—but it was not the parable of the play. They used dialogue not in the original. It had a significance which the audience were not slow to appreciate, and went far to turn “The Sunburst Trail” at this point into a comedy-farce. When this new dialogue began, O’Ryan could scarcely trust his ears, or realize what was happening.

“Ah, look,” said Dick Fergus at the fire, “as fine a night as ever I saw in the West! The sky’s a picture—you could almost hand the stars down, they’re so near.”

“What’s that clump together on the right—what are they called in astronomy?” asked Constantine Jopp, with a leer.

“Orion is the name—a beauty, ain’t it?” answered Fergus.

“I’ve been watching Orion rise,” said the third—Holden was his name. “Many’s the time I’ve watched Orion rising. Orion’s the star for me. Say, he wipes ’em all out—right out. Watch him rising now!”

By a manipulation of the lights Orion moved up the back curtain slowly, and

blazed with light nearer the zenith. And La Touche had more than the worth of its money in this opening to the third act of the play. O’Ryan was a favorite, at whom La Touche loved to jeer, and the parable of the stars convulsed them.

At the first words O’Ryan put a hand on himself and tried to grasp the meaning of it all, but his entrance and the subsequent applause had confused him. Presently, however, he turned to the back curtain, as Orion moved slowly up the heavens, and found the cue to it all. He gasped. Then he listened to the dialogue, which had nothing to do with “The Sunburst Trail.”

“What did Orion do, and why does he rise? Has he got to rise? Why was the gent called Orion in them far-off days?” asked Holden.

“He did some hunting in his time—with a club,” Fergus replied. “He kept making hits, he did. Orion was a spoiler. When he took the field, there was no room for the rest of the race. Why does he rise? Because it is a habit. They could always get a rise out of Orion. The Athens *Eirenicon* said that yeast might fail to rise, but touch the button and Orion would rise like a bird.”

At that instant the galaxy jerked up the back curtain again, and when the audience could control itself, Constantine Jopp, grinning meanly, asked:

“Why does he wear the girdle?”

“It is not a girdle—it is a belt,” was Dick Fergus’s reply. “The gods gave it to him, because he was a favorite. There was a lady called Artemis—she was the last of them. But he went visiting with Eos, another lady of previous acquaintance, down at a place called Ortygia, and Artemis shot him dead with a shaft Apollo had given her; but she didn’t marry Apollo neither. She laid Orion out on the sky, with his glittering belt around him—and Orion keeps on rising.”

“Will he ever stop rising?” asked Holden.

Followed for the conspirators a disconcerting moment; for, when the laughter had subsided, a lazy voice came from the back of the hall: “He’ll stop long enough to play with Apollo a little, I guess.”

It was Gow Johnson who had spoken, and no man knew Terry O’Ryan better or could gauge more truly the course he would take. He had been in many an enterprise, many a brush with O’Ryan, and his friendship would bear any strain.

O’Ryan recovered himself from the moment he saw the back curtain, and he did not find

any fun in the thing. It took a hold on him out of all proportion to its importance. He realized that he had come to the parting of the ways in his life. It suddenly came upon him that something had been lacking in him in the past; and that his want of success in many things had not been wholly due to bad luck. He had been eager, enterprising, a genius almost at seeing good things; and yet others had reaped where he had sown. He had believed too much in his fellow-man. For the first time in his life he resented the friendly, almost affectionate satire of his many friends. It was amusing, it was delightful; but down beneath it all there was a little touch of ridicule. He had more brains than any of them, and he had known it in a way; he had led them sometimes, too, as on raids against cattle stealers, and in a brush with half-breeds and Indians; as when he stood for the legislature; but he felt now for the first time that he had not made the most of himself, that there was something hurting to self-respect in this prank played upon him. When he came to that point his resentment went higher. He thought of Molly Mackinder, and he heard all too acutely the vague veiled references to her in their satire. By the time Gow Johnson spoke he had mastered himself, however, and had made up his mind. He stood still for a moment.

"Now, please, my cue," he said quietly and satirically from the trees near the wings.

He was smiling, but Gow Johnson's prognostication was right; and ere long the audience realized that he was right. There was standing before them not the Terry O'Ryan they had known, but another. He threw himself fully into his part—a young rancher made deputy sheriff, who by the occasional exercise of his duty had incurred the hatred of a small floating population that lived by fraud, violence, and cattle stealing. The conspiracy was to raid his cattle, to lure him to pursuit, to ambush him, and kill him. Terry now played the part with a naturalness and force which soon lifted the play away from the farcical element introduced into it by those who had interpolated the gibes at himself. They had gone a step too far.

"He's going large," said Gow Johnson, as the act drew near its close and the climax neared, where O'Ryan was to enter upon a physical struggle with his assailants. "His blood's up. There'll be hell to pay."

To Gow Johnson the play had instantly

become real, O'Ryan an injured man at bay, the victim of the act—not of the fictitious characters of the play, but of the three men, Fergus, Holden, and Constantine Jopp, who had planned the discomfiture of O'Ryan; and he felt that the victim's resentment would fall heaviest on Constantine Jopp, the bully, an old schoolmate of Terry's.

Jopp was older than O'Ryan by three years, which in men is little, but in boys, at a certain time of life, is much. It means, generally, weight and height, an advantage in a scrimmage. Constantine Jopp had been the plague and tyrant of O'Ryan's boyhood. He was now a big, leering fellow with much money of his own, got chiefly from the coal discovered on his place by Vigon, the half-breed French Canadian. He had a sense of dark and malicious humor, a long horse-like face, with little beady eyes and a huge frame.

Again and again had Terry fought him as a boy at school, and often he had been badly whipped, but he had never refused the challenge of an insult when he was twelve and Jopp fifteen. The climax to their enmity at school had come one day when Terry was seized with a cramp while bathing, and after having gone down twice was rescued by Jopp, who dragged him out by the hair of the head. He had been restored to consciousness on the bank and carried to his home, where he lay ill for days. During the course of the slight fever which followed the accident, his hair was cut close to his head. Impetuous always, his first thought was to go and thank Constantine Jopp for having saved his life. As soon as he was able he went forth to find his rescuer, and met him suddenly on turning a corner of the street. Before he could stammer out the gratitude that was in his heart, Jopp, eying him with a sneering smile, said drawlingly:

"If you'd had your hair cut like that, I couldn't have got you out, could I? Holy, what a sight! Next time I'll take you by the scruff, putty face—bah!"

That was enough for Terry. He had swallowed the insult, stuttered his thanks to the jeering laugh of the lank bully, and had gone home and cried in shame and rage.

It was the one real shadow in his life. Ill luck and good luck had been taken with an equitable mind; but the fact that he must, while he lived, own the supreme debt of his life to a boy and afterwards to a man whom he hated by instinct was a constant cloud on

him. Jopp owned him. For some years they did not meet, and then at last they again were thrown together in the West; and Jopp settled at La Touche. It was gall and wormwood to Terry, but he steeled himself to be friendly, although the man was as great a bully as the boy, as offensive in mind and character; but withal acute and able in his way, and with a reputation for commercial sharpness which would be called by another name in a different civilization. They met constantly, and O'Ryan always put a hand on himself, and forced himself to be friendly. Once when Jopp became desperately ill, there had been—though he fought it down, and condemned himself in every term of reproach—there had been a sense of relief in the thought that perhaps his ancient debt would now be canceled. It had gone on so long! And Constantine Jopp had never lost an opportunity of vexing him, of torturing him, of giving veiled thrusts which he knew O'Ryan could not resent. It was the constant pin prick of a mean soul, who had an advantage of which he could never be dispossessed—unless the ledger was balanced in some inscrutable way.

Apparently bent on amusement only and hiding his hatred from his colleagues, Jopp had been the instigator and begetter of the huge joke of the play; but it was the brains of Dick Fergus which had carried it out, written the dialogue, and planned the electric appliances of the back curtain—for he was an engineer and electrician. Neither he nor Holden had known the old antipathy of Terry and Constantine Jopp. There was only one man who knew the whole truth, and that was Gow Johnson, to whom Terry had once told all. At the last moment Fergus had interpolated certain points in the dialogue which were not even included at rehearsal. These referred to "Apollo." He had a shrewd notion that Jopp had an idea of marrying Molly Mackinder if he could, cousins though they were; and he was also aware that Jopp, knowing Molly's liking for Terry, had tried to poison her mind against him, through suggestive gossip about a young widow of flighty nature and too playful ways, at Jansen, thirty miles away. He had in so far succeeded that on the very day of the performance Molly had declined to be driven home from the race course by Terry, despite the fact that Terry had won the chief race and had the only dog cart in the West.

As the play went on, Fergus realized, as had

Gow Johnson, that Jopp had raised a demon. The air was electric. The play was drawing near to its climax—an attempt to capture the deputy sheriff, tie him to a tree, and leave him bound and gagged alone in the waste. There was a glitter in Terry's eyes belying the lips which smiled in keeping with the character he presented. A look of hardness was stamped on his face, and the outlines of the temples were as sharp as the chin was set and the voice slow and penetrating.

Molly Mackinder's eyes were riveted on him. She sat very still, her hands clasped in her lap, watching his every move. Instinct told her that Terry was holding himself in; that some latent fierceness and iron force in him had emerged into life; and that he meant to have revenge on Constantine Jopp one way or another, and that soon; for she had heard the rumor flying through the hall that her cousin was the cause of the practical joke just played. From hints she had had from Constantine that very day, she knew that the rumor was the truth; and she recalled now with shrinking dislike the grimace accompanying the suggestion. She had not resented it then, for she was herself angry with Terry because of the foolish little widow at Jansen.

Presently the silence in the hall became acute; the senses of the audience were strained to the utmost. The acting before them was more realistic than anything they had ever seen or were ever likely to see again in La Touche. All three conspirators, Fergus, Holden, and Jopp, realized that O'Ryan's acting had behind it an animal anger which transformed him. When he looked into their eyes it was with a steely directness harder and fiercer than was observed by the audience. Once there was occasion for O'Ryan to catch Fergus by the arm, and Fergus winced from the grip. When standing in the wings with Terry he ventured to speak playfully to him and apologize for the joke, but Terry made no answer; and once again he had whispered good-naturedly as they stood together on the stage; but the reply had been a low, scornful laugh. Fergus realized that a critical moment was at hand. The play provided for some dialogue between Jopp and Terry, and he observed with anxiety that now Terry interpolated certain phrases meant to warn Constantine, and to excite him to anger also.

The moment came upon them sooner than the text of the play warranted. O'Ryan deliberately left out several sentences, and

gave a later cue, and the struggle for his capture was precipitated. Terry meant to make the struggle real. So thrilling had been the scene that, to an extent, the audience was prepared for what followed; but they did not grasp the full reality—that the play was now only a vehicle for a personal issue of a desperate character. No one had ever seen O’Ryan angry; and now that the demon of rage was on him, directed by a will suddenly grown to its full height, they saw not only a powerful character in a powerful melodrama but a man of terrible force. When the three desperadoes closed in on O’Ryan, and, with a blow from the shoulder which was not a pretense, he sent Holden into a far corner gasping for breath and moaning with pain, the audience broke out into wild cheering. It was superb acting, they thought. As most of them had never seen the play, they were not surprised when Holden did not again join the attack on the deputy sheriff. Those who did know the drama—among them Molly Mackinder—became dismayed, then anxious.

Fergus and Jopp knew well from the blow O’Ryan had given that unless they could drag him down, the end must be disaster to some one. They were struggling with him for personal safety now. The play was forgotten, though mechanically O’Ryan and Fergus repeated the exclamations and the few phrases belonging to the part. Jopp was silent, fighting with a malice which belongs to only half-breed, or half-bred, natures; and from far back in his own nature the distant Indian strain in him was working in savage hatred. The two were desperately hanging on to O’Ryan like pumas on a grizzly, when suddenly, with a twist he had learned from Ogami the Jap on the Smoky River, the slim Fergus was slung backward to the ground with the tendons of his arm strained and the arm itself useless for further work. There remained now Constantine Jopp, heavier and more powerful than O’Ryan.

For O’Ryan the theater, the people, disappeared. He was a boy again on the village green, with the bully before him who had tortured his young days. He forgot the old debt to the foe who saved his life; he forgot everything except that once again, as of old, Constantine Jopp was fighting him, with long, strong arms trying to bring him to the ground. Jopp’s superior height gave him an advantage in a close grip; the strength of

his gorillalike arms was difficult to withstand. Both were forgetful of the world, and the two other injured men, silent and awed, were watching the fight, in which one of them, at least, was powerless to take part.

The audience was breathless. Most now saw the grim reality of the scene before them; and when at last O’Ryan’s powerful right hand got a grip upon the throat of Jopp, and they saw the grip tighten, tighten, and Jopp’s face go from red to purple, a hundred gasped. Excited men made as though to move toward the stage; but the majority were still under the belief that it was “all in the play,” and shouted, “Sit down!”

Suddenly the voice of Gow Johnson was heard: “Don’t kill him, don’t kill him—let go, let go, boy!”

The voice rang out with sharp anxiety, and pierced the fog of passion and rage in which O’Ryan was moving. He realized what he was doing, the real sense of it came upon him. Suddenly he let go the lank throat of his enemy, and, by a supreme effort, flung him across the stage, where Jopp lay resting on his hands, his bleared eyes looking at Terry with the fear and horror still in them which had come with that tightening grip on his throat.

Silence fell suddenly on the theater. The audience was standing. A woman sobbed somewhere in a far corner, but the rest were dismayed and speechless. A few steps before them all was Molly Mackinder, white and frightened, but in her eyes was a look of understanding as they fixed themselves on Terry. Breathing hard, Terry stood still in the middle of the stage, the red fog not yet gone out of his eyes, his hands clasped at his side, vaguely realizing the audience again. Behind him was the back curtain in which the lights of Orion twinkled aggressively. The three men who had attacked him were still where he had thrown them.

The silence was intense, the strain oppressive. But now a drawing voice came from the back of the hall:

“Are you watching the rise of Orion?” it said. It was the voice of Gow Johnson.

The strain was broken; the audience dissolved in laughter; but it was not hilarious; it was the nervous laughter of relief touched off by a native humor always present in the dweller of the prairie.

“I beg your pardon,” said Terry quietly and abstractedly to the audience.

And the man behind the scenes bethought himself and let down the curtain.

The fourth act was not played that night. The people had had more than the worth of their money. In a few moments the stage was crowded with people from the audience, but both Jopp and O'Ryan had disappeared.

Among the visitors to the stage was Molly Mackinder. There was a meaning smile upon her face as she said to Dick Fergus:

"It was quite wonderful, wasn't it—like a scene out of the classics—the gladiators or something?"

Fergus gave a wary smile as he said, "Yes. I feel like saying *Ave Caesar, Ave!* and I watched to see Artemis drop her handkerchief."

"She dropped it, but you were too busy to pick it up. It would have been a useful sling for your arm," she added with thoughtful malice. "It seemed so real—you all acted so well, so appropriately. And how you keep it up!" she added, as he cringed when some one knocked against his elbow, hurting the injured tendons.

Fergus looked at her meditatively before he answered. "Oh, I think we'll likely keep it up for some time," he said ironically.

"Then the play isn't finished?" she added. "There is another act? Yes, I thought there was—the programme said four."

"Oh, yes, there's another act," he answered, "but it isn't to be played now; and I'm not in it."

"No, I suppose you are not in it. You really weren't in the last act. Who will be in it?"

Fergus suddenly laughed outright, as he looked at Holden expostulating intently to a crowd of people round him. "Well, honor bright! I don't think there'll be anybody in it except little Conny Jopp and gentle Terry O'Ryan; and Conny mayn't be in it very long. But he'll be in it for a while, I guess. You see the curtain came down in the middle of a situation, not at the end of it. The curtain has to rise again."

"Perhaps Orion will rise again—you think so?" She laughed in satire; for Dick Fergus had made love to her during the last three months with unsuppressed activity, and she knew him in his sentimental moments; which is fatal. It is fatal if, in a duet, one breathes fire and the other frost.

"If you want my opinion," he said in a lower voice, as they moved toward the door while people tried to listen to them—"if

you want it straight, I think Orion has risen—right up where shines the evening star— Oh, say, now," he broke off, "haven't you had enough fun out of me? I tell you it was touch and go. He nearly broke my arm—would have done it, if I hadn't gone limp to him—and your cousin Conny Jopp, little Conny Jopp, was as near Kingdom Come as a man wants at his age. I saw an elephant go crazy once in India, and it was as like O'Ryan as putty is to dough. It isn't all over either, for O'Ryan will forget and forgive, and Jopp won't. He's your cousin, but he's a sulker. If he has to sit up nights to do it, he'll try to get back on O'Ryan—he'll sit up nights, but he'll do it, if he can. And whatever it is, it won't be pretty."

Outside the door they met Gow Johnson, excitement in his eyes. He heard Fergus's last words.

"Then he'll see Orion rising if he sits up nights," he said. "The game is with Terry."

Then he called to the dispersing gossiping crowd: "Hold on—hold on, you people. I've got news for you. Folks, this is Orion's night—it's his in the starry firmament. Look at him shine!" he cried, stretching out his arm toward the heavens where the glittering galaxy hung near the zenith. "Terry O'Ryan—our O'Ryan's—struck oil—on his ranch—it's been struck! Old Vigon found it. Terry's got his own at last. O'Ryan's in it—in it alone. Now, let's hear the prairie-whisper!" he shouted, in a great raucous voice. "Let's hear the prairie-whisper! What is it?"

The crowd responded in a hoarse shout for O'Ryan and his fortune. Even the women shouted—all except Molly Mackinder. She was wondering if O'Ryan risen would be the same to her as O'Ryan rising. She got into her carriage with a sigh, though she said to the few friends with her:

"If it's true it's splendid—he deserves it too. Oh, I'm glad—I'm so glad," she laughed; but the laugh was a little hysterical.

She was both glad and sorry. Yet as she drove home over the prairie she was silent. Far off in the east was a bright light. It was a bonfire built on O'Ryan's ranch, near where he had struck oil—and struck it rich. The light grew and grew, and the prairie was alive with people hurrying toward it. La Touche should have had the news hours earlier, but the half-breed French Canadian, Vigon, who had made the discovery, and had started for La Touche with the news, went

suddenly off his head with excitement, and had ridden away into the prairie fiercely shouting his joy to an invisible world. The news had been brought in later by a farm hand.

Terry O'Ryan had really struck oil, and his ranch was a scene of decent revelry, of which Gow Johnson was major-domo. But the master of it all, the man who had, in truth, risen like a star, had become to La Touche all at once its notoriety as well as its favorite, its great man as well as its friend—he was nowhere to be found. One thing seemed sure, he was not in La Touche. He had been seen riding full speed into the prairie toward the Kourmash wood, and the starlit night had swallowed him. Constantine Jopp had also disappeared; but at first no one gave that thought or consideration.

As the night went on, however, there began to stir a feeling which it is not good to rouse in frontier lands. It is sure to exhibit itself in forms more objective than are found in great populations where methods of punishment are various, and even when deadly are often refined. But society in new places has only limited resources, and is thrown back on primary ways and means. La Touche was no exception, and the keener spirits, to whom O'Ryan had ever been "a white man," and who so rejoiced in his good luck now that they drank his health a hundred times in his own whisky and cider, were simmering with desire for a public reproof of Constantine Jopp's conduct. Though it was pointed out to them by the astute Gow Johnson that Fergus and Holden had participated in the colossal joke of the play, they had learned indirectly also the whole truth concerning the past of the two men. They realized that Fergus and Holden had been duped by Jopp into the escapade. Their primitive sense of justice exonerated the humorists and arraigned the one malicious man. As the night wore on they decided on the punishment to be meted out on behalf of La Touche upon the man who had not acted "on the square," had done "the underground trick."

Gow Johnson saw too late that he had roused a spirit as hard to appease as had been the demon roused in O'Ryan, earlier in the evening. He would have enjoyed the *battue* of punishment under ordinary circumstances; but he knew that Molly Mackinder would be humiliated and indignant at the half-savage penalty they meant to exact. He had de-

termined that O'Ryan should marry her; and this might be an obstruction in the path. It was true that O'Ryan now would be a rich man—one of the richest in the West, unless all signs failed; but meanwhile a union of fortunes would only be an added benefit. Besides, he had seen that O'Ryan was in earnest, and what O'Ryan wanted he himself wanted even more strongly. He was not concerned greatly for O'Ryan's absence. He guessed that Terry had ridden away into the night to work off the dark spirit that was on him, to have it out with himself. Gow Johnson was a philosopher—he was twenty years older than O'Ryan, and he had studied his friend as a pious monk his missal.

He was right in his judgment. When Terry left the theater he was like one in a dream, every nerve in his body at tension, his head aflame, his pulses throbbing. For miles he rode away into the waste along the northern trail, ever away from La Touche and his own home. He did not know of the great good fortune that had come to him; and if in this hour he had known, he would not have cared. As he rode on and on remorse drew him into its grasp. Shame seized him that he had let passion master him, that he had lost his self-control, had taken a revenge out of all proportion to the injury and insult to himself. It did not ease his mind that he knew Constantine Jopp had done the thing out of meanness and malice; for he was alive to-night in the light of the stars with the sweet crisp air blowing in his face because of an act of courage on the part of his school-days' foe—he remembered now how, when he was drowning, he had clung to Jopp with frenzied arms and had endangered the bully's life also. The long torture of owing this debt to so mean a soul was on him still, was rooted in him; but suddenly, in the silence searching night, some spirit whispered in his ear that this was the price which he must pay for his life saved to the world, a compromise with the Inexorable Thing. On the verge of oblivion and the end, he had been snatched back by relenting Fate, which requires something for something given, when laws are overridden and doom driven back. Yes, the price he was meant to pay was gratitude to one of shriveled soul and innate antipathy. And he had not been man enough to see the trial through to the end! With a little increased strain put upon his vanity and pride, he had run amuck. Like some heathen gladiator he had ravaged

in the ring. He had fought as with wild beasts of Ephesus, had gone down into the basements of human life and then made a cockpit for his animal rage, till, in the contest, brain and intellect had been saturated by the fumes and sweat of fleshy fury.

How quiet the night was, how soothing to the fevered mind and body, how the cool air laved the heated head and flushed the lungs of the rheum of passion! He rode on and on, farther and farther away from home, his back upon the scenes where his daily tasks were set. It was long past midnight before he turned his horse's head again homeward.

Buried in his thoughts, now calm and determined, with a new life grown up in him, a new strength different from the mastering force which gave him a strength in the theater like one in delirium, he noticed nothing. He was only conscious of the omniscient night and its warm penetrating friendliness; as, in a great trouble, when no words can be spoken, a cool kind hand steals into the trembling hand of misery and stills it, gives it strength and life and an even pulse. He was now master in the house of his soul, and had no fear or doubt as to the future, or as to his course.

His first duty was to go to Constantine Jopp and speak his regret like a man. And after that it would be his duty to carry a double debt his life long for the life saved, for the wrong done. He owed an apology to La Touche, and he was scarcely aware that the native gentlemanliness in him had said through his fever of passion over the footlights, "I beg your pardon." In his heart he felt that he had offered a mean affront to every person present, to the town where his interests lay—where his heart lay.

Where his heart lay—Molly Mackinder! He knew now that vanity had something to do, if not all to do, with his violent acts, and though there suddenly shot through his mind, as he rode back, a savage thrill at the remembrance of how he had handled the three, it was only a passing emotion. He was bent on putting himself right with Jopp and with La Touche. With the former his way was clear; he did not yet see his way as to La Touche. How would he be able to make the *amende honorable* to La Touche?

By and by he became somewhat less absorbed and enveloped by the comforting night. He saw the glimmer of red light afar, and vaguely wondered what it was. It was

in the direction of O'Ryan's ranch, but he thought nothing of it, because it burned steadily. It was probably a fire lighted by settlers trailing to the Farther North. And while the night wore on he rode as slowly back to the town as he had galloped from it like a centaur with a captive.

Again and again Molly Mackinder's face came before him; but he resolutely shut it out of his thoughts. He felt that he had no right to think of her until he had "done the right thing" by Jopp and by La Touche. Yet the look in her face as the curtain came down—he had seen that—it was not the face of one indifferent to him or to what he did. He neared the town halfway between midnight and morning. Almost unconsciously avoiding the main streets, he rode a roundabout way toward the little house where Constantine Jopp lived. He could hear noises in the streets, loud noises, singing, hoarse shouts. Then silence came, then shouts, then silence again. It was all quiet as he rode up to Jopp's house, standing on the outskirts of the town. There was a bright light in the window of a room.

Jopp, then, was still up. He would not wait till to-morrow. He would do the right thing now. He would put things straight with his foe before he slept; he would do it at any sacrifice to his pride. He had conquered his pride.

He dismounted, threw the bridle over a post, and, going into the garden, knocked gently at the door. There was no response. He knocked again, and listened intently. Now he heard a sound—like a smothered cry or groan. He opened the door quickly and entered. It was dark. In another room beyond was a light. From it came the same sound he had heard before, but louder; also there was a shuffling footstep. He sprang forward to the half-open door, and pushed it wide. He met the terror-stricken eyes of Constantine Jopp—the same look that he had seen in them at the theater when he had him by the throat, but more ghastly.

Jopp was bound to a chair by a lasso. Both arms were fastened to the chair arm, and beneath them on the floor were bowls into which blood dripped from his wrists, which had been punctured by a knife.

He had hardly taken it all in—the work of an instant—when he saw crouched in a corner, madness in his eyes, his half-breed Vigon. He grasped the situation in a flash. Vigon had gone mad, had lain in wait in

Jopp's house, and when the man he hated had seated himself in the chair, had lassoed him, bound him, and was slowly bleeding him to death.

He had no time to think. Before he could act, Vigon was upon him also, frenzy in his eyes, a knife clutched in his hand. Reason had fled, and he only saw in O'Ryan the frustrator of his revenge. He had watched the drip, drip from his victim's wrists with an awful joy.

They were man and man, but O'Ryan found in this grisly contest a vaster trial of strength than in the fight upon the stage a few hours ago. The first lunge that Vigon made struck him on the tip of the shoulder, and drew blood; but he caught the hand holding the knife in an iron grasp, while the maniac, with superhuman strength, tried in vain for the long brown throat of the man for whom he had struck oil. As they struggled and twisted, the eyes of the victim in the chair watched them with agonized emotions. For him it was life or death. He could not cry out—his mouth was gagged; but O'Ryan heard his groans like a distant echo of his own hoarse gasps as he fought his desperate fight. Terry was as one in an awful dream battling with vague impersonal powers which slowly strangled his life, yet held him back in torture from the final surrender.

For minutes they struggled. At last O'Ryan's strength came to the point of breaking, for Vigon was a powerful man, and to this was added a maniac's energy. He felt that the end was coming. But all at once, through the groans of the victim in the chair, he became conscious of noises outside—such noises as he had heard before he entered the house, only nearer and louder. At the same time he heard a horse's hoofs, then a knock at the door, and a voice calling, "Jopp! Jopp!"

He made a last desperate struggle and shouted hoarsely.

An instant later there were footsteps in the

room, followed by a cry of fright and amazement.

It was Gow Johnson. He had come to warn Constantine Jopp that a crowd were come to tar and feather him and ride him on a rail, and to get him away on his own horse.

Gow Johnson sprang to the front door, called to the approaching crowd for help, then ran back to help O'Ryan.

A moment later a dozen men had Vigon secure, and had released Constantine Jopp, now almost dead from loss of blood.

As they took the gag from his mouth and hastily tied their handkerchiefs round his bleeding wrists, Jopp sobbed aloud. His eyes were fixed on Terry O'Ryan. Terry met the look, and grasped the limp hand that lay on the chair arm.

"I'm sorry, oh, Terry, I'm sorry for all I've done to you!" Jopp sobbed. "I was a sneak, but I want to own it. I want to be square now; you can tar and feather me, if you like. I deserve it." He looked at the others. "I deserve it," he repeated.

"That's what the boys had thought would be appropriate," said Gow Johnson with a dry chuckle, and the crowd looked at each other and winked. The wink was kindly, however. "To own up and take your gruel" was the easiest way to touch the men of the prairie.

A half hour later the roisterers who had meant to carry Constantine Jopp on a rail carried Terry O'Ryan on their shoulders through the town, against his will. As they passed the house where Miss Molly Mackinder lived some one shouted:

"Are you watching the rise of Orion?"

Many a time thereafter Terry O'Ryan and Molly Mackinder looked at the galaxy in the evening sky with laughter and with pride. It had played its part with Fate against Constantine Jopp and the little widow at Jansen. It had never shone so brightly as on the night when Vigon struck oil on O'Ryan's ranch. But Vigon had no memory of that. Such is the irony of life.



BARRIE

A TRIUMPH OF PERSONALITY

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS



IN New York, on the evening this is written, two plays are being acted at theaters not far from each other. One is Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan"; the other Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." The former is a sort of fairy story; the latter deals with grown-up people, very much grown up. These two pieces are as different from each other as both are different from all the rest of the plays by other dramatists in New York or London. Both have run night after night "to capacity," and each "draws" chiefly from the same class of theatergoers—including many who seldom go to the theater—namely, the "intelligent and refined" element. The reason for their success, popular and artistic, is the same in both instances: the free expression of a real personality.

I

IN the case of Mr. Shaw, it is a loudly shouted personality, a conscious rebellion against everything conventional in sight. Instead of whatever is, is right, his guiding principle seems to be—so far as he is guided or has any principles at all—whatever is, is wrong. If you see a head, hit it. That is his chief stock in trade. He is the walking delegate of the social organism, the professional striker, the naughty boy of the school of civilization, who plays truant and scrawls his opinions devilishly on the fence. That is as far as he has gone as yet. What he would mean to do, if anything, after he had knocked down all our institutions, remains to be seen; perhaps he would stick them up again. Probably it will always remain to be seen.

But even if he does not succeed in getting them all down, it is needless to add here that the effect of his sort of effort must be, on the whole, good. It helps to clear the atmosphere of sham, like certain of the famous court jesters, who used to say what no one else dared express, even if others had the cleverness. He makes us think, he makes us turn our inherited opinions over and look at them from the other side where the mold has gathered. He makes us say: "Why, to be sure!" and helps us reassert our "values" and cling more tightly to those that are worthy—the process so mightily urged by his master Nietzsche, from whom Mr. Shaw acquired the title of his play.

At any rate, whatever he has done for society as a dramatizer of social tracts, or for art as simple dramatist, is due to the expression of himself and would have been lost if he had attempted to compress himself into the ready-made molds of opinion and play building.

In the case of Mr. Barrie's piece, it is, of course, a very different triumph of personality—different as the two subjects are. It is not a loud, swaggering rebellion against the traditions of the English stage; there is no apparent rebellion at all; he simply ignores them. He does not try to break them down; he slips around on the other side, with the guileless smile of the boy who never grew up, and writes what he wants to write in the way he wants to write it.

But, whether unconsciously or otherwise, he has made a far greater departure from the established order of things (referring now to the two playwrights as craftsmen rather than as human beings in a moral universe) than has his neighbor, preaching and profaning on Broadway. In "Peter Pan," effects are achieved across the footlights of a kind never

even attempted before on any stage. There is the sheer poetry of childhood, the delicate flavor and fragrance of the state of being young—hitherto strictly literary material as distinguished from dramatic; and, at that, material which but few writers have used successfully even in the pages of books, where your characters' thoughts can be described, and what you think about it yourself, together with what is happening elsewhere, and yesterday, and where accrue all the other advantages the fiction writer has at his command and the dramatist lacks.

Obviously this should not be taken to mean that either of these playwrights can transcend the laws of dramatic construction, which are as immutable as the multiplication table or the fact of specific gravity—though each seems to coquette with them at times. Even "Peter Pan," we learn in "The Little White Bird," like the Darling children in the play, had been obliged to have his shoulders touched with fairy dust before he could learn to fly. But these are two playwrights who have learned to use those laws, instead of being used by them, for the free expression of their own personalities. And it is the more remarkable and pertinent to the subject that the ideas expressed by their personalities are among the last which experts in dramatic affairs would be apt to single out for exploitation on the stage, and most of all the English or American stage.

Mr. Barrie, who does not proclaim himself in his work, or even in his prefaces, for more than a reluctant page or two, and perhaps by reason of that very fact reveals his real self the more accurately, would make the better text for preaching a sermon on the salvation of personality, which is the gospel of art.

II

AND yet for this very reason—that he is so very much himself—he is difficult to define in terms of anything else. There are so few names to call him; it is like trying to describe a new color. Here is a writer without any background. He had no literary lineage. He bears no family resemblances, and he has no family relationships. He is not a member of any group. He is not particularly a product of his own time. He does not logically fit in at the end of any literary "movement" so that we may call him the "flower" of it. He does not stand at the head

of some new school, so that we might hail him as a prophet; for no one is by way of following in his footsteps; the cleverest imitators are too clever to try that. He is as nearly *sui generis* as any sane human organism can be. He is the *Peter Pan* among the runaway children that follow the beautiful fairy art of make-believe.

Mr. Barrie has the narrowest field of any of the prominent authors in this age of globe-trotting writers. It seems to be a pretty rich one, and he works it for all it is worth; he repeats his crops; but it is quite constricted. If he ever traveled as far east of England as across the Channel to Paris, there is nothing to indicate it in his work. He came to America once, but if he kept a notebook, he has kept it to himself. All the important scenes in his books and most of his plays are Thrums or London.

Again, his themes are almost as limited as his field is narrow. They could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, it might almost be said that he has but one serious theme, the love of parent and offspring, which recurs in about all his important work, even sometimes in his satirical phantasies. But, for that matter, when this *motif* does give place entirely to purer satire, it is merely a reflex manifestation of the same personality. A man who takes the real things of life so seriously would naturally regard the sham things in the way we are made to see them in "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most telling satires on English existence ever written by Barrie or anyone else.

Finally, so economical with his material is this careful Scotchman—probably because he loves it rather than because he is impoverished by his narrow, insular experience of life—that he works it and reworks it into new and various forms. Even so, he has written less than most of his contemporaries who have been writing a considerably shorter time. His collected works take a little less than half the space on the library shelf that Mr. Kipling's occupy, who is five years his junior. It should be borne in mind, however, that the former has devoted most of his recent time to writing plays, not included on the shelves as yet. Kipling's authorized edition contains twenty-four volumes; Barrie's, eleven.

But despite the limitations cited—if limitations they be—see what he has accomplished. He has written literature. He has introduced imagination to the modern English

drama. He is the first English novelist, old or modern, to become a playwright at all, except such as Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, who worked more or less with collaborators, though Mr. Shaw, if his early sociological narratives can be called novels, might be included. In any case, this playwright has pretty nearly changed the whole aspect of the British stage. One is tempted to predict that he, together with Stephen Phillips and that same Shaw (aided, of course, by Mr. Pinero, and one or two other playwrights, whose work may also be included as literature), will, before they finish, rehabilitate the English theater—which has been divorced from literature quite long enough—bringing these two great branches of art together where they belong and thus establishing a new *régime* somewhat similar to what already thrives so harmoniously just across the Channel.

If that is the overstatement of enthusiasm, this much, at least, may be coolly affirmed: What Mr. Barrie has accomplished has not been due to the repression of himself to meet the measure of English classical tradition, on the one hand; nor, on the other, has he extended himself in order to catch the popular fancy—and he has got them both. He is pronounced literature by those who know it when they see it, and he would be pronounced a successful man even by those to whom money is the measure of success. According to excellent authority he had made, up to three years ago, £50,000 out of one play alone, "The Little Minister," which at that time was being performed by five different companies in various parts of the world at the same time. This takes no account of his other plays, nor of his other royalties from books, which latter may not have amounted to very much in comparison. Only one of his books, however, failed to prove more or less of a popular success, and that, strangely enough, was his worst, namely, "Better Dead," his well-named earliest effort, the sale of which he has since suppressed in England. Though none of his other seven or eight plays has duplicated the remarkable popularity of "The Little Minister," all have proved successful, either at home or here, or both, except "The Wedding Guest," which failed, strangely enough, notwithstanding it was a problem play, produced at a period given to problem plays. This is as surprising as everything else about Mr. Barrie.

III

IN the reluctantly written introduction to the American edition of his books, he relates how no editor at first wanted his Scotch dialect stories, and no publisher would risk his book of "Auld Licht Idylls" until the editor of the *St. James Gazette* took some of them and asked for more. But let him tell it:

"In time, however, I found another paper, the *British Weekly*, with an editor as bold as the first (or shall I say he suffered from the same infirmity?). He revived my drooping hopes and I was again able to turn to the only kind of literary work I now seemed to have much interest in. He let me sign my articles, which was a big step for me, and led to my having requests for work from elsewhere, but always the invitation said: 'Not Scotch—the public will not read dialect.'"

There are two points that bear hard on our text in this excerpt; the first is the obvious one, that he was determined to do the thing he was interested in, to follow the lines of his own personality; the second is that for a while he did not do it. When he says, "I was again able to turn to the only kind of literary work I now seemed to have much interest in," he discloses rather eloquently the hiatus in the logical development of his personality, a period of literary hack work, which was the bridge between his obscure past and his brilliant future. There would have been no particular virtue in starving merely because he could not write about Thamas Haggart and Thrums; it seemed better to live until he could do so. This interval supplied most of the illegitimate creations afterwards gathered in from oblivion and given their creator's name in unauthorized editions which he has disowned, as fathers of respectable families are sometimes compelled to do.

But as soon as he was able he was back in the kail yard once more, writing the thing he wanted to write in the way he wanted to write it.

It is fortunate for modern English literature that he was not shunted off; "A Window in Thrums" was the outcome. It is worth repeating what his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, said to him about this book in one of the first of the letters these two Scotchmen exchanged; the two friends never met: "Jess is beyond my frontier line; I could not touch her skirts; I have no such glamour of twilight in my pen. I am a capable artist; but it be-

gins to look to me as if you were a man of genius. Take care of yourself for my sake."

In explaining the sadness of the conclusion of "A Window in Thrums," the consistent and persistent artist is again disclosed. "When the English publishers read the manuscript," Mr. Barrie says in his introduction, . . . "they begged me to alter its end. They warned me that the public do not like sad books. Well, the older I grow and the sadder the things I see, the more I do wish my books to be bright and hopeful, but an author may not always interfere with his work, and if I had altered the end of 'The Window in Thrums,' I think I should never have had any more respect for myself."

In telling how he happened to write this book, he explains that as the love of mother and son had written everything of his that he considered of any worth (and there lies the real reason for the criticised existence of the book about his own mother—he considered it a debt he owed her memory), it was only natural that the awful horror of the untrue son should dog his thoughts and call upon him to paint the picture. He adds: "That, I believe now, though I had no idea of it at the time, is how 'A Window in Thrums' came to be written, less by me than by an impulse from behind."

"An impulse from behind" explains the whole matter in a nutshell. An impulse from in front may lead one to write historical novels when "they" want historical fiction; and sometimes rather good ones; still oftener it brings great material returns, but it will never bring literature.

In "The Little Minister" the author made up his mind to give us a bright, hopeful book. All went well for a while, but presently his characters began to run away with him. He tells in one of his other introductions of their willful behavior. "'Come back,' I cry. 'You're off the road.' 'We prefer this way,' they reply. I try bullying. 'You are only people in a book!' I shout, 'and it's my book and I can do what I like with you, so come back.' But they seldom come, and it ends in my plodding after them. Unless I yield, they and I do not become good friends, which is fatal to a book." Nevertheless, in "The Little Minister" he braved them, having set out on a pleasant sentimental journey—with a set smile. And this brought him the famous literary spanking from his older brother Scot in the South Seas: "'The Little Minister' ought to have ended badly; we all

know it did; and are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it. If you had told the truth I, for one, could not have forgiven you."

IV

It is a very persistent personality and potent, but what the charm of it is would be much harder to tell. Go to "Peter Pan," and if you like it you will know; if you don't, you never can. But it is no more to be described than the face of *Tinker Bell*, the fairy in the piece who appears only as a ray of dancing light. You can't put your finger down on any one quality, such as whimsicality, humor, satire, or fancy, and say that here is the most characteristic Barrie, for just when you think you've got him, he's off and laughing at you, dancing and playing around you and your idea, as *Tinker Bell* flashed about the Darling's nursery.

There are some things about Barrie that one could wish were otherwise. His art is at times too persistently artless. His unexpected humor, if you read much of him at once, becomes expected. His children seem more like those observed by bachelors than those known by expert parents kept awake by them. But they can bring tears, even to sleepless eyes, and that is more than most of the child writing can do. It is not the sad parts that accomplish this feat with some of us, but certain other things. He seldom becomes maudlin or symbolic about his children; so far as I can recall he does not call them "tots." Nor does he sentimentalize about "little children's voices," or the "patter of little feet." In certain respects they are very real kids—delightful little egotists, like yours and mine. *Peter* crows every time he kills a pirate, and one of the other lost children shouts "I'm in a story! I'm in a story! Tell all about me." That is the sort of thing to make us love his children and their father.

There are people who do not like "Peter Pan" at all. I know this to be a fact, for I am acquainted with three of them—a good sort they are, too, whom you would not think it of. For such, of course, it is a closed book—you love the thing, or you don't, and there is no sense in arguing about it. One of them thinks he can convince me that the entire play is artificial, false, and immoral. Perhaps he can also demonstrate that dessert is better than salad, but I do not care for sweets.

THE LOOTING OF ALASKA

THE TRUE STORY OF A ROBBERY BY LAW

By REX E. BEACH

III. THE RECEIVERSHIP BUSINESS*



WE have now shown how and why the Alaska Gold Mining Company was formed, the attempt to vest in it title to the rich Nome mines through the Hansbrough amendment to the Alaskan Code, and how this was avoided by the efforts of a few clear-sighted men in the Senate and House. Our story then detailed how a facile judge was appointed to administer the laws of Alaska for the benefit of his backers, how Alexander McKenzie took him and the other court officials north and, upon papers hastily drawn and improperly served, under orders illegally issued, without notice to the defendants and without sufficient bond, ejected the mine owners from their premises and grabbed their claims himself. We told how he forced the members of the leading law firm of Nome to give him a one-half interest in their business under threats of ruining them, thus gaining a further hold on the litigation over the disputed property. We also described the futile efforts of the victims to set aside the wrongful orders and how their right of appeal was denied, leaving them baffled and confused at the enormity of the wrong done.

Perhaps you said on beginning this story that the writer assumed an attitude too aggressive, that he used too many superlatives? The facts stated and to come are more superlative than any language in his vocabulary.

The story of Graft is old. We are growing to realize dimly that our nation is permeated with it, that our body politic is built upon cor-

ruption. There was a time when we looked with reverence and respect upon the makers and givers of our law, but it is so no longer. Honors bestowed do not purge the recipient. A senator may be a rogue, a judge a charlatan. Graft was in the land before our time—we have merely seen it grow and reach out. But few of us have seen its birth. This is a tale of its beginnings in a virgin land. Upon perusal it appears an extraordinary affair by reason of its ingenuity, its invention, its daring—but it is not! It is extraordinary because it is so ordinary, so very ordinary, because it has happened before, because the trail is so well trodden, because here, in our own time, is brought up the spectacle of corruption in its early stages, as it must have existed in our boyhood or in our fathers' times.

Had the abuses we detailed in the preceding chapter occurred in any other Western mining camp, or been directed at ordinary American citizens, blood would have run at once, even in the face of military protection; and it speaks volumes for the law-abiding character of Alaskans that no more drastic measures were taken. Many of the defendants were Scandinavians, easy going and slow to wrath, their actions approving a saying of McKenzie:

"Give me a barnyard of Swedes and I'll drive them like sheep."

Moreover, the scheme was so bold, so efficient, so undreamed of in its prostitution of the whole sacred machinery of government, that the victims were confused and required time to shape their campaigns. This suited the clique precisely. Delay was all they

*This is the third of a series of articles, which will run through five or six numbers. The author was on the ground during the occurrences of which he writes, a fact which gives peculiar force to the narrative.—The Editor.

asked. Every sun meant thousands to them. Added to this, the nearest Court of Appeals was at San Francisco, three thousand miles away by water, with no telegraph. This had all been counted upon, as has before been said; the plan being to tie up the mines, then strip them during the pendency of the suits.

Let it be said there was no waste of manners incident to these actions. On Discovery Claim the party sent forth to oust the owners from their premises found Linderberg in bed. They ran him out into the night, half clothed. At another time the owners of Claim Number Ten had, locked up in their safe, a large amount of gold taken from one of their other claims not in dispute. Even though shown an order of court directing them to turn this over to McKenzie's hirelings, they refused to obey. Instead, they telephoned to McKenzie himself that this was their own money and they proposed to keep it. The wily politician said no doubt they were right, but a telephone was a poor medium for such an argument, and if they would bring the gold into town he would talk it over with them and do what was proper. Recognizing in this a ruse, one of the men, Price, eluded the posse long enough to telephone a friend to meet him at the depot when the train came in. Placing the treasure in a satchel, he and the deputy went to town, but as the train pulled into the station he tossed his burden to a friend, shouting:

"Put that in the depot safe, quick!"

Before McKenzie's henchman could prevent, it was done and the combination turned. At this the deputy stormed and raved, but the others remained deaf to his threats, and when he tried to summon his principal on the depot telephone, they interfered, forcing him to go clear across town after him. When the two returned, the gold was not in the safe and they never laid hands upon it thereafter.

Of course, when orders to set aside the receiver were denied, the attorneys for the defense prayed for an appeal, accompanying their applications with bonds and assignments of error and presenting bills of exception. This Judge Noyes denied them.

Quoting again the language of the aforementioned Appellate Court:

"The record and the evidence of these proceedings show from first to last upon the part of Judge Noyes an apparent disregard of the legal rights of the defendants in the cases in which McKenzie was appointed as receiver. The proceedings upon which the receiver was appointed were extraordinary in the extreme. Immediately after his arrival at Nome in company with the man who, it seems, had

gone to Nome for the express purpose of entering into the receivership business, and who boasted to others that he had secured the appointment of the judge, and that he controlled the court and its officers, upon papers which had not as yet been filed, before the issuance of summons and before the execution of receiver's bond, without notice to the defendants, without affording them an opportunity to be heard, Judge Noyes wrested from them their mining claims, of which they were in full possession, the sole value of which consisted of the gold dust which they contained and which lay safely stored in the ground, and placed the claims in the hands of a receiver with instructions to mine and operate the same, and this without any showing of an equitable nature to indicate the necessity or propriety of the receivership or the necessity for the operation of the mines by a receiver, in order to protect the property or to prevent its injury or waste.

"When the defendants undertook to appeal from these orders, their right of appeal was denied them. The receiver so appointed was permitted to go on and mine these claims on an extensive scale and extract from them their value."

Within a very short time other injunctions were granted in about twenty suits, and either the Scotchman was named as receiver or one of his tools who did his bidding. Such ones reported frequently, turning over to him the spoils. In many cases the owners were denied the privilege of taking a hand in the clean-ups or even being present at such times, which meant a total reliance upon the statements of McKenzie, inasmuch as there was no other method of checking up the output. The danger of this is apparent, for the moment placer gold is taken from the sluice, it is money. There are no smelter records to go by, as when ore is treated.

One mine was jumped and a receiver appointed simply because it was alleged that the owner was an alien. As a matter of fact, he was born in Ohio, and had never been out of the United States until coming to Alaska.

McKenzie often expressed absolute confidence in the ability of his backers to force a favorable decision from the superior courts in case of an appeal, and during the first flush of success, when the whole district lay helpless under his heel, he made the mistake of talking too much. A serious mistake for one of his accomplishments. He spoke of those who backed him, the strongest in public life, and it became a matter of gossip that here was a combination too huge to break, that the Alaska Gold Mining Company had been organized with governmental backing for the sole and avowed purpose of looting the land it was named for, that its stock was distributed through Washington circles wherever it would do the most good.

I propose to show evidence strongly confirming this startling theory, to show that others even more exalted than those I have mentioned were entangled in this plot. Whether they were the innocent dupes of more designing men, or whether they hoped to share in the spoils, I shall not discuss. The facts should tell the story without extraneous comment. The finger should point where the blame belongs. It leads to Washington.

After Noyes had appointed a receiver in the Anvil Creek cases, something unheard of and utterly vicious in its possibilities, and after he had further denied the defendants an appeal which would have carried with it a stay, certified copies of the court record were filed with United States Attorney-General Griggs, and the removal of Noyes was asked on the ground of incompetency. Griggs refused! Indeed, Noyes boasted that the Attorney-General had in a personal letter approved his action.

If such a procedure as the mere appointment of a placer mine receiver was unprecedented, what then is to be said of the action of the Attorney-General of the United States in publicly praising such a step and, worse yet, of his meddling with a case at law during its trial? It was the same in effect as though a justice of the Supreme Court had indorsed the decisions of an inferior court judge during the trial of a suit which was later to be appealed to his own. This action of Griggs was one of the most remarkable ever known in the judiciary of this or any other civilized country. His conduct went far toward proving that McKenzie's was no idle boast when he said:

"To hell with them all! Nobody can hurt me! I am too strong at headquarters!"

Evidently there was no hope of relief from this quarter. One other incident illustrating the attitude assumed by the Attorney-General: He gave to a New York lawyer who was going north a letter of introduction to Judge Noyes. Later in the season this man was sent out from Nome on behalf of the defendants in the lawsuits, and came to Washington for the purpose of presenting to the Department of Justice the terrible condition of affairs existing in the Second Judicial District of Alaska. It was hoped that when the facts were given directly to the Attorney-General by a lawyer personally known to him, he would take immediate action to at least investigate and verify the statements made, which would undoubtedly have led to the removal of Noyes. This was the quickest and most natural way to gain relief. The attorney was granted an inter-

view with Attorney-General Griggs, to be sure; but when he came to speak of Alaskan affairs, Mr. Griggs indicated by his conduct that he was not interested in them and did not care to hear them discussed. When his visitor kept reverting to the tale of indignity and the necessity for immediate action, Mr. Griggs interrupted him with inquiries concerning his relatives' health, and finally dismissed him without the slightest satisfaction. He paid no heed to the petitions presented to his department, and no steps for relief were taken. Are we wrong in saying the finger of blame points to Washington?

As an example of the shameless measures adopted at Nome, the story of Archie Wheeler shows what primal motives of robbery actuated this band. He was one of the gang first imported on the steamship *Senator*—a name, by the way, strangely fitting—occupying the position of court stenographer and clerk at a yearly governmental salary of three thousand dollars and expenses.

Upon arrival he began the independent practice of law before Judge Noyes, for whom he had also been hired as private secretary, renting offices adjoining the judge's and separated therefrom by a screen. Noyes proceeded to turn all possible law business into his secretary's hands.

Now, early in the spring another beach discovery had been made at Topkuk, a point about sixty miles east of Nome. The village consisted of a few Indian huts in a sheltered sandy cove. Some miners found gold in the beach even before the snow had gone, and proceeded to thaw the frozen sands with driftwood fires, then to wash it in their tent. It was very rich, richer even than the beach at Nome had been, and in some places the stratum of gold lay not six inches beneath the surface. The poverty-stricken Eskimos had lived for generations here battling with the sea and the desolation for a miserable living, while under their feet was enough of the white man's wealth to enrich an army. Their fathers and their grandfathers, as children, had played in these yellow sands. Each time they had dragged their skin boats from the surf after a fruitless, hungry seal hunt, they had disturbed a carpet of golden grains.

A white man found it. Others came, while the natives sat on the dirt roofs of their squalid igloos and coughed and watched round eyed, as from beneath their fish traps was taken the wherewithal to build palaces. Before long the white men found that the pay streak led



ALEXANDER MCKENZIE

Receiver extraordinary in most of the disputed claims cases at Nome.

under the bank on which the village sat, as another streak at Nome had led beneath a village of graves. They dug till the houses toppled in. They caved them down onto the beach, while from others the dirt floors dropped through onto the heads of the workers beneath, and yet the Indians stayed, though from them a plaintive howl arose. It reached the ears of the authorities at Nome, and soldiers were dispatched to drive the "snipers" out. They blocked up the entrance to the tunnels and stood guard before them with rifle and bayonet, while overhead

the Eskimo went back to his seal oil and his slumbers.

So rich was the dirt here that men went to any lengths to get it. They hung about the entrance to the drifts, night after night, awaiting a moment when the sentinel's back was turned to worm through the board barriers, dash in, and grab a hatful of the sand, then scurry away to wash it.

Naturally the men who owned the claims lying near this began to open up their ground and operate. They proved very rich. One day while in Nome some of them accosted



ALASKA BANKING AND SAFE DEPOSIT CO., NOME

Rented vaults in this building were made the depository of the receivership funds.

Noyes on the street, stating that they feared trouble about their title and would like some action taken to protect their interests.

"My private secretary, Mr. Wheeler, is practicing law. See him about it," said the judge.

Accordingly they called upon Wheeler, to whom they explained that all they desired was protection with the right to work their own property. He answered:

"Why, I can fix that in twenty-four hours."

"Good," said they.

"In case I do this, I shall of course expect the customary interest in the mine."

"What is that?"

"One-half! The same as the lawyers got in the Anvil Creek cases."

"This is a different situation," they protested. "The receiver there represents the jumpers' titles. We have no jumpers here. We are the lawful and undisputed owners and merely want to work without interference. All you have to do is to keep off jumpers and receivers. You ask too much."

After some haggling, Wheeler consulted Noyes in the next room, returning with the

statement that he would do the job for a three-tenths interest. Eventually an agreement was drawn up giving him one-eighth of the mine, but, before execution of the deed, the richness of this spot caught the eye of the ambitious McKenzie and negotiations ceased.

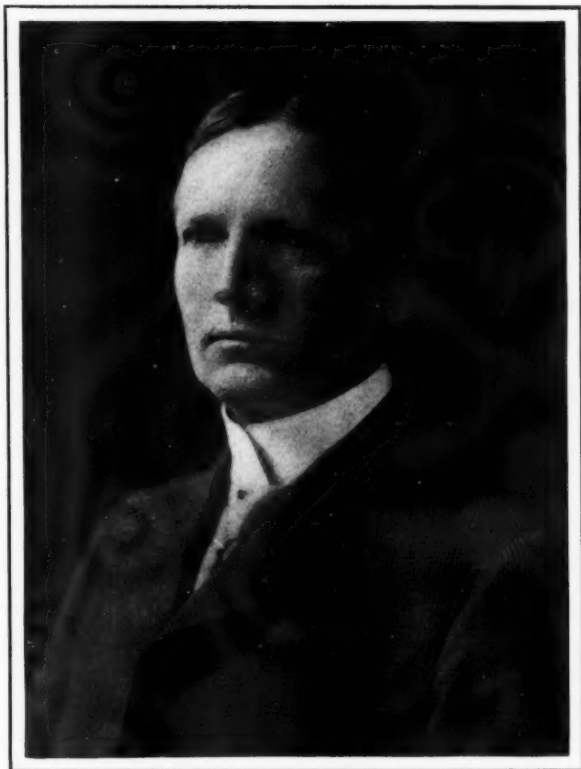
It is necessary to digress briefly here to show what prompted this.

After the ejection of the Nome beach miners, the machinery of the Alaska Gold Mining Company was installed in their places; but alas! the sands had been worked out, and it did not pay to operate. Here was a nice pickle. A huge new plant with no gold under it. Manifestly, another location was needed. Inasmuch as pumping machinery was used to lift water onto the Topkuk mines, sixty miles away, where the new strike had been made, it was evident that here were two fat birds awaiting one stone. Why should Wheeler and Noyes blackmail a measly one-eighth interest from the owners when the whole thing could be stolen, and more besides? Without stopping to enjoin the owners or appoint himself receiver, Alec loaded his plant onto scows and

sent it down coast; then having got it safely off, he attended to the minor legal details.

Time was the essence of this business and the season passing. *While the lighters were en route*, he completed the trivialities of ousting the owners. Instead of taking the receivership himself, as customary, however, he

purchasers, while the junk of the Alaska Gold Mining Company was bought at an exorbitant price and installed in its stead. The new receiver was put under ten thousand dollars bond, an amount nearly equal to a day's output of the mine. As a safeguard there was sent with him, in the position of superin-



EX-SENATOR P. J. MCCUMBER, OF NORTH DAKOTA

Chief of those who fought in the Senate against the removal of Noyes.

placed a tool in the position for the reason that he intended selling to the mine the pumping machinery he had just dispatched. On the face of things, it would be a shade too raw for McKenzie as owner to sell to McKenzie as receiver this plant of machinery, so a departure from the established course was taken.

The fact that the owners already had good and sufficient machinery at work on the ground was nothing. That was ripped out and discarded, representing a total loss to the

tendent, Captain Mike McCormack, of Saint Paul, one of McKenzie's friends, an old-time Dakota politician and a director and stockholder in the Alaska Gold Mining Company. Later on Wheeler, who had unwisely tendered his services to the defendants in the case, appeared as attorney for Cameron, the receiver, McKenzie's *alter ego*.

Straightway the defendants presented to the court the strongest possible affidavits showing cause why a receiver should not be

put in, but their efforts were unavailing. Why should they be otherwise? Hadn't the mines proved very rich?

Is anything other than this one brazen action needed to show the wholesale robbery contemplated by the organizers of the Alaska Gold Mining Company! Even before a decision was rendered, the pumping plant destined to replace one which needed no replacing, together with the hirelings to operate it, was shipped to this mine. Having gained possession of it, McKenzie's highwaymen proceeded to plunder, refusing the owners access and even denying them the privilege of watching the clean-ups. This created such a furor that an order was entered allowing one of them to witness this operation in company with a certain member of the gang designated by name. This one thereafter arranged to absent himself from the mine at such times, so that, to all effect, the owners were prevented from checking up the receiver's figures just as effectually as though forbidden ingress to the premises. Failing in this, the victims challenged the sufficiency of the receiver's ten-thousand-dollar bond, alleging that money largely in excess of that amount was being produced daily. They also challenged the ability of the sureties on his bond to make good, but ineffectually.

They offered next to qualify in double the amount required of the receiver, or to any extent Noyes wished, to work the property and turn into the court the gold so extracted, allowing it to go to the jumpers *without charge for mining*, in case a decision was rendered in their favor. This was vehemently objected to, the judge stating with great show of indignation that the suggestion was "impertinent, being a reflection upon an officer of the court, and having no foundation in law or precedent." The motion was denied.

What was the result?

When the defendants, months later, established title by verdict of a jury and the receiver was discharged, his accounts showed a mine production of thirty thousand dollars with expenses greatly in excess thereof. This was so grossly erroneous and so bold a steal that the owners rose up in added wrath, alleging more than two hundred thousand dollars to have been mined at less incident expenses than claimed. Judge Noyes at last referred Cameron's accounts to a referee of his own choosing, yet even with this "edge" to

start with, the report showed a production of at least one hundred thousand dollars with expenses not to exceed thirty-five thousand dollars. Then, as the owners had predicted, neither Cameron nor his bondsmen had property to apply on this sixty-five thousand dollars deficit.

If, upon going over the receiver's own figures with a man of their own choosing, such facts were shown, what must have been the true amounts! How much was stolen from this single mine! From all indications, twice the amount reported by the referee. The

owners were absolutely ruined financially, some being left in debt to the extent of many thousands through this plot.

Naturally the question arises, who got this gold? While speculating on this point it is well to bear in mind that, although some of the mines when taken were producing from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars each *per diem*, and although McKenzie put at work all the men he could hire, washing only the richest spots, yet, after operating most of the season, when forced to disgorge, he turned back only four hundred thousand dollars. In view of such figures, as well as the manifest turpitude of the entire conspiracy from inception to finish, is it unreasonable to believe that these men stole some of the wealth that lay in their



SAMUEL KNIGHT

The attorney most active in thwarting the cabal.

hands? Were they ones to safeguard a sacred trust and to render up a strict account?

In spite of all these and other facts, when the removal of Noyes was requested and the affair received an airing later on, certain of our worthy United States Senators rose up on the Capitol floors and fought bitterly for him, for McKenzie, and for their accomplices. Chief of these was Mr. McCumber, the junior Senator from North Dakota. In the course of an eloquent harangue on February 5, 1902, wherein he attempted fruitlessly to quicklime the whole rotten affair and disinfest the honor of the man who, rumor has it, keeps him in his job as a figurehead, he spoke of Alec McKenzie as follows:

"I have known this man, Mr. President, for twenty years. . . . I know him to be a noble-hearted, generous, impulsive, sympathetic individual. . . . He is a man who is so true to his own principles of manhood that he would give his very life's blood for any friend and ask for no remuneration on earth except the fidelity of a friend to a friend."

It is to be hoped, for the good of North Dakota, that the Hon. Mr. McCumber's zeal in entering the lists was prompted solely by his friendship. Far be it from one even to suggest, without better proof, that his name was upon that roll of infamy, the stock book of the Alaska Gold Mining Company.

Although baffled at first and repulsed on every hand in their efforts for relief, the ousted defendants' attorneys were not beaten. When their clients' mines were jerked from under them, their personal effects taken, and their appeals from the monstrous decisions of the court denied, they realized that this was to be a fight—long, bitter, and without quarter. Steps were taken to bring the affair before the next higher tribunal, the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, located at San Francisco, three thousand miles distant. They fled to the south, armed with affidavits, their valises bursting with documents.

Meanwhile affairs at Nome grew quiet awaiting results, but the calm was skin deep. Each faction hired detectives to spy upon its enemies, then hired detectives to spy upon the detectives. Day and night they were busied in the effort to collect or, if necessary, to create incriminating evidence.

Illustrating the suspicion that settled over the city, McKenzie hired the rooms next to his offices and bored holes through the partitions at which he stationed eavesdroppers. Every one entering was subjected to espionage. The offices adjoining those of the lawyers for the

defense were peopled by his men, also their ceilings perforated with peepholes and cracks opened up. One sleuth crawled into a loft and, his accomplice forgetting to bring him food, he was forced to lie there for two days until an opportunity came to escape undiscovered. He returned with a lunch basket.

One particularly active attorney became so obnoxious to the gang that they arranged to cite him for contempt and jail him on some ground or other. Hearing this, and realizing what he was facing, he decided to get out of the country, but found spies stationed at all the landings to arrest him if he took ship. A strict watch was kept, but he escaped in a mysterious manner, and for a time it was thought that he had slipped through the cordon disguised as a woman. In reality he was put aboard Mr. Lane's small tug and sent to sea under cover of darkness, where, out of sight of land, he lay in wait for the first outgoing liner. To this young man, Mr. Samuel Knight, of San Francisco, is due a large share of the credit for bringing down McKenzie's carefully erected structure. He fought untiringly, aggressively, and with every weapon at his command, both in and out of court.

Although we have noted only the politician and his miserable judicial puppet, these two were not alone. Joseph K. Wood, the district attorney, was as maleficent in his department as the others, while they were aided also by the United States marshal and a corps of attorneys. In fact, the entire machinery became so rotten as to beggar description.

The Department of Justice sent forth one C. A. S. Frost, a young man twenty-six years old, as special examiner, to advise and instruct certain of the officials concerning their duties and to report conditions to headquarters. His capacity, in short, was that of a confidential man for the Government. He fell early in the game and allied himself with the cabal, hired secret-service men with his government funds, to spy upon the pioneers and their counsel, and was rewarded by the position of assistant district attorney under Wood. When the clerk of the court objected to paying the bills engendered by these spies, Noyes ordered him to do so or be in contempt of court.

Things reached such a pass that miners dared not open their diggings for fear McKenzie's agents would hear of it, jump the claim on some pretext, and have the boss established as receiver. Development work throughout the entire district ceased and Alaskan progress marked time.

THE IRREGULARS

AN EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND



ENNETH GORDON was looking over the expense account of his plantation for the month of April, when he heard the rattle of hoofs on the drive without. He laid down his pen and stepped out on the veranda. Two horsemen had reined in before the house, and one of them had dismounted and was ascending the steps.

"Evenin', father," he exclaimed. "Here's Mr. Walker, who's going to stop the night with us."

"I wish ye good evenin'," said the planter. His accent was a curious mixture of rough Scotch implanted on a Southern drawl.

"Evenin', seh," replied the guest. He swung from his horse with a lithe grace. The elder Gordon's eyes passed from him to his son's mount.

"Donald, lad," he said, "where got ye that horse with the U. S. brand to him?"

The young man's florid face flushed under its tan.

"I bought him in Nashville, seh."

"Indeed? And how long, think ye, has the Government been in the stock business?" He shook his head doubtfully.

Donald and his guest exchanged glances. As an old negro led the horses off, the planter saw that both bore a Government brand.

Walker spoke up, a trifle aggressively:

"I've been a Union man right along, Mr. Gordon, but it ain't saved me nary hoof on my farm so far. The Yankees haven't left stock enough on this Tennessee Ridge to breed from!"

"I'm fearin' there's enough left to mak' trouble," replied the planter shortly.

Walker scowled. He was a tall, fine-looking man, if one passed over the somewhat

sinister face and the long, drooping mustache that failed to hide a cruel and sensual mouth. His eye was keen and fearless, and his tawny hair fell in clustering curls about his straight, sunburned neck.

"I declare, Mr. Gordon, I'm beginnin' to change my views about the rights of this yeh war. If I can make a dollar out o' the Government I'm goin' to do it, jes' to even up."

Gordon seemed about to make a sharp reply, but checked himself. He courteously asked his guest to be seated while his son went into the house to fetch refreshment.

"We are forced to wait on ourselves, Mr. Walker," he observed. "Most of our blacks have left us."

Walker scowled. "My negras hev tried to leave from time to time," he said, "but so far I hev cot them an' fetched 'em back again. A good dose of black-snake whip is shore to be a fine tonic for discontented negras!"

Gordon made no reply, and for a moment both men looked out across the peaceful prospect, where it was hard to believe the gaunt form of famine already strode. From where they sat they saw a vista of growing grain fields, and, dotting a distant swale, the evenly distanced specks that marked an orchard of tender years. All seemed peace and the promise of plenty, yet something was needed; something was gone. The silence was too absolute; the stillness had a note of death. No crow of cock nor cackle of poultry marred the evening quiet. One missed the lowing of cattle, the squealing of swine, and the shouts of the field hands as they drove in the mules.

At the far end of the veranda lay an old hound with a deep-lined, thoughtful face. All at once he heaved himself upon his feet and paced slowly to the head of the steps,



"Halt!" yelled the sergeant in the lead."

where for a moment he stood, nose in air, nostrils twitching, and ears alert.

"What is it, Trumpet?" asked Gordon.

A deep growl rumbled up from the dog's throat. He slipped down the steps, and, laying his nose to the ground, racked off toward the gate. On the turnpike he paused, sniffed the road, then raised his head, and a clarion note rang through the evening stillness and came echoing back from the adjoining woods.

"Listen!" said Gordon, raising a warning hand.

From far down the valley came a swelling chorus of sound; deep-toned rumblings borne on a muffled thunder which seemed to rise from the ground beneath them. A fresh breath of the wind brought faint cries, then the bellowings rose in crescendo, and died away again.

"What's that?" cried Gordon, starting up.

Walker's face had lost a bit of its swarthy color, and the lines about his mouth hardened.

"I'll tell you what it is. That's shore to be a cattle train; a thousand head of prime

steers from Danville, Kentucky, on its way to Nashville to feed Sherman's army!" He picked up his hat, paused a moment, then turned to Gordon with a cunning look:

"This is our chance, Mr. Gordon. Theah's many a one of those steers that can't stand the pace; and they bring \$200 in gold, brand or no brand!"

Gordon's heavy brows dropped lower.

"But, man, ye can't traffic in Government property. Are ye no loyal? Are ye no for the Union?"

"I'm for myself jes' now, Mr. Gordon; and I reckon you'll be, before you get through. I'll be going along."

Gordon started to speak, then checked himself, scowling angrily. Walker ran down the steps and started for the barn, but before he had gone a dozen steps there came the crash of many hoofs, and a troop of horsemen came down the road at a brisk canter. At their head rode a captain of United States cavalry, and beside him a young man in a nondescript uniform between that of a

cowboy and trooper. Behind rode twenty troopers in columns of fours.

A sharp order was given and they drew rein at the gate. The man riding with the officer swung from his saddle and approached the house.

"Mr. Gordon?" he asked with a salute.

"At your service, sir," replied the planter.

As the younger man was about to speak there came a clatter of hoofs from the barn, and Walker dashed for the gate at the far end of the drive.

"Halt!" cried the captain; then to his sergeant: "Stop that man!"

Twenty carbines flew up, and the first squad sprang forward.

"Halt!" yelled the sergeant in the lead.

Walker had a start of forty yards, but the range was too close. With an oath he pulled his horse back on his haunches and sat eying his captors sullenly.

"Dismount, sir!" ordered the captain curtly.

"Captain, I protest. I am a Union man, sir."

"Dismount!" The order was sulkily obeyed.

"Sergeant, is that horse branded?—Yes? Where did you get that horse?"

"I bought him over on the Kentucky side. I can show you my receipt."

"It is worthless. Government horses are not negotiable. Sergeant, give the gentleman his saddle and bridle. Why were you trying to escape?"

"I was not. I heard your cattle coming up the valley, and I was ridin' home to station men where my fences were down."

"Indeed. Where did you get that revolver?"

"I bought it in Nashville," snarled Walker.

"Sergeant, take the gentleman's revolver. Now, sir, please remember what I have told you about United States property not being a legitimate purchase. That is all, sir. Sergeant, deploy your men over the premises and seize anything bearing a Government brand."

Walker strode fuming down the road. Gordon, who had watched the incident in silence, turned to the man before him.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Mr. Gordon, I am Mr. Arnold, Deputy Quartermaster, United States Army. I have about a thousand head of cattle coming up the road, for which I must provide forage for the night."

Gordon's face darkened, and he shook his head.

"I am a Union man, sir," he answered, "but I cannot provide for your stock. We are stripped clean of everything; in fact, I have hardly grain enough to feed my household. I would put my grazing land at your disposal, but the fences would never hold those steers of yours away from my grain fields."

"I am sorry, Mr. Gordon, but my cattle must be fed. They are dropping along the road from weakness now. I am authorized to pay you for their forage, and I will do my best to protect your planted land."

"Thank ye kindly," replied Gordon. "And how much does the Government allow per head, might I make bold to ask?"

The deputy quartermaster flushed. "Five cents is the outside limit, but you can put in your claim—"

"Can I, now?" interrupted the planter sarcastically. "That'll be \$50 for the lot. Man, those hungry beasts would eat up my farm, fences and all. Look at yon fields; crops half grown, and a fruit orchard that will bear this year for the first time. How long, think ye, would those wastrels o' yours hold that herd in check? It's simply reedie'lous!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Gordon, but this is a military necessity. The army has got to be fed, farm or no farm."

Gordon's cold gray eyes blazed with anger.

"I will not permit it, sir!" he thundered.

"If you turn those cattle into my farm you do it under my direct protest. I will not tak' a cent. If this Government of ours weeshes to ruin its loyal citizens, then go ahead!"

He turned on his heel and strode into the house. In the meantime the sergeant had searched the outbuildings and seized his son's horse, which was being led away despite the bitter protests of the younger Gordon.

The swelling chorus from the valley rose higher, and soon the head of the column appeared over the brow of the hill, accompanied by a pandemonium of bellowing and shouting, the pistol-like crack of the savage herders' whips and their clamorous cursings mingled with the ravenous cries of the steers. Now and again a half-wild brute, its great eyes glaring bloodshot through a thick mantle of dust, maddened at the sight of fresh fields that flanked the road, would lunge against the zigzag fence, throwing the heavy rails like straws to right and left, and only checked in its frenzied rush for food by a massed attack of the herders. Beaten and buffeted with

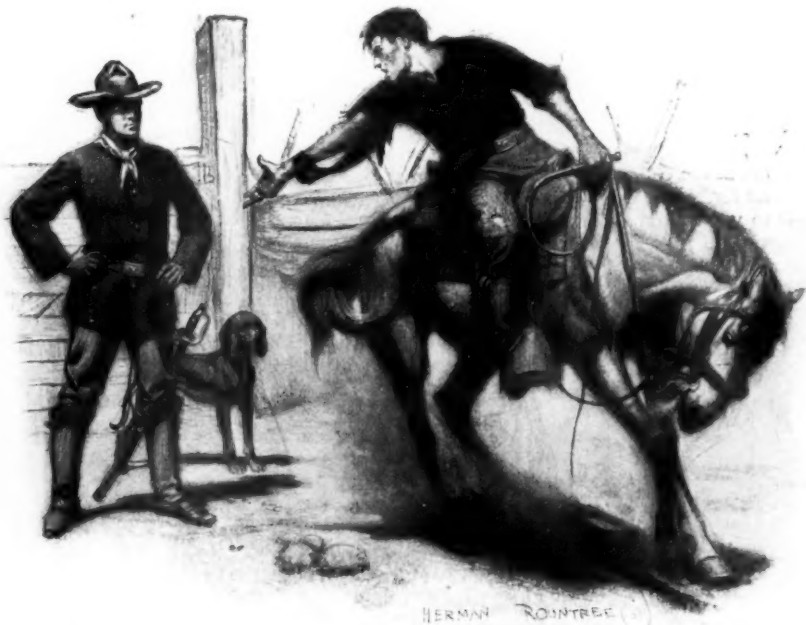
butt and lash the crazed steer would back away, shaking its branching horns, and finally stagger into the road, moaning pitifully.

Half a mile from the house the head herder rode up to Arnold. The man was beside himself from his frantic efforts to hold the cattle in check. His hat was gone, trodden to fragments under countless hoofs; his matted hair hung tangled over his dripping face. His temper had gone, and with it his small sense of discipline. He blurted out an oath.

them; the earth trembled as if from the shock of an avalanche.

The fresh green of the fields grew brown before the eye. They reached with eager mouths for the tender shoots, browsed on the fresh foliage and succulent twigs of the youthful orchard, eating some of the trees almost to the ground. What they did not eat they trod into the mire. In four hours the farm was barren as Sahara.

Up at the house the two Gordons had



"The head herder rode up to Arnold."

"How much longer hev we-all got ter keep these infernal critters on the move? Yere's forage a-plenty!"

Arnold looked sadly at the verdant promise of the smiling fields, then at the herd, and realized the utter futility of any effort to save the crop.

"Turn 'em in!"

Turn them in they did. The stout fences wilted like straws before a flood. Under the rolling waves of dust that overhung them like a lurid cloud there poured a seething mass of tossing backs and slashing horns. Some stumbled and fell, others poured over

locked themselves in, declining any communication with the weary men whom the fortunes of war had forced into what they could not but themselves admit seemed a crying injustice. At sunset it began to rain, and such as could be spared from the herd assembled gloomily in the barn, where they dejectedly munched their cold, scant rations, then rolled themselves in their blankets and slept.

At daybreak the unwieldy cavalcade was once more put in motion, the great steers lumbering heavily into the road, still weary, for many had fed the night through without lying down to rest. As they filed away

down the road the head herdsman approached the deputy quartermaster:

"Mr. Arnold, they's a dozen head o' them critters ain't fittin' to travel nohow." He looked aslant at Arnold, and his coarse voice assumed a wheedling tone. "Mr. Walken was 'raoun' ter see me this mawnin', an' he allowed ter give fifty dollars gold a head fer them pore, wore-out, dyin' critters."

"Well?"

The man tore off a piece of tobacco in his yellow teeth and affected an air of casualty.

"I tole him I reckoned it 'ud be all right, an' he'd best see you."

"You did, hey? You mean you told him it would be all right, and *he* thought he'd best see me! Now I'll tell *you* something. Those steers don't belong to me and they don't belong to you, and if they can't travel they'll be boarded out at the Government expense until they're sent for. I think I've said something like this to you before, and if I ever have to say it again I'll march you down this pike in irons to the nearest guardhouse! D'ye see? Now get along with you and chase those

steers out onto the pike. Your business is to drive 'em—not to sell 'em!"

Arnold tried to see Kenneth Gordon to arrange for the care of the worn-out cattle, but the farmer would not speak with him. He then gave orders that the jaded brutes be driven on with the others until they dropped.

Late in the afternoon Arnold was riding on ahead in search of forage for the coming night. With him were the captain and four troopers. The rest were detailed as herders.

A shot rang out above their heads and a bullet passed through the captain's hat. They dismounted quickly, and, slipping into the bushes, climbed up the mountain side stealthily, as men might stalk a buck, but the wary game had disappeared.

The futile quest abandoned, they returned to their horses. As they remounted, the captain turned to Arnold:

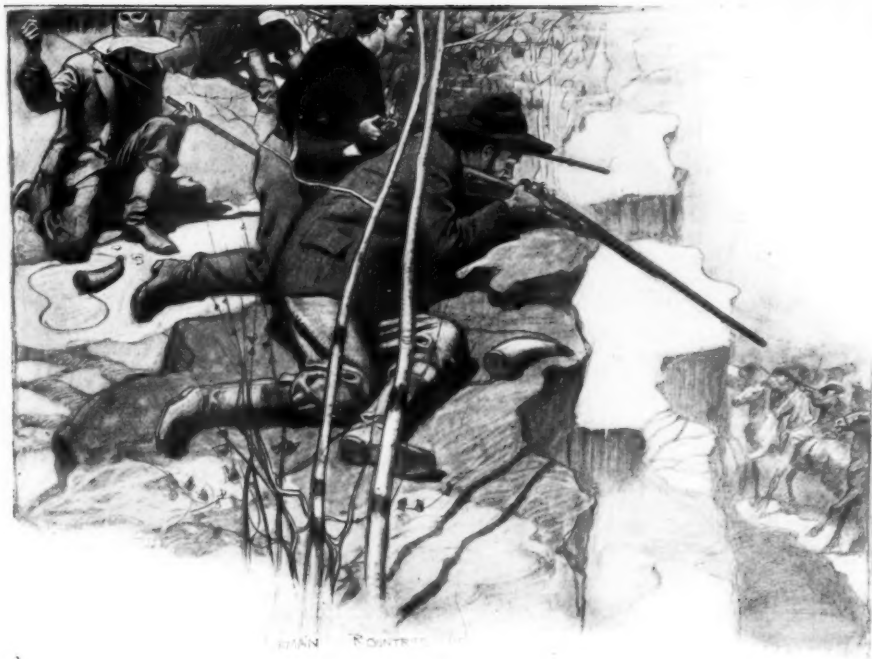
"What was that for?"

"That," said Arnold dryly, "was the receipt for one cavalry horse and one United States Army Colt revolver."

"How about the farm that you fed on?"



"There emerged a gaunt, bearded man who bore a long Kentucky rifle."



"From the screen of bushes peered a bristling array of long brown barrels."

Arnold shook his head. "If I am any judge of human nature, that had nothing to do with it. Gordon is a different type of man. If he had wanted personal revenge he would have taken it across his doorsill and a troop of cavalry would not have stopped him. We have made him an enemy to the Union, perhaps, but he will look for satisfaction through the Federal courts. This Walker is different; he is what we call, down here, a guerrilla, and is neither for North or South but strictly for himself. There are a good many of his sort through these mountains. Most of them are rich planters owning a great many slaves, and during the present unsettled state of affairs they take the road like the feudal barons or robber knights of old."

The captain, who was new to this especial detail, whistled softly. He broke a black-birch twig from an overhanging bough and for a few moments chewed it thoughtfully and in silence. Presently he turned to Arnold:

"I don't much envy you the job of taking this outfit back over this ridge with about ten thousand dollars gold in the place of your

cavalry escort. You must be fairly unpopular by this time, if to-day was a sample of your usual methods," he observed.

Arnold smiled. "It isn't often quite as bad as that, still, I'm not as well liked as I'd wish to be. However, I guess I'll be safe enough. The Government has provided an antidote for the bite of these Tennessee Ridge rattlesnakes. I'll show you something in a little while that not many people know about."

About an hour later they came to a cross-road which cut the turnpike at right angles.

"Tell your men to wait here," said Arnold, "and ride down this road a piece with me."

The captain gave the order, and he and Arnold rode quietly into the heart of the woods. Before long they struck a footpath, down which Arnold turned, the captain following, and shortly they saw through the tangle of vines and foliage a small log cabin.

Arnold stopped short and whistled thrice.

There was a rustle in the leaves behind them, and there emerged a gaunt, bearded man who bore a long Kentucky rifle.

"Mawnin', cap'," he said laconically.

"How are you, Saunders?" replied the deputy.

"Tol'ble t' middlin'."

"Saunders, I'm coming back over the ridge in a few days without my escort. I'll let you know when I start, so just scatter the boys out along the road."

"M'hm."

Arnold reached in his saddlebags and handed the mountaineer a small packet.

"Here's some army plug for you."

"M'hm."

"Well, good evening."

"Evenin'."

The horsemen headed back for the turnpike, the captain marveling in silence.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked presently.

"That man is not much to look at, but he represents one of the most efficient corps in the pay of the United States. He is a Kentucky mountaineer, and is one of a good many who have been sent down here and scattered through the woods to neutralize the guerrillas. He's a 'pore white,' and he hates these rich planters, who consider him beneath a negro, more than a Johnny reb hates a Yank. He is called a *bushwhacker*."

The captain looked skeptical. "Just the same, I'd hate to bank much with a crowd like that. They've got no organization."

"*Haven't* they, though?" cried Arnold warmly. "Don't you make any mistake about that, captain. Of course, I suppose you army people think that there can't be organization without brass buttons and gold lace; but how about the Highlanders under Bruce, and William Tell's Swiss, Robin Hood's outfit, and Roderick Dhu's band of mountaineers? Or, for that matter, there were the Texas Rangers in the Mexican War. I'll bet that man Saunders knows now who shot that hole in your hat and where to find the man when he wants him. By this time to-morrow the grapevine telegraph will have passed the word through these hills, and any son of a gun of a guerrilla who rides down the big road to meet me when I come back will have to pass more than one rifle that doesn't miss. Well, it's getting late. Let's push along."

A week later a small cavalcade wound up through the woods that clothed the summit of the Tennessee Ridge. They rode in silent watchfulness, each man alert, carbines unslung, revolvers loose in holsters, keen eyes searching glen and thicket, ears sharpened to catch the jar of hoof or the snap of twig.

It was a small band, less than a score in number, not one man of which wore the insignia or carried the commission of his flag.

Their names did not go down on the honor rolls of patriots. Their dangerous service over, no honorable discharge was awarded them. They were paid their wage and told that they might go. These were civilians, and their mission was to feed the army.

They were nearing the dead line, the critical part of their route where nature had contrived to form a trap for the unwary. Below them yawned the gorge; above, the inaccessible flank of the mountain. They did not know what dangers lay ahead or what foes prowled stealthily upon their track. Yet few as they were, they did not mean to give their lives away.

The ravine darkened and the foliage met above their heads. The woods were strangely still. At the right a squirrel broke into a scolding chatter, and at the sound each man started; grasp on weapons tightened.

Suddenly the leader paused, motioning silence.

Beyond a bend rang sharply the clank of iron on stone. There followed the muffled shock of many hoofs. Quickly around the turn of the road swept fifty horsemen, glittering with hate and weapons.

These were the guerrillas.

The leader of the band threw back his tawny locks, and, swinging in his saddle, yelled to the others:

"Yeah they are, boys! Kill the Yankees!"

The little band of civilian employees slipped from their horses, aiming across the saddles. A pistol barked, and one of their beasts leaped.

Then from the screen of bushes that flanked the mountain side there peered a bristling array of long brown barrels, with here and there an unkempt bearded face. A yell of dismay arose from the guerrillas. Savage as trapped wildcats and led by their daring leader, they spurred straight for the thicket.

Flashes leaped from the green clusters of laurel, and at every flash a saddle was emptied. An instant they paused, then wheeled, wilted into confusion. Turning in their tracks, they dashed back whence they came, and at every bound another horse ran riderless.

From the bushes slipped the tall, gaunt mountaineers and fell silently in beside the little company which they had saved.

"Good evening, Saunders," said Arnold.

"You boys were just in time."

"Ca'lated ter be."

THE STREAK OF YELLOW

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN DESERT

BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN



UB GRAYSON stared at the yellow telegram in his hand. The operator at Cottonwood had given it him that afternoon, grinning as he did so, and Bub had read it at once. Then his eyes met the operator's and he scowled, whereupon the grin fled from the face of the younger man, leaving it as blank as Sun Hong Kee's.

Grayson muttered an oath as he folded the telegram and walked away. Two hours later he loped up to the corral and dismounted. Still scowling, he entered the house, where Sun Hong met him.

"There's a woman comin'," he proclaimed tersely. Perhaps Sun Hong's eyelids flickered, perhaps not. "Fix up the place some," Grayson commanded.

"A'light," the serving man answered, and flapped away. Then it was that Bub Grayson dragged a chair to the door and seating himself smoothed out the yellow sheet the operator had given him. A woman coming to Thornton's place! Presently the scowl vanished from his face and he, too, grinned.

"I can't say that I blame him," Grayson murmured.

He studied the telegram again:

"My wife and I will be home Thursday. Meet us at Cottonwood. Hi."

A woman coming to Thornton's; coming as Mrs. Thornton, too; a Chicago woman! It was—

Bub Grayson didn't tell himself what it was. Instead he rose, fumbling at the wristbands of his flannel shirt, and reentered the house.

In one corner of the long room, extending from wall to wall, lay a pile of saddles,

bridles, a pair of hairy "chaps," and on a nail driven through the body of a graceful and symmetrical trapeze performer, cut from a page of the *Police Gazette* which Bub himself had stolen from the Palace Hotel in Cottonwood, hung a belt, sagging from the weight of the "gun" in the holster. The walls were decorated further with a multitude of cheap prints, picture cards, and portraits of Eastern society women cut from pages of *'Frisko* Sunday papers which Bub always rode to Cottonwood on Tuesday to secure.

"Chink!" he called.

The Chinaman appeared in the farther doorway. Bub waved his arm. "Clean up all this," he ordered. "Tear down these old masters, and whitewash over the torn edges. You 'n' I've got to rig up this outfit for the coming of a lady—lady, understand—Mrs. Thornton. She's a Chicago lady and ain't used t' livin' in a sheep pen like this. Now get busy—busy, understand, or I'll blow your brain can off. Hear?"

The Chinaman's mouth stretched.

"A'light," he murmured, and fell to work.

After supper Grayson filled his pipe and went back to his chair just outside the door. By and by the amethyst shadows crept stealthily across the desert. Away off in the west the sky was suffused with an orange glow. Topaz was the color of the zenith, deepening, in the east, to purple. Then the orange disappeared and with it the topaz. The whole sky was purple now; a velvet purple, like a close canopy through which the near, white stars glittered frostily. The desert breathed again and its breath touched the leathery cheek of the man sitting beside the doorway.

A woman was coming to Thornton's. Since early afternoon that had been the thought uppermost in his mind. What



"Whether Thornton was still alive, he did not know."

should he do? Go away? He pressed down the coal in the bowl of his pipe with a hard-tipped forefinger. For three years he had lived here with Hi, in community of interests, now to be "shooed" away like a chicken by the flirt of a petticoat, the petticoat of his friend's wife.

Of course he'd be in the way, and yet, he told himself, as he watched the frost points dependent from the purple sky, perhaps after the novelty had in some measure worn off, Hi might need him. He recalled their vows of friendship made over a bottle of Milwaukee beer in the Palace Hotel at Cottonwood, long ago. Grayson was new in the country; the roar of Chicago's streets—like a cataract in a cañon—was yet sounding in his ears. He had taken Thornton's hand greedily, and in his older enthusiasm for the desert land in which they dwelt he saw forgetfulness of those roaring streets that he had left behind—and her—. She it was who had unwittingly brought about his meeting with Thornton. She had sent him on his way, and they had fallen together. At least—he smiled grimly up at the frost stars—he could thank her for that.

And they had prospered, he and Thornton. The property they had located would, they believed, prove the opening of a new El Dorado, once the railway, a spur of which was even now building across the desert, reached their claims. Till then they must "sit tight," as Thornton said, and wait. And after all, Grayson considered ingenuously, perhaps a woman was needed here in the desert. If she were of the right kind—he could picture the kind he meant clearly—her presence alone would be an inspiration. Would she like the desert; in time, would she even grow to love it, as he had? He hoped so, for Thornton's sake.

It was his habit thus to straighten out his affairs with the cold stars and the night wind of the desert. Later he fell asleep, peacefully and contentedly as a child.

II

ON Thursday he hitched the ponies to the buckboard and drove out into the glare, across the burned-up land, to Cottonwood. He was by the little red station as the long overland train pulled in. From the platform of a forward coach a hat was waved, and he ran along the cinder siding. Thornton

stepped down and in his arms received his wife. Her wide eyes, over her husband's shoulder, met Grayson's. There was an instant's flash of recognition.

"Are you sick?" Thornton inquired, seeing how pale her face was.

"No, no," she replied.

"And here's old Bub," Thornton exclaimed eagerly. "Mamie, this is Bub."

She put forth a hand, which Grayson took, saying, "I'm glad to know you, Mrs. Thornton."

Then he led the way across the deserted street to the Palace Hotel, where he had left the horses. Thornton insisted that Mamie and his partner sit in the rear seat, but Grayson protested firmly.

"It wouldn't be right, Mrs. Thornton," he said; "now would it? Besides, Hi can tell you all about the country as we drive along." But he did not look at her as he spoke. During the whole of the drive he kept up a disjointed conversation with the occupants of the rear seat, but without turning to them. Afterwards he told himself he hadn't known what he was saying a moment of the time.

Once he heard Thornton ask tenderly: "Do you think you'll like it, Mamie?" And her reply—"Yes—oh, yes!"

When, away off ahead through the glare, the "place" became visible, Thornton stood up.

"There's home!" he cried.

Without seeming to notice that his wife made no reply, he leaned forward, one hand on Grayson's shoulder, and asked:

"Has Sun Hong fixed her all up, Bub?"

"Sure! Lord, Mrs. Thornton, it's a palace t' what it was 'fore I got Hi's telegram. You'll see," he answered.

She laughed. "He has prepared me," she said. "I guess I know about what it is like inside."

The place seemed quite near now in the clear light. "It's nice on the outside," she added, "nice and—and lonesome."

Thornton laughed aloud. "There ain't much danger of your being all tired out with visitors," he said.

Grayson was staring straight ahead across the dust-colored sage, through the tremulous atmosphere.

"But it won't be for long," he heard Thornton say in a quite different tone—"it won't be long, Mamie. Will it, Bub?"

"I hope not."

"After that it'll be anywhere you want to



"Rolling him over, they thrust his arms into the water."

go," her husband ran on; "El Paso—maybe you'd like Los Angeles or Albuquerque; or maybe Denver'd suit you better. We'll see. But you and I won't have a thing to do but spend money—then. We'll take a big swing round till we find a place that just suits. Ain't that so, Bub?"

"Sure," Grayson replied, and for the first time that afternoon he smiled. He wondered what were the thoughts of the woman there on the back seat at Thornton's side, just then.

He drove up to the door with a flourish. Sun Hong Kee came out and took the bags.

"In the morning you'll drive over for the trunks, understand?" Thornton shouted.

"A'light," the sun-faced creature replied imperturbably.

Grayson led the horses to the corral and turned them loose. As he was leaving he chanced to witness a little scene on the "porch" of the house that drove the blood from his face. His fingers curled tight in his palms and he leaned forward, breathing heavily. Thornton and his wife were standing there looking off into the west from the end of the "porch." Their backs were toward the man in the corral, who saw them through a chink between two posts. Thornton's arm was around the woman's waist. She glanced over her shoulder quickly, then held up her face to him. He kissed her full upon the lips. It was then that Grayson's face went pale. The lids drooped over his eyes as he straightened. One of the ponies behind him whinnied. He stared at the animal questioningly, passed a hand across his forehead, and walked out of the corral.

Mrs. Thornton stood alone at the end of the porch as he came up. She turned a white face to him.

"Does he know?" Grayson asked softly.

"No," she whispered.

"Are you going to tell him?"

She pressed a hand to her bosom fearfully.

"No, no—will——"

He shook his head. "Don't be afraid," he muttered. He pointed to the northwest and said aloud, "Over there, Mrs. Thornton—that's Funnel Mountain where the claim is. It don't look far, does it? It's fifty miles. Hi and I are going over next month."

As he spoke, Thornton appeared in the doorway.

Those few words, swiftly exchanged, were all that passed between Mamie Thornton, once Mamie Morton, stenographer at the

Royal Hotel in Chicago, and Bub Grayson for many days. Save once, Thornton did not refer to his marriage.

"Kind of surprised you, didn't it, Bub?" he asked one morning as they sat together in the shade of the corral. Bub was repairing a wheel of the buckboard with a strip of rawhide.

"Some," was his indefinite reply.

Thornton smoked on a minute in silence.

"Mamie and I'll tell you all about it one of these days," he promised; but this promise was perhaps the first ever made by him that he did not keep.

"Better go over to the mountains 'bout the first of the month, hadn't we?" Grayson inquired, and Thornton agreed to the wisdom of the plan.

All morning Grayson potted with the buckboard, and in the afternoon Thornton drove his wife to Cottonwood.

Issuing from the corral one afternoon a fortnight later, Grayson met Mamie Thornton face to face. He would have passed on, but she stopped him, saying:

"Jim, can't you and I go somewhere—and talk."

His memory flashed back across the years since she had last called him by that name, a name he had himself almost forgotten, due to the clinging cognomen Thornton had bestowed upon him at their first meeting. Every one in Cottonwood called him Bub in the easy way of the land. There were those back in Chicago, to be sure, who had once called him "James," and he had been "Jamie" always to his mother. It was this woman, of all the world, who had called him "Jim."

"Can't we, Jim?" she was saying.

Ever since that first swift exchange of words in the doorway on the night of her coming, he had, in so far as was possible without incurring the suspicion of the unsuspecting Thornton, sought to avoid just such a meeting as this.

"We can sit here," he said; "the sun don't strike here."

"The Chinaman is busy," she ventured by way of assurance.

So she seated herself daintily upon the sand in the shade of the corral and, looking up at him coquettishly, asked:

"Aren't you going to sit down?"

He did, awkwardly. She patted out her skirts.

"Now tell me all about it; how came you

out here—and all—won't you?" He felt the warmth of her hand through the flannel sleeve of his shirt.

He did not look at her; rather he stared out across the desert at the distant *mesa*, the plain of which seemed to quiver in the heat.

"There's not much to tell," he said. "I came out—it was three years ago, I guess" (he could not see the slight smile of amusement that flickered in her eyes at the expression). "I met Hi over in Cottonwood, and he and I made friends, straight off. We came up here, it was his claim—and located another. We're partners—that's all."

The woman beside him frowned and bit her lip. Had all thought of her slipped from his mind as his words, or, perhaps more, his manner of uttering them, would indicate? He had touched her vanity, and she winced.

"And you never—"

"Told him?" he put in quietly. "No, of course not. Why should I have told him?"

"Nor he, you?"

He turned his head and for an instant his clear gray eyes looked into hers. Then he smiled.

"After you've lived out here a little longer," he said, "you'll learn that folks are a heap sight closer mouthed than they are back East."

Her eyes fell and a tinge of color came into her cheeks.

"I see," she murmured.

"I never knew when he'd get a letter even," he went on. "Come to think of it, though," he added suddenly, "he'd always go for the mail himself, Wednesdays."

"I wrote Sundays," she said naively.

"For how long?"

She looked up at his blunt question, hesitated a moment, then replied.

"A year and a half."

"That was when he went to Chicago to see the railroad people," he said, as though to himself; "just after we'd made the strike."

"Yes," she went on, "I remember he dictated a letter one afternoon. It was to a division superintendent at Salt Lake."

"Hurley," said Grayson corroboratively.

"Yes; that *was* the name; strange I should remember."

Grayson broke the little silence that ensued by saying:

"Of course it all happened natural enough."

She leaned forward and looked up into his face. His fingers curved rigidly into the calloused palms of his brown hands.

"Of course, Jim," she said.

He looked away. "I was a fool," he muttered.

"Why?" She was the coquette again now, the coquette who had played with his heart "back home."

An instant he regarded her, then, almost breathlessly he ran on: "A fool that I didn't snatch you away from there; that I didn't carry you off in my arms, and bring you here, into the desert! I could have done it! You know I could! Maybe that's what you wanted me to do—"

"Jim!"

"I don't know," he went on; "sometimes I've thought it was. That's what *he* did—and you're here. It's what *I* ought to have done." He looked straight into her eyes. "You know it is, don't you?" Unconsciously his fingers had closed around her arm. She winced.

"You're hurting me, Jim," she said, and her voice trembled. He drew away his hand.

"Did you *ever* love me—even a little?" he asked blankly.

"I don't know, Jim; sometimes, even now—"

He sprang to his feet.

"Don't say it—don't yer—don't yer say any more! I'm sorry! Don't say any more!"

She rose, dusting off her skirt. He stood looking at her, his long arms hanging limp at his sides. She raised her eyes until they met his.

"Sometimes—Jim," she said slowly, "out here—you don't know how afraid I am."

"Afraid?" he muttered blankly. "Afraid of what?"

"Oh, of the desert!" she cried wearily, "of the sun—the sun that always shines—and of the nights, and of that oily, never-smiling Chinaman, and of *him*."

"Him?"

"When I think, what if he should know?"

Then, a little smile coming into her eyes, she added, "And I'm afraid of *you* sometimes, Jim. I can't help it."

It was all he could do that instant to restrain himself from reaching out and seizing her, and holding her tight to him.

"I guess you don't belong out here, Mame," he said quietly, and, turning, walked away.

III

THORNTON accepted whatsoever the day brought forth. The desert had taught him the wisdom of such a course. Domesticity

had served to change him only in the little ways of life. Mamie's acceptance of what he had offered had at first dazed him. Going forth with him had been to her a great adventure. In Thornton's swift reversion to the state which had been his before their meeting, this adventure came to lose much of its zest. Now, a month after their wedding in the office of a Chicago alderman, they were at the end of the primrose path, and before them stretched the glimmering desert trail of life.

Not that Thornton loved her less; but, rather, that he loved her in his own way, a way bred of the life he had lived before her coming. He was still attentive. He always carried her chair outside in the evening, and once, as she rode away to Cottonwood, he said to Grayson, "Bub, I wish I'd got married ten years ago."

Grayson made no reply, and they fell to talking of the business which held them both in the heart of the burned-up land.

They planned minutely for the adventure of the desert before them. Three days later everything was ready. Mamie listened to them as they talked until nearly midnight before the day of their departure. Now and then Grayson glanced across to where she was sitting. Her hands lay limp in her lap. The heat of the day had been terrific. The thermometer hanging on a post of the corral had registered one hundred and twelve degrees at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"How hot does it get over there in the valley?" the girl asked as they spoke of the water they must carry.

"I've seen it a hundred and thirty-two," Thornton answered; "that's goin' some."

His wife made no reply at once, but presently she asked:

"Don't men die, sometimes, out there?"

Thornton laughed. "Sometimes," he replied. "I guess a man did *once*." He winked at Grayson. Rising then, he crossed to where she sat and, bending over her, said, "Don't you worry, Mame; don't you worry a minute. Bub and I know that desert like you did the Royal Hotel, back in Chicago. There ain't a spring in it we don't know about, and ten days'll see us back here, mebber with another claim. Those mountains over there are full of gold and Bub and I are goin' t' get some of it. You won't worry, will you, Mame? Promise!"

"I'll try not to," she answered, and lifted her eyes to his face.

To her the desert was a menace inscrutable.

Of it she knew only what she dreamed. And so, to Thornton, her excited warnings the next morning, as they prepared to set out, induced only laughter. Glancing at her as he tightened the packs on the two burros, Grayson saw how pale her face was save for the two spots of pink on her cheeks.

From the doorway she watched them ride out into the gray gloom of dawn, their goal the distant mountains whose ragged line was yet invisible in the western sky. She waved a hand to them. Presently, when Thornton turned again in the saddle for a last look, she was gone. In silence they rode on, while behind them, up the sky, crept the burning, brazen sun. At noon they reached Wilson's spring where, in the shelter of a ledge, they lingered until five o'clock.

Their animals, guided by instinct, had drunk sparingly of the water, and as the night wind freshened seemed to take to themselves a new life. The little cavalcade moved swiftly on under the white, low moon until midnight. Then, until another dawn, animals and men slept under the velvet star-shot sky.

The course lay to the northwest. It was their purpose, arriving at the northern point, to trail down the range and, in the end, to return direct east, in the face of the rising sun. The course was familiar to them. They had covered it the previous year, and had noted the location of each available camping spot and spring the entire way. And yet they had not lightly gone about preparing for the adventure. Experience had taught them that the desert is a land of make-believe and illusion, into which silent men fare forth seeking the end of the rainbow. They knew the desert for what it was, a vast chameleon monster, shifting, changing, rising, falling, always silently, wind-swept as the sea. And overhead, ever the sun, the low-hanging sun, an earth on fire in the turquoise sky. Over the rigid waves of this sand sea, with their plodding animals, these two men, their faces concealed by kerchiefs tied behind their ears, passed through atmosphere that quivered like the superheated air above a stove. Arriving at a camping spot, weakly they slid from their horses and, hobbling them, crawled into the hot shade of a sand wave or mesquite bush. Their lips cracked behind the kerchief masks; their faces shriveled until the skin wrinkled like the skin of a frost-bitten apple when they stroked their cheeks. Their eyes seemed to have sunk deep into their heads and were red-rimmed, and their hair, bleached by

the dust of the trail looked as white as the hair of old men. After three days they came to the mountains.

IV

FOR a day and a night they camped at Lacy's Spring. Sheltered by the mountains as they were, the cold wind which swept down the cañons from the peaks above as the sun dipped below the ragged western line chilled them to the bone, after the days and nights that they had spent in the blighted valley. Greedily the animals drank of the water that they brought them, and wallowed in the scant but juicy verdure of the oasis. In twenty-four hours animals and men were as they had been before the start.

Their fire was reflected from the face of the cliff in the shade of which they had made camp, and in the night its golden glow cast weird, moving shadows out upon the desert.

They carried the pannier water boxes and the canteens out upon the sand and left them there to be cleaned by the sun. Late in the afternoon of the second day, their stock of water replenished and themselves made new, they pushed on.

"We can't miss it, Bub," Thornton declared, "and if we find it, we'll call it The Mamie."

Once before Grayson had met the desert face to face with Thornton and they had issued from the conflict unscathed and rich in what they sought. Could luck, he asked himself, attend their venture now? Sometimes he had doubted. But they must make the try. He pictured Thornton's wife awaiting them as they came toward her across the sage-flecked sand; and he dreamed of what her greeting would be. Did she believe that they would win? They must, he told himself—for her.

The next morning, at the mouth of a narrow gorge the real search began. There, hobbling the horses and the burro which bore the camp equipment, they abandoned them and pressed forward, on foot, Grayson driving the second burro. The tortuous trail continued for a little way beneath overhanging ledges of rock, skirting the smooth faces of tremendous cliffs, and dipping deep into the baked bed of a vanished torrent. Their way, perhaps, had never before been trod by men; and it may have been that something of the solemnity of their position was theirs to know, for silence fell upon them.

Float!—a bit of quartz, broken from a ledge, perhaps now hidden, and borne, ages ago, down the cañon when a great river roared through this gigantic sluice. Such a bit of rock they searched for now. At places the gorge so narrowed that, stretching out their arms, their finger tips would touch the two sides; elsewhere they would come upon a broad open space where ages ago had lain a lake, shimmering in the half light. At one point they found themselves, on a sudden turn of the gorge, in a well. On either side rose sheer, smooth walls of rock. Gazing straight up they saw, against the patch of turquoise sky, the pale ghosts of the stars. In their zeal for the quest, they forgot even the sun which poured its elusive gold upon them as they crossed the wider places.

Thornton, who had pushed on ahead, suddenly disappeared. Grayson halted the burro and hallooed. The answering cry was ricocheted back and forth among the rocks. When Grayson came upon him, Thornton was seated upon a boulder beside the trail staring at something in his palm. He looked up, and in his face was the glow of success.

"Float," he said, and held out the jagged bit of rock.

Grayson examined it critically. "Where?" he asked.

"Here—this side—on the bottom."

They pushed on. A hundred yards ahead the cañon split. In the angle Grayson picked up a second piece of rock, larger and heavier. They gazed into each other's glowing eyes.

"Hi"—Grayson's voice was low and gentle—"I guess we're going to find it."

Together they examined the bit of quartz. Its story was clear; they read it in the sharp points, and unsmooth surfaces, and in the weight.

"Too sharp to have come far," Thornton said.

"And too heavy," Grayson added. Then they studied the branching gorges that led off to right and left from where they stood.

Thornton squinted. "Not down there," he declared at last. "Those walls bear away too much."

"It's this one," Grayson decided, "and this side; there's the stuff from the other side over there." And so, on up the left gulch they trailed.

It would appear that the seeker for gold in the earth is led on from hill to hill by a deceiving, dancing, fairy light, that appears and vanishes before his eyes, beckoning him on,

until, spent, he lies down beside the trail to die. In the beginning he is thus led, but give him a sign that he can read, and he makes straight for the rainbow's end as a bloodhound on the scent.

Thornton found a third piece of float, caught, as it rolled, between two points of rock on the incline of a ridge. Instinctively he looked up. What he beheld caused him to cry out. Seizing Grayson's arm, he pointed aloft.

"Bub! Bub!" he screamed, "look! Man we've found it—the streak of yellow."

There, above their heads, was the outcropping mother lode, clear and beautiful to their burning eyes.

With one accord, frantically they scrambled up the ridge. On the lower level, hang-headed, the burro awaited their return. On his knees Grayson broke with his little hammer piece after piece of the rock until he had filled a bag with specimens; the while Thornton swiftly built little pyramids of stones at points along the ledge, marking the claim. On a flat rock, with the point of his hammer, he scratched his name and 'Bub's, and the date, and the name that he would give the claim.

"It's 'The Mamie,' Bub," he cried, "and even if that railroad on the other side don't never tap this range we'll run a pack train across th' valley, down there, and beat th' infernal desert yet!"

"It looks worth it, Hi," Grayson replied, "but th' assay'll tell. These specimens are only average—and—mebbe it ain't gold at all!"

"But th' formation," Thornton insisted.

"Th' formation's all right," Grayson declared. "And we'll know to-night if its gold or just pyrites."

"Pyrites—nothin'!" ejaculated Thornton, as they slid down the incline to the lower level. They corded the bag of specimens to the burro's back and, elated as only the gold seeker can ever be, trailed the way back down the gorge. What remained to be done when they reached the spring was Thornton's task.

From the pack he brought forth a little mortar and pestle, a vial filled with a brown liquid, an old iron spoon, and a battered tin cup. In the mortar he crushed to powder a selected specimen of the quartz. Half-filling the spoon, he pressed its bowl among the coals of the camp fire. Together they watched the changes until the ore became a cherry red. Into the glowing mass, then, Grayson dropped

a bit of paper, which burned up brightly in the fusing metal.

"Good!" he muttered.

"Nitrates or chlorides," said Thornton, as though to himself.

Into the cup he poured the oxidized ore and upon it emptied the contents of the vial. The rest was time's work, and the iodine's. For a long time they sat there—waiting.

"And now, Bub," Thornton said, after a silent space, "for home." And cheerfully he hummed the first line of an old song. "We'll make it, straight across, in two days," he added, "Wilson's Spring, then Indian Spring, then home."

Grayson nodded. For a time he stared in silence at the line of low buttes in the east.

"Hi," he said at last, "I've been wondering—since Mrs. Thornton came—if I'd better stay on at th' place, or pull freight."

Thornton stared at him curiously.

"Pull freight, Bub?" he replied. "You?" Then he laughed. "Has a petticoat skairt yeh, Bub?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Grayson wearily replied. "I was just wondering, that's all. Seems as though now—since she came—I'm a sort of intruder."

By way of answer Thornton rose and went to where he had set the cup, beside the fire. He scrutinized the contents closely. In the solution he soaked a bit of filter paper. Kneeling, he thrust the paper among the coals. It smoked, took flame, and flared up brightly.

Springing to his feet, "Bub!" he cried, "she burns purple!"

"Gold!" exclaimed Grayson solemnly. "Gold, for sure!"

Their eyes met. "Bub," Thornton said, "you talk 'bout goin' away, jus' when we've found another streak? Bub"—he held out his hand—"it's half yours—same as the others. Petticoat er no petticoat, Bub, you and me are partners, now and always." And above the fire their hands met.

V

THE mystery and the magic of the land through which they passed, returning, were lost to these men in the zeal possessing them to press onward as swiftly as conditions would permit.

Thornton led the way. The burros followed. Grayson, riding easily, head down,

came last. As they had come, so they returned now, in silence. Their quest had been rewarded richly. Grayson was well aware of this, though he had, in a way that was his, sought at first to cast doubt over the richness of their find. Lacking somewhat Thornton's boyish enthusiasm—he was not yet a desert child—the difficulties which faced them still loomed large before him. But above all else, as they rode slowly on, he thought of the woman waiting beyond the eastern hills. Scene after scene of his earlier life unrolled before him, clearly, vividly. He recalled his last meeting with Mamie. They had spent the Sunday afternoon in Lincoln Park together, and in the evening they had watched the moon come up above the lake from a bench on the Drive. She told him then. A week later he had gone. He remembered his first meeting with Thornton in the barroom of the Palace Hotel. Tunnison, the proprietor, introduced them. Grayson had been there three days. He had resolved to go south; word had come to him that there was an opening for an engineer in the smelter at Douglas.

A cry ahead roused him. Thornton's horse lay in the trail. Thornton had slid from the saddle in the nick of time. The animal had stumbled.

"Done for," Thornton muttered, as Grayson rode up—"look at that leg." It was broken clean between the fetlock and the knee.

They removed the saddle quickly, and as Grayson packed it upon the back of the burro which bore the bags of ore, he heard the sharp report of Thornton's revolver. Afterwards they walked, Grayson leading his own horse, Thornton driving the burros.

The desert had dealt them its first blow, yet neither man complained. An hour later they watered the three remaining animals.

"We ought t' hit the spring by evening," Grayson called back over his shoulder. Thornton made no reply.

A spring in the desert may be the hub of a verdant wheel, or it may be a mere shallow depression a foot below the surface in which bubbles a quantity of lukewarm water. As they approached the point where they knew to be a spring of this latter sort they moved more rapidly. Grayson, leading the horse, came upon it first. As Thornton joined him he turned.

"Dry!" he muttered.

Thornton looked down into the little

saucer rimmed by round rocks. For a long time he stared at the depression dumbly, then slowly lifted his head until his eyes met Grayson's.

"Dry!"

"Look!" Grayson called, and Thornton's eyes crept down the outstretched arm to the tip of a pointing finger. There on the sand, perhaps fifty feet away, lay pieces of clothing—a canvas legging—a hat—a red kerchief—the sleeve of a coat. The story these bits of cloth told was as clear as a printed page. Another, such as they, had come here, as they had come—for water; and in madness had stripped himself. Perhaps, farther on, they would find the body as they had found its covering.

"There's only one thing to do," Grayson said coldly. "Divide what's left—and try for it."

And this, silently, they proceeded to do. Men and animals alike shared the precious fluid.

Thenceforth, in turn, one rode while the other kept the burros to the trail. Once, as he trudged on, his chin upon his breast, the bar of a song was borne back to Grayson. He lifted his face. He saw Thornton sway in the saddle, and over him, like a wave, swept the awful realization of what such singing meant, here and now. . . .

VI

THORNTON was going under. For half a day his mind had been creeping nearer and nearer to that line which divides sanity from the madness which the desert breeds. His deep-set eyes shone with unwonted luster; again and again unconsciously, mechanically, he would pass the back of his hand across his forehead. Looking around, once, Grayson noticed that the handkerchief worn to cover the lower part of the face had fallen to his breast.

"Cover up your face," Grayson said. Thornton futilely fumbled the cloth.

"It keeps slipping down," he whined, "it keeps slipping down, all the time—slipping down." His mouth was open and he breathed the torrid air in little quick gasps.

Grayson realized that it would not avail for him to urge haste. The time for haste was past, now; and there began a slow, silent, grip-to-grip fight with the desert. He was himself losing strength. In camp that night

he diagnosed his condition minutely. Thornton lay on a blanket beside him. Close overhead hung the cold stars. To Grayson, sitting in the sand, hugging his knees, it seemed that almost he could reach up and pick them from out the purple. He became conscious that he was swallowing constantly with an automatic precision. He felt his pulse; it wavered. The desert wind smote him in the face; it was like a blast from an oven. Thornton turned, on the blanket beside him, and whined like a sleeping infant. Grayson pinched his own legs; they were still corded hard.

Save for the agony of the deep, gash-like crack in his lower lip, he assured himself that he was all right. He felt his finger nails; they were cracked, but gave him no pain as yet. He was glad of that; he didn't want his fingers to hurt him.

Thornton whined again; he was lying on his back, his face upturned to the stars. Presently he began to mumble as he slept. At first the words ran together gutturally, but after a little they became phrases, then sentences. Grayson, on his knees, leaned over and searched the drawn face in the starlight. Thornton opened his eyes. Glowing, they stared into Grayson's, and through them.

"Le's have another, Bub," he mumbled. "Billy, bring a couple more bottles beer. Come, wet yer whistle, Bub. Come on, have another; ain't we pardners?"

Grayson sank back on his heels.

"Ain't it good?" Thornton rambled on. "Ain't a glass of cold beer good on a day like this? When that railroad gets up there to th' mountain, Bub, you an' me'll be regular Monte Cristos an' no mistake. Here's to the railroad."

Grayson gripped his shoulder and shook him. Thornton moaned. "The old thing won't stay up, Bub," he whined; "it keeps slippin' down; it keeps slippin' down; let it slip, I don't care." He closed his eyes again, and turned upon his side.

Presently he seemed to be sleeping naturally. Grayson stood up. One of the burros and the horse had found shelter from the night wind under an overhanging ledge of rock fifty yards back along the trail. Its companion lay in the open near by. Grayson seated himself beside the animal, which did not turn its head as he approached. A moment before, as he knelt beside Thornton, there had come to him an inspiration of evil, born, perhaps, of the horror of their condition

and the frost light of the desert night. Here was he striving to sustain the life of one who had robbed him of all that was dearest to him; while over there, across the sand, she whom he had lost was waiting for this man's return. Why should *he* be called upon to restore this weak, driveling creature *to her*? They had come out, equal, each to the other, to fight the desert. The desert had proved itself greater than one of them; and he, the other, must fight now for himself.

He knew that it would be a fight in which no quarter would be given. Nine days they had struggled on side by side, partners, and now Thornton had fallen. The desert was claiming its own. And in a few hours more, Grayson told himself, he would feel the clutch of its hot fingers at his own throat. Men die in the desert; fall upon their knees, babbling of rivers in the sand; and lift handfuls of the hot trickling stuff to their cracked mouths. So was Thornton dying, while out yonder she was waiting for him to come back. Fate had taken their affairs into its own hands and was shaping them for him. Mamie Thornton's face appeared before Grayson; it was a smiling face, a face to be kissed and touched, gently, with the tips of the fingers. Thornton himself would understand; it would be a square deal all around. Mamie would have his share and the partnership could go on, with her in his place.

He rose and went back to where Thornton lay. As he approached, a blot on the sand beside the sleeping man attracted him. It was his own canteen. The screw top was missing. He held it to his ear and shook it. Empty! He raised it to his lips; threw back his head and sucked. Half a teaspoonful of water trickled into his throat. The few drops that he had cherished, that he had guarded all day, as a miser guards his gold, had been filched from him by this thing lying at his feet asleep. The last water, which he would have shared, man and man, was gone, stolen, and the next spring was fourteen miles away. A passion to kill this thief asleep on the sand surged through him and his fingers closed over the grip of the Colt at his side. As he leaned forward, gun in hand, Thornton's eyes opened. The water had given life back to him.

"Bub," he whined, raising upon one elbow. "Bub, you wouldn't kill me, would you? I took it; Bub, I took it! What did you leave it here for? I thought you meant I should, when I woke up. It ain't all, is it,

Bub? Oh, Bub, lad, it ain't all! It ain't all, is it?"

Grayson thrust the gun back into its holster and turned away. Thornton called after him.

"Bub, it's all off. I can't make it, anyway. You go; lemme stay. Tell Mamie how it happened, Bub." Grayson turned slowly then and stared down at the figure crouching in the sand. "You take care of her, Bub. She'll have the property; I want she should. I want you an' her t' be pardners, Bub, same as we've been." His voice whimpered into silence. Then shrilly he cried, "Billy, bring us couple more bottles of cold beer," and fell back, laughing.

Scorn and something of pity were mingled in Grayson's face as he stared down at the black blot on the sand whence came a stream of cackling gibberish. His chin on his breast, without speaking, he turned, and walked away in the direction of the animals. Above the buttes, to the east, stretched a widening ribbon of dirty gray. At the ledge Grayson stopped. Presently he lifted his face to the paling stars, as though he would question them. A moment thus he stood, rigid, then, swinging suddenly about, he ran back to where Thornton lay. He was still babbling indistinguishable words such as gurgles from the throat of one who glides within the influence of anæsthesia. Grayson knelt beside the prone figure and drew the gun from its holster where it lay on the sand.

"Get up!" he commanded sharply.

Thornton's eyes opened. Seizing him by the shoulders Grayson raised him to a sitting posture. The weak one's fingers opened and closed, spasmodically, on the sand between his knees.

"Get up!" The command cut the silence with an oath. "Get up or I'll kill you!"

Thornton raised his face; Grayson was leaning forward, his gun tight clutched in his fist. Weakly his companion rose. The action served momentarily to restore in some part his waning senses.

"Bub, Bub—tell me, Bub—what yeh goin' t' do?" he cried. "Yeh ain't a-goin' to kill me, Bub? Yeh ain't, are yeh, Bub?"

"Shut up," Grayson ordered. "Shut up—and listen! You're crazy; you're mad; you've been whining like a baby with the colic. You're going to do as I tell you. Understand? I've got your gun and you can't shoot. You're going t' ride. I'm going to try to make Indian Spring; it's fourteen miles but

it's worth trying. And, mad or sane, you've got to help. Understand? If you get gay I'll blow you so full of holes you couldn't hold water if you had it! Now stand where you are! If you know as much as a Panamint bug eater, you'll try t' keep what little head you've got left. I'll make it as far as I can, but if one of us has got to die out here, it ain't going to be me. Understand?"

As he spoke Grayson searched the face before him in the gray birth light of the new day. The sunken eyes burned; little blots of blood at the corners of the mouth emphasized the death's-head aspect of the countenance. Suddenly Thornton tottered, reached out to clutch the air, and sank upon his knees. Leaving him thus helpless, Grayson ran swiftly back down the trail. Presently he came up leading the animals. He linked them together with lengths of pack rope, halter to saddle, the horse in front. Evenly dividing a coil of rope, he went to where Thornton knelt. As he stooped to raise him, the words that were trickling from the madman's lips penetrated to the core of his own burning brain. He paused, and bowed his head, and waited:

"Now I lay me down t' sleep,
I pray th' Lord m' soul t' keep;
'F I should die afore I wake,
I pray th' Lord m' soul t' take——"

Grayson shook him violently. Then, lifting him bodily in his arms, he staggered across to where the horse stood and with a mighty effort got him into the saddle. With one length of rope he bound him securely there and with the other lashed his feet together stirrup to stirrup. This done he glanced over into the east, where, above the ridge, the sky reflected the orange light of sunrise. Taking up the hanging reins of the horse, he spoke to the animal kindly, and so, as day broke above the buttes, the little cavalcade of life moved forward.

VII

WHEN a white man starves in the wilderness, it is of restaurants and beef and soup and pie that he babbles with his last trembling breath; and when a man goes mad for water in the desert, he whines of fountains and pools and cool, mountain lakes, and, gulping, drinks his fill of the dust-laden, scorching air. Thus Thornton now. His shrill cries, losing half their force in his swollen throat,

pierced the silence of the valley, like little barbed javelins of sound. With each step of the horse beneath him he swayed, drunkenly, from side to side, the instinct of balance, present always, seemingly, in madness, serving to secure his seat. He chattered of bottles and of canteens, and laughed stridently. His voice acted upon Grayson like a lash. He pulled the brim of his hat down about his eyes, and tried to hum an old tune; anything to drown the cackle that continued unabated across his shoulder.

Only once during the first hour did he glance back. He had unconsciously fallen into a slower pace, and the lead rein swung loose from his cracked and smarting fingers. The muzzle of the horse, his swollen tongue protruding, almost touched the trail. The burros, head down, had kept unswervingly to the white and burning way. An instant Grayson stopped to tighten the kerchief knot behind his ears, and gathering up the slack of the rein pressed on, while in the east, before him, crept higher and higher the pitiless, mocking, scornful sun.

After a time Thornton's cries ceased, though Grayson appeared not to have noted it. He sat bolt upright, rigid, his tied hands clutching the scant mane of the horse. The animal stumbled once; Grayson caught up the rein mechanically. Thornton moaned.

The sun hung low, a glowing, brazen disk suspended from the sky's inverted bowl of turquoise. Ages since it had shot its blight into this corner of the earth, and men and animals, even the snakes and the toads and the little living things, had fled before its fire. Then, after many years men had come back, drawn thither by the lure of gold. They found the gateway open to them. Sometimes they would reissue therefrom, and when it chanced one did it was as an old man, whereas, entering, he had been in the full flush of youth. And to those beyond the gate, such as these told wonderful tales. But more often other men, entering, found on the sand dried mummies, or, perhaps, under the shelter of a ledge, bones, clean as stones of a river bed, and white as alabaster. These bones, when they picked them up—for they were not loathsome in their clean whiteness—crumbled to dust within their hands. Symbols they were of man's fight with the sun and the sand and the thirst. At points in the valley other men, profiting by their fellows' errors, erected signs to guide such as lure of

gold should tempt to follow them. One of these signs confronted Grayson now. The ghastly joke in the time-dimmed legend that it bore caused the shadow of a smile to twist his cracked and bleeding lips:

DRY SPRINGS

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Thirty miles from Daggett's Ranch.
Twenty miles from Coyote Holes.
Six miles from Indian Springs.
Six miles from wood.
Six miles from water.
Forty feet from hell.
God Bless Our Home.

At the foot of the board lay a half-bleached skeleton, the skull of which grinned up at Grayson as he read the words.

Six miles! He had covered more than half the distance and the sun had not yet won. He pressed on. He had long since ceased examining the trail on either side as he proceeded. Bending low, as though with his shoulders to force back the glare, he stared at the yard of trail ahead, glimpsed between the dipping brim of his green-lined, straw *sombrero* and the edge of the kerchief bound below his eyes. Over the black volcanic buttes, along the rim of a choking borax lake, past lava ponds that shimmered and trembled in the dazzle like pools of melted tar, through narrow gateways in the gorgeous varicolored rock, over the blistering, sparkling salt fields, the trail led on.

The surrounding rocks shot the light rays from ledge to ledge, and even the tremulous, dust-filled air seemed to take on the color of the formations that they passed—green from the copper crust, violet from the smooth slate cliffs, amethyst from the middle strata of the granite ledges. The alkali motes sparkled frostily, and the dust filled Grayson's ears and his nostrils, and burned his eyes and scorched his parched and swollen throat. His lungs weighed heavy in his chest and he breathed with difficulty, now, through his open mouth.

As he entered Gidley's Gate the lead rein tightened in his hand. He brought up and turned. The last burro, packed with the camp equipment, had lain down in the trail. Grayson did not hesitate. Swinging the horse about he looped the rein over his arm and cut the rope that linked it to its little fellow. He drew his gun, blew the dust from the chambers, and fired. The little animal

gasped and its head dropped. Pulling lower over his face the brim of his *sombrero*, Grayson unknotted the handkerchief, rolled it to three thicknesses, and bound it securely over the horse's eyes.

Whether Thornton was still alive he did not know; there was not time to investigate. Within the last ten minutes he had sensed a peculiar light-headedness, and twice he had shivered. But he still knew what he must do; he still believed that he could keep to the trail. Thornton lay forward, bent from the waist along the horse's neck, one cheek pressed to its scant mane, his arms doubled under him.

Two Indians came out from the spring to meet them.

One of them supported Grayson; the other led the stumbling horse and burro. In the shade of a ledge they cut the lashings binding Thornton to the saddle, and as they lifted him down the horse collapsed beneath him. Without waiting to remove his dust-thick clothing they lowered him into the spring, feet foremost, and held him there. Presently they drew him out and laid him at the rim with his feet still dangling in the water. Thus they left him.

An old Indian knotted a rag and, soaking the knot, thrust it into Grayson's mouth, while another pressed wet cloths to his wrists and bare ankles. Presently he opened his eyes. They ripped his shirt sleeves to the shoulders and, rolling him over upon his face, thrust his arms into the water. But they did not give him drink.

After an hour Grayson discovered that he could speak. He asked for Thornton. By signs they told him he would live, but they touched their brows and shook their heads doubtfully. And then, something caused Grayson to smile; and a delicious sense of lassitude, of peace, complete, crept over him. He had made a man's fight for a man, and he had won. He slept.

VIII

THORNTON sat in the sand hugging his knees and staring, blankly, back down the trail. For a long time Grayson lay looking at him without speaking. Finally:

"Hi," he called. There was no answer. "Hi."

Still no answer from the voiceless image on the sand. An old Indian grunted. Grayson turned. The Indian pointed up the cañon.

"Go," he said.

"He—you think?" Grayson indicated the silent, staring Thornton. The Indian nodded.

"Me go," he said—"him," and with a gesture he indicated one of his own burros.

Grayson understood. He would lead the way out of the valley. And so, as the red sun came to a balance on the western peaks that evening, the journey was resumed. Thornton rode the horse. Grayson went on ahead astride the Indian's burro, while in the rear the old man kept the one packed animal to the trail.

That morning Thornton had for a little moment shown signs of a returning sanity. He had whispered "Mamie" hoarsely, and smiled. Grayson knew the condition. He did not doubt Thornton's ultimate recovery, but weeks of careful nursing would be required. The little moments of sanity would flash out oftener and lengthen as the days passed. Sudden lapses into delirium would occur less and less frequently as the forces in the man's body righted little by little. And Grayson, riding on ahead in the moonlight, was glad for the woman waiting out there. From his own mind, during the three days at the spring, he had cleared away the doubt that had served to deaden the spirit of his friendship. Perhaps the three of them—Mamie, Hi, and he—could go on living side by side, after all.

Ahead in the white light of the late moon, on the breast of the desert lay "the place"—asleep. As they approached Grayson hallooed. Presently a light appeared—another. The Chinaman came blinking forth to meet them. Evidently Mrs. Thornton had not heard his cry, Grayson decided. In the little corral the animals lay down at once. Thornton could walk automatically, and Grayson and the Indian supported him into the house. The door of the bedroom was closed. The Chinaman subtly read the question in Grayson's red-rimmed eyes.

He shook his head. "Gone," he murmured. Grayson pushed open the door with his foot and with the Indian's assistance laid Thornton on the bed.

The Chinaman gave him a letter, which he read by the yellow light of the lantern on the table. And until the gray ribbon of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, he sat there beside the table, staring out through the open door.

At noon, the next day, Thornton awoke.

For a long time Grayson studied his face, on which the outer skin hung in shreds. Sitting by the window, late that afternoon, he read the letter through again:

"Jim: You've both been gone six days—to-morrow at this time will be seven—six endless days. Oh, you don't know what these last six days have been to me! I rode down to Cottonwood the morning after you went and stayed all day and rode back again in the evening. The stars mocked me, Jim. The Chinaman—how I loathe and hate him!—was waiting in the doorway and led the horse away. He never smiles. His face is like the sun. And, O Jim, the sun, always the sun, the sun! I can't stand it any longer. He should have told me in the beginning what it would mean. I don't dare write him—he wouldn't understand. I want you to tell him, Jim, for me. He'll believe you. Ever since you went out there I've watched the clock, hour after hour, and two nights ago I had an awful dream. I saw you both out there—I thought one of you was mad—and then I saw one of you go on, leaving the other to die—I don't know which one. I thought morning would never come. And when it did come—O Jim, the sun has burned up my very heart and soul! You tell Hi for me, Jim—tell him it's best. I shan't hold it up against him, only he ought to have made me understand what it was like. Good-by. Maybe it will all come out right—some day. And, Jim, even that first day, when we all rode over from Cottonwood together, I seemed to know what the end would be. I didn't believe that I could ever stand it, and, Jim, I can't. I'm going to-morrow. The Chinaman will give you this when you come in—if you do—sometimes I've wondered if you would—I keep thinking of that awful dream. Good-by.
MAMIE."

Mechanically Grayson folded the letter and thrust it into his pocket. Outside the window the desert was aglow with the colors of sunset. Blankly the man in the chair stared out across the magic land which had made of him and Thornton a part of itself. From the kitchen came the sound of the Chinaman's clattering footsteps. With an effort Grayson got upon his feet and dragged the chair to the head of the bed.

The moonlight made a shimmering path across the floor. In the cold radiance the

lines of the covered figure on the bed became clear. Grayson leaned over and smoothed the pillow. Thornton opened his eyes and stared up into his face.

"Bub!" His voice came raspingly from his throat. "Bub!" A thin hand fumbled the blanket. Grayson took it in his own; it was dry and hot.

"It's all right, Hi," he murmured. "We're home. How does your head feel?"

Twice Thornton breathed the word, "Home, home." Then what it meant slowly crept into his mind and his grip on Grayson's hand tightened.

"Bub," he asked simply, "did I go under?"

"A little—you're coming out though—now." Thornton sighed.

"Yes," he drowsed, "I'll—come—through—Bub," and he closed his eyes like a tired child. After a moment:

"Bub," he asked, "where's Mamie?"

Leaning over, Grayson searched his face, in the moonlight, doubtfully.

"Where is she, Bub?"

"She's gone, Hi," was the quiet answer.

Thornton lay very still.

"So she's gone, has she?" he murmured presently.

Then, briefly, Grayson tried to make him understand.

When he fell silent Thornton seemed as one stricken with death. His eyelids flickered. After a moment he raised himself upon one elbow; his hand found Grayson's again.

"It's all right, Bub," he said weakly; "it's all right. I mighta known. I guess—Mamie—wasn't—made—fer—out—here." His eyes became fixed upon the path of moonlight on the floor.

Suddenly he snatched away his hand and, clutching Grayson's arm, cried in momentary delirium:

"Bub! Bub! Look! By God, old pal, we've found it—the streak of yellow!"

THE TRUTH

By EMMA C. DOWD

TRUTH always outweighs words, unless
Some child or fool is at the scale;
The wisest never dare confess
Enough to balance—lest men quail.

"ON THE PRAIRIE"

BY GRACE KING



TO travel over the Aeltakapa prairie, at the greatest advantage for pleasure, one should start, as local custom in fact requires, early in the morning, and select a day in early summer, when the grass is in its brightest green, and the little ponds are covered with white and pink lilies. And, if possible, one should travel over it in a public conveyance; that is, in the rickety "hack" of "Bebe" Babin, behind a slow-footed mule and a sleepy-headed driver, and the route should be from the village of Bayou Coco to the village of Bayou Ha Ha. This seemed, at least at the time, the most pleasant of all ways to perform the journey, and imagination, through the years since, has suggested no improvement.

There are no short roads over the prairie; all are long and meandering, as if measured by the foot of a lazy negro on an errand turning aside to stop at every habitation in sight. But, on this occasion, no habitation was in sight, only a low pile of verdure, that oscillated in the distance before our crooked course, very much as a planet oscillates before the course of a plunging ship.

But the road made no mistake. This also turned out to be a habitation, although it was but the once covered ruin of an old sugar-house. Two old negroes, Jerry and Rachel, lived in it, with their mule Jinny—as they were most particular to state. But this was not their real home, they explained; that was on a plantation on the other side of the prairie in the swamp lands. And then their story followed, for, when one travels rightly over the prairie, one has time enough to listen to any stories one may chance to hear.

The master never came back to his plantation in the swamp after the war; he abandoned it to the negroes, who were to make what they could for themselves out of

the land. But as the situation was lonely, and the levees were not kept up and overflows were of annual occurrence, the negroes, family by family, moved to the prairie, where the land was bright and work and company plentiful. Rachel and Jerry were the last to leave, and what determined them at last to go to the prairie was not the question of living, but of dying. When the preacher, who was also the coffin maker of the old plantation, with his sons, who were the gravediggers, decided to follow their clients, so to speak, Jerry and Rachel had to emigrate also, as they wished for Christian burial.

They took with them, of all their lifelong accumulation of comforts, only what they could tie in a bed quilt and what Jinny could carry; Jinny was the mule who in old days used to turn the corn mill and draining machine under the supervision of Jerry and who apparently had been freed at the same time as they, and likewise abandoned of his white folks. It is always wise to discount by half a negro's praise of his mule, but even with this liberal allowance enough praise remained to Jinny to elevate her into marked superiority over "all niggers"—and "most white folks even," as Jerry said.

How the three set out from the plantation and made their way through the swamp, footing it slowly by day and camping at night, how they kept the count of their days, so as not to travel on Sunday, and how they kept these Sundays by combing their heads and singing their hymns—what adventures they had with snakes and owls and wild hogs—all this was well worth listening to.

When they got out upon the prairie, all went well with them at first, for they struck a line of plantations and night after night found rest, food, and lodgings in the negro quarters. But they did not find the home they were seeking; that is, the cabin and food for which they were to pay in the old way with work.

So Jerry and Rachel traveled farther and farther on in their quest, cheerily and hopefully as is the negro's wont, until they traveled out of the line of plantations and got into the open prairie, where nothing living was to be seen but droves of scampering Ateupapas ponies.

The summer had passed, and autumn was upon them, winter closer and closer before them, and still no work, no home. They had grown ragged, dirty, tired, hungry, and weak, and when they got lost on the prairie, which they did as soon as they were out of sight of the last plantation, they grew distracted, losing count of their days, of their distance, of everything, living only on what cold corn bread they had with them, lying down anywhere at night to sleep. As for Jinny, who had no food at all, that she did not die in her tracks only proves the truth of the saying, "You cannot kill a good mule."

Now Jinny (to follow the original narrative), for a mule, was as old as either of them, and she did not wear spectacles, but she could outsee them both put together any day.

When one day to a keen northeast wind, that cut over the prairie like a scythe, was added a keen, sharp rain, Jinny, who had followed her master subserviently, if sulkily enough—Jinny raised her head up, gave her ear a hitch forward, and started off in a quick trot. Need must Rachel and Jerry follow, or abandon their all to Jinny. So, old and stiff-legged as they were, they trotted after Jinny, and thus were led by the mule to the home they were looking and praying for. For if the sugarhouse had been built and ruined expressly for their benefit, it could not have suited them better.

It is needless to describe how by the next spring they had a garden, chickens, and a pig. Negroes have a divine gift, as it may well be called, for producing a garden and live stock from nothing—a gift that has laid the race under an evil suspicion, but only by those who know them not. By the next fall they were two prosperous old negroes. But the Lord did not abandon them in their prosperity as He so often does the prosperous whites. He stood by them, indeed, in a most practical way, seeing, as Rachel said, how old they were and without grandchildren to wait upon them.

One evening Jerry and Jinny were coming home from their weekly trading visit to the village. Jerry was riding Jinny and singing a hymn to keep up his courage and depress that

of the devil. As for Jinny, night was the same to her as day, and day as night. She plodded on just as slowly and unconcernedly through the one as the other. Jerry must have sung himself to sleep, for when Jinny made a sudden stop he almost fell over her head, and his first thought was that the devil had got him that time "sure enough." The night had come on pitch dark, and the stars hung so close to the earth it seemed to him he could touch them with his hand. When he found, however, that he was still there, he quickly came to the conclusion that the devil, instead of having hold of him, had got into Jinny, in a way he had of doing in the old plantation days. The Jerry of those days used a long cracking whip upon her, to start her again; now he used only moral means of compulsion with her. Very likely he withdrew the whip hand over her when the whip hand over him had been withdrawn. He berated and shamed the mule with every reproach in his power; but he could not bamboozle or fool her into starting. Finally, much as he hated it, he dismounted and found a dark object lying or, as the case turned out, sitting in the road. He thought it was a sack of corn, but prudently called out heroically to it: "Who's you? . . . Who's you? I tell you! . . . If you don't tell me who's you . . . Just let me get my pistol! . . ."—muttering this last sentence over to himself several times.

At last he put his hand out to take the sack of corn, and found that it was a child.

Old Rachel in the meantime was sitting before her glimmering fire wondering why Jerry did not come. She must have fallen asleep, too, for "all of a sudden," she said, "she heard Jerry calling her, 'Rachel, Rachel'—and the next minute he was in the place, carrying his bundle."

"Is dat a sack of corn you got dar, Jerry?" she asked. "Is dat a shoat you got dar, Jerry?" she asked. "Jerry, what is dat you got dar?" she asked for the third time.

Jerry, instead of answering, raked the coals out of the ashes and threw some kindling wood upon them, and when it blazed, carefully opened his bundle, in the light. He started back, exclaiming: "Hit's a Injun!"

"Fo' de Lord's sake, Jerry!" asked Rachel, "where did you pick up that little Injun?"

"Jinny, she found it!" he answered excitedly. "Hit was a-sittin' in de road and Jinny she found it."

"I wish," said Rachel, "while she was about it, she'd 'a' found a nigger baby."

"If a little nigger baby had been sittin' dar, she'd 'a' found it," answered Jerry.

The little Indian turned out in the course of two or three years to be just the child they needed. He was about three years old when Jinny found him. He never cried, and when he learned to talk he never "sassed back." They never had to throw cold water on him to get him out of bed in the morning, and a piece of cold corn bread was all the food he wanted, and, as they expressed it, he, like Jinny, had "insight." He was afraid of nothing. He never played—instead of that, he tracked and trailed the chickens and turkeys and trapped birds and chicken hawks. As for fishing, before he was six years old he could beat the richest planter in the parish fishing. None the less, however, for all his natural virtues, he had to be "raised," and Rachel had to "raise" him.

One Saturday night when the boy, then about ten, was standing before the fire drying his limbs glistening with soap and water, he looked up suddenly from himself to old Rachel, asking: "Aunt Rachel, what is I?"

"What you mean? What you is?" she answered.

"I ain't a nigger, I ain't white—what is I?"

"You is a Injun," pronounced Jerry sternly and solemnly. "Dat's why we call you Injun."

"Has I got any folks, Uncle Jerry?"

Old Rachel made her voice wonderfully low and musical when she took the part of the Indian child in her recital and made him repeat several times: "If I has folks, I wonder whar my folks is?"

It was in the spring that the child talked in this curious fashion. In the fall he further astonished them. He had been to the village on some errand, and when he came back he did not say anything at first, but after awhile he came to Rachel and said: "Aunt Rachel, does you know what dey say about de Injuns at de settlement?"

"No, child; what dey say?"

"Dey say de Injuns at de settlement is mighty bad off; dey ain't got no food."

Now Jerry and Rachel's little Indian, according to old slavery privileges, had been given a little patch of his own to work, a corner of the sugarhouse to keep his crop in, and a sack, for himself. Jerry and Rachel, who slept with their heads under the cover, could not tell precisely what he did or how he did it. They only knew that when they awoke in the morning the boy was not there and his sack was not there; a pile of shucks showed

that he had carried it away with him filled with corn. They concluded that he had run away, as low-down negroes did in the old days when, as Rachel said, "niggers was niggers." They could not get over their disappointment in the boy, and wasted three days bemoaning their lost hopes in him. But on the third night Rachel had a warning in a dream. She saw the Indian boy distinctly and she heard his low, sweet voice saying, "Aunt Rachel, does you know what dey is saying about de Injuns at de settlement?"

"Jerry," she said, "old man, you take Jinny and you go after that boy; and don't you come back till you have found him, Jinny! She done found him once, and Jinny she kin find him again. If he's on de face of God's green earth, Jinny she'll find him."

The Indian settlement, everybody said, lay "over there," pointing in the direction of sun-down. It was in that direction that the Indian boy had gone forth, following his heart, in that direction that old Jerry followed after him. During the day the hot sun had led them, drawing moisture, like steam out of the sodden earth. At night they walked in the path of light cast before them by the moon. One can imagine the one, straining his eyes, looking for the settlement, the other straining his, looking for the boy, both doubtless more than once seeing the mirage of what they sought in the fair moonlight before them; the one seeing his folks at the settlement, the other, the boy, with his sack of corn pressing eagerly forward.

Old Jerry was confused in his recollection; he only knew that he and Jinny traveled forward, without stopping for rest or food.

They found the boy lying just inside the edge of a swamp. If he had gotten into the swamp Jinny never could have found him. He was still holding the corn sack tight over his shoulder and talking, in a delirium of fever, about the folks at the settlement. The fever had overtaken him before Jerry could.

How Jerry got help and a wagon need not be explained, nor how he brought the boy home and sent "word" for a doctor, nor how the doctor found that it was too late to do anything. The little Indian died, a day or so later. When he was almost "gone," when, as old Rachel said, "the Lord had him by the hand leading him through the gate, he turned his head to say something."

"Aunt Rachel," he whispered, "does you know what dey say about de Injuns at de settlement?"

THE WILD ANIMAL INDUSTRY

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY*



IN no field of human endeavor is the power of good will more potent than in the stocking of a zoölogical garden or park. Good will often brings animals that are remote and rare.

It also secures money; and the capture of one or more animals of a given species is, primarily, nothing more than a matter of available dollars and cents.

I believe that there is no living wild species of mammal, bird, or reptile which cannot be caught, caged, and transported alive to New York, provided the cost of the effort is assured. The musk-ox and walrus have yielded to the desire for dollars, and the okapi is only a question of months. There are thousands of daring and ambitious men to whom a difficult or dangerous task in capturing big game irresistibly appeals. From their ranks are the arctic explorers recruited. Quite aside from the money question, there is a subtle and powerful charm about the doing of that which mediocrity cannot do. An ambitious man loves to do the things that are difficult.

Now that the identity and habitat of the okapi have been discovered in Central Africa, in the depths of the great equatorial forest, and \$5,000 is offered by the Zoölogical Society of London for a living specimen, we may rest assured that the next news of this animal will recite its capture alive and its safe transportation to London.

The channels by which the wild animals of the world drift into zoölogical establishments are quite numerous, and every director must employ each one to its full capacity. It is most annoying that animals are not immortal, like museum specimens of the first class; but, in spite of all efforts that can be spent upon them, they are fated to die. Therefore must the quest for new animals,

and better animals, be constant and tireless. When a man follows his card into the office, and quietly remarks, "I am going to South America shortly," he must be given the right hand of fellowship, and invited to sit in the Zoölogical Society's best chair.

In comparison with Zoölogical Park people, the showman has an easy time. He wants no small mammals save a few "monks," or possibly a "chimp" (chimpanzee). He wants no birds save a few squawking macaws and parrots, and perhaps a pelican, ostrich, and cassowary. He wants, particularly, a "bunch of bulls" (elephants), the regulation assortment of "cat animals" and "hay animals" (ruminants), and that is all. All these he can buy of Hagenbeck, Ruhe, and other regular dealers in wild animals. His show is a money maker, and for good "show animals" he pays stiff prices without grumbling.

As a rule, the showman of to-day sends out no expeditions nor agents, as Barnum did thirty years ago. The dealers do that, taking all trouble and risks.

But the stocking of a zoölogical garden, and annually recruiting its collections, is a very different matter. Any large zoölogical society has the ambition to maintain a series of collections which shall be fairly representative of the world's living creatures. It will not serve to be easy-going, and ignore certain groups of animals of general interest, simply because good representatives are difficult to get and to keep. A large institution, like the New York Zoölogical Park, must have many hundreds of species for which showmen care nothing, and upon which dealers look with doubting eyes. And this reminds me of Seville.

Seville is a Frenchman who persists in scouting all over the western tropics for "burr-ds"—very strong on the burr—whether he makes a living by it or not. He loves to

* Director of the New York Zoölogical Park.

hunt for birds, and his hunting grounds are the back streets of Nassau, Havana, Tampico, and Port of Spain. He knows our wants quite well. With the most amazing persistence and optimism, he flits hither and thither—steerage—always with general letters from us, and has brought to us many species of desirable birds which we could not possibly procure from other dealers. I dare not tell some of the daring expedients he has put in practice to get live birds through, under the noses of obstructionists. To tell might operate in restraint of trade. We buy of Seville many a bird we really do not need; but then, look at the resplendent trogons, white-crowned pigeons, ground doves, and a score of other rare species, which stand—or fly—to his credit.

But I intended to mention several of the sources by which zoological gardens and parks are supplied. First of all, and by far the most important, are the regular dealers in wild animals. Next to our own society members, they are our best friends; and it is to our interest that they should prosper. They take great risks, they meet with many aggravations, losses, and discouragements, and few of them grow rich. I look upon every fair-and-square dealer as a quasi partner in our undertaking; for there is no denying that they are the most potent single factor in the supplying of the wild-animal market. It is always a pleasure to help a square dealer in making a sale to a good customer, even though in the matter of purchasing from them no zoological garden officer will permit any dealer to consider him an easy mark.

Of all the animal dealers of the world, Carl Hagenbeck stands forth in a class by himself. In enterprise and courage, no other dealer is more than a fair second to that remarkable man. First of all, he has won the confidence of a large circle of buyers, beginning with the Duke of Bedford; and therefore he can, with confidence, send a man with much money, into Africa for example, where big animals live, and instruct him to bring back thirty zebras, ten elands, ten sable antelopes, a rhinoceros, twenty or thirty ostriches, a dozen lions, and a host of other animals.

His agent goes into the best game district which offers a practicable outlet for a caravan of living wild animals, and he settles down for several months. He gets on the good side of the native chiefs. Prices are named for young animals of the different species desired, payable in cloth, beads, guns, cartridges, and

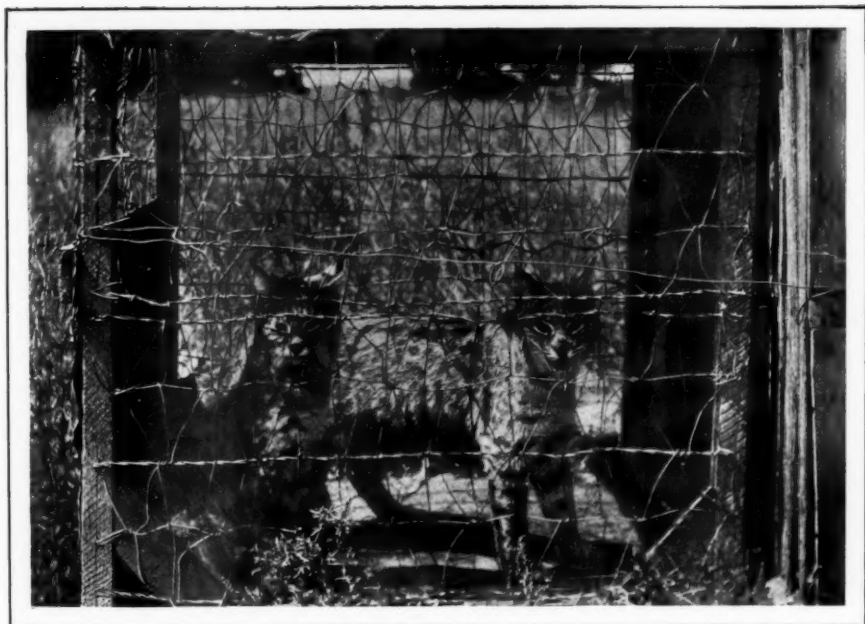
other luxuries. The native hunters catch young animals, as many as they can, and as soon as possible after they are born. They bring their living spoil to the agent, and then it is his business to build corrals for them, and feed them so that they will live. At last, after a lapse of six or eight months, the animals are considered old enough and strong enough to travel. A caravan is made up, and by slow degrees is driven to the coast. Usually a flock of sheep is taken along, in order that the ewes may nourish the young hoofed animals.

One of Hagenbeck's collectors once had great success in driving a flock of about thirty ostriches along with a flock of sheep. In Egypt, a corral gate was left open by accident, and the whole flock of ostriches escaped into the desert. The helpers from Hamburg were horrified, but the agent calmly cut adrift his flock of sheep and drove it out into the desert toward the fleeing birds. When the latter saw their woolly friends approaching they made haste to join them. Sheep and ostriches were triumphantly driven back to the corral, and they all lived happily together forever after.

Regarding the precise manner in which a great ape reaches a zoological park, consider our lusty young four-year-old orang-utan "Dohong." Three years and nine months ago he was in his native jungle in Borneo, about 200 miles north of the equator. He was a tiny infant in his mother's arms, and he made his way through the treetops solely by grasping the hair of her back with his baby fingers and clinging tightly. By day she wandered about, feeding on leaves, fruits, and buds. At the approach of night she spent about ten minutes, just before quitting time, in breaking boughs and piling them crosswise into the forked top of a sapling, until a big leafy nest had been made for the night's repose.

Dohong's mother was well along in years. Her teeth were much worn, and her activity had departed. When the Dyaks found her at the edge of a rice-field clearing, they had no difficulty in frightening her into a tree that stood almost alone, and in finally cutting off her line of retreat. Then it was an easy matter to chop down her tree of refuge, pin her to the ground with forked sticks, and finally to bind her hands—all four of them. She struggled and roared, and tried to bite, but soon was rendered powerless.

A cage of palm slats and bamboo stems was



YOUNG BAY LYNXES

Awaiting sale and shipment from Nebraska.

hurriedly lashed together with green rattans, and in it the mother and baby "mias" were placed. For days the angry mother ate nothing, but finally hunger compelled her to take bananas and boiled rice. The little red-haired infant drew all its sustenance from the founts of nature, and, naturally, the supply began to diminish.

At last a Chinese trader came up the river in his *sampan*, and knowing something of the state of the wild animal market in Singapore, he finally bargained for the orang mother and baby, paying therefor a nominal one hundred dollars' worth of rice—but cheating ten per cent in the weight. He loaded cage and animals upon the bow of his boat, and after various adventures landed them safely in Singapore. There he sold them to old Hadji Ismail, the animal dealer, who kept them in his shady—and smelly—back yard for seven weeks. At the end of that time he began to be torn by doubts on the omnipresent question, "To be, or not to be?"

Fearing it was not to be, he marked down the oranges from \$600, Spanish silver, to \$400, at which he finally sold them to the agent of a

dealer, who took them to Europe, wondering all the while whether they would or would not be landed safely in a zoo.

They lived to reach Hamburg, and were offered to us by cable. We said, "It is like gambling, but we'll take a chance," and bought the pair. Eventually they reached New York alive.

By dint of effort the mother survived three months, nursing her infant all the while. But at last her days were numbered, and to save its puny life the infant was taken away. The mother died, and for weeks the baby seemed determined to follow her. Finally, however, he took a turn for the better, and decided to live. He began to eat and to grow. Now he is a splendid, lusty animal, so strong that two men cannot hold him when he gets angry. He is twice as large as a chimpanzee which is a full year older than he, and to-day he is worth double the sum (\$1,000) that the Zoölogical Society risked in payment for him and his mother.

About three times a year tea steamers coming from the Orient to New York, via the Suez Canal, bring one or more small



DESCENDING KNICK MT. WITH LAMB



THE FIRST LAMB CAUGHT ABOVE TIMBER



CROSSING KNICK RIVER WITH LAMB

orang-utans, all of which are purchased in Singapore, the great orang and python market of the world. There they cost from \$100 to \$250 in Spanish dollars, and here they sell for from \$150 to \$300 in gold. But for the fact that two out of every four die on the voyage, the profits would be quite satisfactory.

Ship captains frequently invest in live animals, more for the sake of having something of living interest on board than for large profits. Captain Thomas Golding was, when he sailed a ship, fairly driven to animals for amusement. The *Afridi* steamed only eight miles per hour, and the long, slow voyages became so tedious that he was glad to have a lot of interesting animals to fuss with, and feed with his own hands. And then the final excitement of striking the bargains with "the Zoölogical Park people"! He "bulled" the market horribly, and we "beared" it without mercy, until a bed-rock basis had been reached for each lot; and I am sure the doughty captain was always sorry when the "great bargain-day" excitement was over.

Now, alas! we are both bereft. Captain Golding has been elected an Elder Brother of Trinity House, with many honors and emoluments. There are no more days of excitement over "Golding shipments," for our galleon comes to us no more. We must look elsewhere for our future supplies of Asiatic bears, oranges, big pythons, gibbons, anoas, clouded leopards, buitungs, and civet cats. The *Afridi* of cherished memory was sold to Japan as a transport, and sunk in the sea of Japan with 600 soldiers on board!

Asia is richly stocked with hoofed animals, very many of which are extremely interesting and desirable. The supplying of these creatures has fallen mostly into the hands of two men. North of the Himalayas is the field of Carl Hagenbeck, from which he gleans Mongolian wild horses (\$800 each), Siberian ibex and argali (\$400 to \$500 each), snow leopards (\$500 to \$700), Altai wapiti, maral deer, and bears galore.

South of the Himalayan snow crest, William Jamrach, of London, is the chief operator. Of all men, he alone can obtain living specimens of the wonderful screw-horned goat that is called the markhor, the beautiful burrhel, or blue mountain sheep, the Arcal sheep, and the remarkable brow-antlered deer, or thameng, of Burmah.

These men are able to procure these rare animals solely because they have sent their agents into their haunts, they have fraternized

with shaggy-haired and smelly native hunters; they buy all the animals they can catch, and treat fairly the men who risk their narrow lives on the dizzy crags.

A great many wild animals are captured for dealers, to order, but this is possible only where animals are very abundant; and it is practicable only when a considerable number of one kind can be sold at a profit.

For zoölogical gardens, very few animals are caught to order. Every year I receive at least two hundred letters from persons who think they can capture animals for us, of any kind we choose to mention, asking us to "quote prices f. o. b. here."

These letters are mostly a weariness to the flesh; but they are all written in good faith, and must be answered, patiently and seriously. The trouble is that so very few can catch what they honestly *think* they can! I have challenged at least thirty men to catch beavers for us, and out of the whole number only one has succeeded. The trouble is that, for us, beavers must *not* be caught in steel traps; and the ninety-and-nine cannot catch them in any other way.

Mountain-goat kids can be caught deliberately and intentionally, and occasionally a big-horn is caught in the same way. But most mountain sheep and practically all bear cubs are caught by accident and chance.

Once, indeed, the New York Zoölogical Society decided that we would have some white mountain-sheep lambs caught in Alaska, deliberately and intentionally, so the Society sent Mr. J. Alden Loring to the head of Cook Inlet, where he engaged a white guide and three Indians to help. The old timers of Alaska all said it "couldn't be done." But in lambing time (May), Mr. Loring and his men climbed to the top of the ruggedest crags of the Knick Mountains, caught three lambs of *Ovis dalli*, and carried them down to their camp in the valley. Although the little creatures were most carefully tended, they proved to be so delicate every way that they could not survive, and all three died.

With mountain goats we have had better luck—though not at first. In 1904 seven kids were caught for us near Banff, but all died before one was old enough to ship. About two hundred miles farther south, four others were caught, successfully kept through the summer, and brought on to the Zoölogical Park. In 1905 five more were caught, and in October they were "personally conducted" to New York by the writer. I proved the



HOW THE LAMBS WERE CARRIED



A TEMPORARY CORRAL FOR THE LAMBS

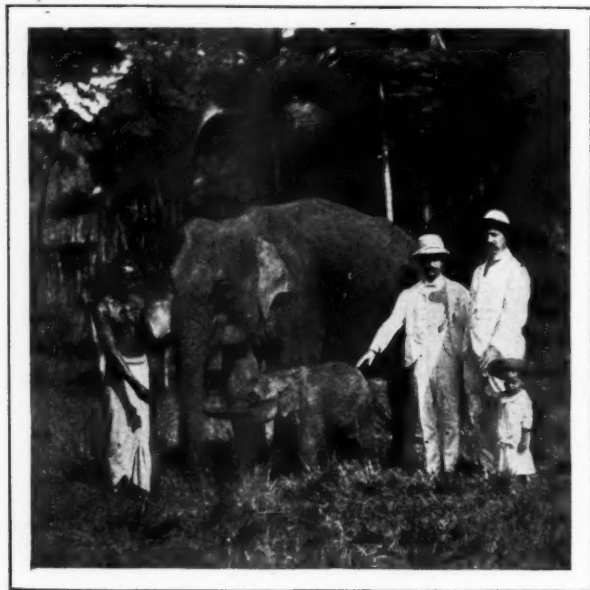


MR. LORING FEEDING LAMBS EN ROUTE

truth of the assertion made by a British Columbia trapper and ex-cowboy, "It ain't no fool of a job to ride herd on a bunch of five goat kids for twenty-five hundred mile." Those creatures were too young and tender, and needed feeding too often, to make it possible for them to come through from the Rocky Mountains, by express, unattended.

This reminds me to say that the express companies of the United States and Canada are doing great things for the lovers of wild animals. In 1899, through the efforts of our society, the rates on live animals were reduced

cubs come from Juneau, Alaska, to New York in eleven days, and arrive in perfect condition—clean, well fed, and well watered. We have had about twenty-five sea lions come from southern California without a death *en route*. We have received moose from Maine, caribou from Newfoundland, bears from everywhere, and a mountain sheep from San Diego, all in good health. But it should be added that our shipping directions are very precise, and we insist that they be carried out to the letter. This provides for watering and feeding, especially the former. An animal can live with-



LITTLE "COCO"

A baby elephant in Ceylon finally sold to a circus.

exactly one-half—to one regular merchandise rate. The natural result was an immense increase in the live-animal business. Along with this reduction in rates, the express companies take all possible care of live animals, in feeding and watering them, and otherwise not permitting them to die of neglect. As a result, I am able to state that of the hundreds of animals, mostly large, that have been shipped to us by express, many of them across the continent, not one valuable animal has died from lack of care, and not one has died from causes which the express messengers could have prevented. We have had bear

out food when it would perish without water. Our card of feeding directions, filled out by the shipper, is nailed on the crate.

Large animals of the cat family—lions, tigers, leopards, and the like—are shipped in tight boxes that have bars on one side, either covered with wire netting to keep the inmates from reaching out with their claws, or with a movable front of boards. At the bottom of the bars is a narrow opening to permit the raking out of bedding, and the introduction of food and water.

Large hoofed animals and the very big birds are shipped in crates that are boarded



THE NOONTIDE REST

Mr. R. J. Beck's party carrying giant tortoises from the interior of Duncans Island, Galapagos, to the coast.

tightly at the bottom and provided at one end with a door that runs up in grooves. At all hazards, there must be a way provided to water and feed each animal. For water, a pail of metal is fastened securely in a front corner of the crate or cage, so that water can be poured into it from without.

The cages of big bears are usually built of hard wood, and lined inside with sheet iron or zinc. With teeth and claws working over-time at the inside of a cage, a big bear becomes the most difficult of animals to restrain.

Elephants are shipped in boxes of strength calculated to stand the strain. The larger the elephant, the more his box looks like a house turned wrong side out. Giraffes are not provided with boxes in which they can stand erect. If a crated giraffe wishes to elevate his head and straighten out his neck, he must first lie down. Camels are docile and tractable, and do not require to be crated.

Many persons think that a lot of wild animals on board ship, in transit, must

present an interesting sight; but they do not. Usually there is nothing to be seen but a lot of tall and thin dry-goods boxes of various sizes, sometimes with slats, sometimes without. The ten-thousand-dollar lot of lions, tigers, and leopards shipped to us by Carl Hagenbeck for our lion house showed only a fine collection of large boxes, duly marked, but not a claw, fang, or tail-tip was visible.

As our buildings for animals increase, the Zoölogical Society reaches out over the world farther and farther. At this moment we have lines out in many portions of South America, Alaska, British Columbia, China, Abyssinia, New Zealand, Iceland, and the great wild animal marts—London and Hamburg. There are many interesting varieties that we must and will have. And while I am talking to sportsmen and travelers, and writing a continuous series of letters to the ends of the earth, scores of business and professional men are working at their desks to win money to give to the Zoölogical Society to buy animals for the people of our country to see.



SETTLERS FROM THE UNITED STATES

THE NORTHWESTERN WHEAT TREK

By HON. J. OBED SMITH*



THE people of Northwestern Canada will some day erect a great monument—not to a Canadian, but to a citizen of the United States. Joining with them in paying this tribute will be the hundreds of thousands of farmers who have come to us from the Republic. The shaft will be reared in memory of the man who was one of the first to realize the future of the Northwest, and had the honesty and courage to tell of its possibilities to his own people. I refer to Hon. James W. Taylor, formerly United States Consul at Winnipeg.

An article of this character would be incomplete without at least reference to Mr. Taylor's interest in the Northwest. Coming among us when the settlers had only begun to turn over the raw prairie, he was quick to conceive of its future. His prediction that three-fourths of the area available for raising American hard wheat was north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, was ridiculed by his countrymen. I venture to say it was doubted by many Canadians, but undeterred by the skepticism with which his assertions were received he stoutly held to his theory. In his reports to his Government he gave in detail

the reasons for his belief; he proclaimed them in public, and to the day of his death never receded from his attitude. Yes, it is only just that we should give credit to this citizen of the States held in such high esteem by those of the Northwest who knew him, for in part he undoubtedly inspired the human movement into the Northwest that has assumed such proportions in recent years. Time has tested his sayings and they have proved true.

Really more than three-fourths of America's total hard-wheat area lies north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, that imaginary international line across which the farmers of the Western States are trekking in their thousands. From Minnesota, from the Dakotas, from Iowa, from Nebraska, from Illinois, from Wisconsin, from Kansas, from Montana, they are arriving and taking up land in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. This epoch-making movement of population is not without its literal claim to be described as the Great Trek, for it includes many hundreds of settlers who arrive across the boundary line just as their fathers came across the plains in tented schooners to the new lands of the Western States, a generation ago. Cross the Manitoba boundary in the month of July and travel northward by train

* Canadian Commissioner of Immigration.

or on horseback, and for fifty, for a hundred miles and more, you will be moving through a sea of wheat rippling to the wind, with the heavy yellow heads ripening to the harvest. Travel from Winnipeg westward, and it is the same story; nothing between your eye and the skyline but wheat, wheat! Leave the main lines of travel and strike off through the wheat fields that stretch to the circling horizon and the story is still the same. Here and there rise the red-hued elevators, where settlements have clustered into villages; but across the fenceless, unbroken expanse nothing but

the Canadian Northwest—that of Saskatchewan Valley. This valley is 200 miles in breadth and 1,500 miles long—more than a thousand times greater than the cultivated area utilized for wheat in Manitoba last year—and nearly all of it awaits the seed.

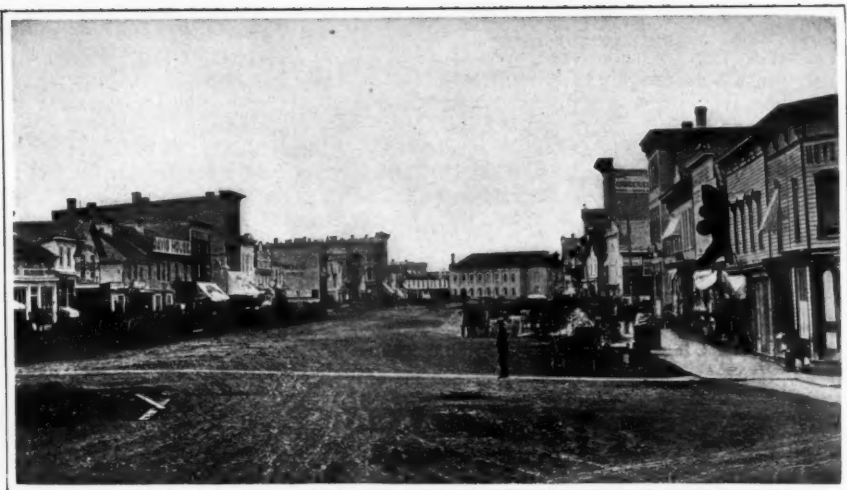
I have made this somewhat general statement because it embodies facts with which the farmer of the States is rapidly becoming conversant, but to demonstrate the accuracy of the statistics quoted I may be permitted to include others from such authorities as Dr. William Saunders, director of the Dominion



HARVEST TIME IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

wheat, wheat! New villages are constantly springing up. The network of railways radiating from Winnipeg grows like a many-branched vine, throwing out new shoots yearly. The total acreage under crop increases prodigiously from year to year. And yet the portion of the Canadian West which has been brought under cultivation is but small in comparison with the immense area remaining untouched. In Manitoba in 1904 there were a little over 2,500,000 acres under wheat. This is equivalent to a strip of land two miles wide and 160 miles in length. This strip produced nearly 55,000,000 bushels of the finest wheat in the world. Compare this area with only one of the many virgin districts in

Agricultural Farms, as well as others who have made an exhaustive study of the Canadian Northwest and are familiar with its possibilities of agriculture. They agree in the conclusion that in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta an area equal to 171,000,000 acres of land is available for the profitable culture of wheat, to say nothing of other cereals. In 1904 the wheat harvester passed over only 3,000,000 acres of this region although it yielded 60,000,000 bushels. To put it in another form, each acre of cultivated soil averaged twenty bushels. The farmer who reads this can appreciate the richness of land which thus responds to the labor of the husbandman, but for enlighten-



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, IN 1874

ment of the lay reader I may be permitted to make a brief comparison with the harvest in some of the more notable wheat-growing districts of the United States. The grain grower of the Dakotas considers thirteen bushels to the acre an average crop in a fairly good season. That of Minnesota averages between fourteen and fifteen bushels to each acre. The standard of Wisconsin is thirteen bushels. Iowa and Nebraska range between eleven and twelve bushels to the acre. The figures for the States taken as a whole represent twelve bushels of wheat as the average harvest of each acre cultivated, yet this country still contributes a fifth of the world's supply of the cereal, and the States of Minnesota and the Dakotas more than one-twentieth in themselves, so extensive are their fields.

But the 200,000 Americans who have joined us in following the course of the furrow have been tempted by what the land of the Northwest produces as well as by how much it yields. Even the novice knows that the wheat sheaf has far more varieties than any other grain, and that it is found springing from Russia's soil within the arctic circle as well as on the other side of the world in far-away Australia. Bread has well been termed the "Staff of Life," since humanity eats more wheat than any other food. When the machinery of the mills grinds "No. 1 hard," as it is called in the Canadian Northwest, the miller knows that his is the best flour that can

come from between the grinding stones. It is admitted without argument that no richer variety—that is, wheat with a greater percentage of glutinous matter—grows on any part of the globe.

Why?

To best answer this question, let us accompany a home seeker in his quest. If he has been a tiller of the soil he notes its composition; but the loam or the mold or the clay is a single element contributing to his success. There are the climate, the moisture, the light as well as the heat of the sun to be considered. A literal translation of Manitoba is "The Land of the Great Spirit." So the Indians named it because of the deep black earth from which sprang the rich prairie grasses. Chemically speaking, this formation (which is found throughout the grain belt of the Northwest) is vegetable humus ranging from one to four feet in depth and containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and other ingredients which naturally fertilize it. But after the settler has built his cabin and turned under the stubble for his first planting, he is astonished at the rapid maturing of the plant. He can "make his crop" in less than four months after the seed has entered the ground. From the west come the warm Chinook winds, tempering the atmosphere to the proper degree and preventing the frost blight. As the green of the stalk turns to gold, indicating the ripening of the grain, more and more hours are

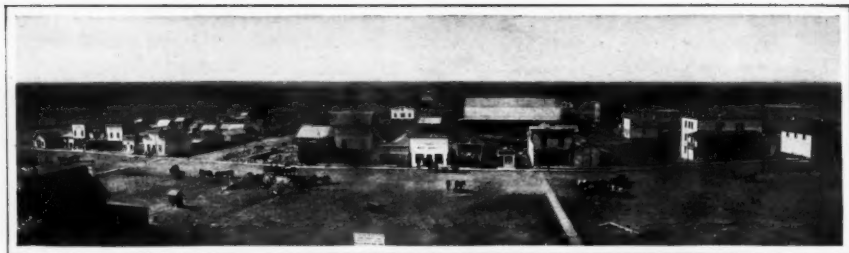
added to the light of each day. The many hours of sunlight and the prolonged twilight contribute not a little to the quality of the cereal, while in this latitude the climate is just cold enough to make it hardy, so that after harvesting the grain will withstand extreme changes in temperature without injury and can be sent away in the railroad car or in the hold of the vessel without other protection than its own delicate skin. In short, on these plains and in these valleys of the Northwestern wheat country nature in a kindly mood has arranged that the earth, sun, and air give forth the elements which bring the grain to the highest standard yet known to the world.

Thus it is that the human tide flowing northward has swelled wonderfully in volume since it began to set in toward the international boundary. Lured by the possibilities of the land, the number of settlers from the States who each year are seeking homes among us is so large as to seem to the uninitiated almost incredible, for only yesterday this peaceful invasion began. To again refer to the actual figures, our records show that as recently as 1896 less than fifty of these people settled upon land in Manitoba and the adjacent territory. Since then as many as

50,000 have come among us in a single year. But the immigration from other countries has increased also to a surprising degree. In 1897 only 10,864 were added to the number of our people. In seven years the figures had increased to 50,374, while I believe I am safe in saying that during the year 1905 fully 25,000 new homesteads have been secured, furnishing a livelihood to an immense number of people. Nor have they taken up their abode too hastily. Carefully have they "spied out the land," as did the fathers in biblical times. Some of the prairie schooners which have crossed the line from Montana and Dakota have not stopped in Manitoba, but have continued on and on even to north Saskatchewan. Great as is the expanse of Northwestern Canada, little of it is entirely unknown to the land seeker. Already the modern pathmaker—the railroad builder—has penetrated it so far with the steel highway that the traveler can go by rail 800 miles northwest of Winnipeg. From the railroad extend the wagon ways, so that really a very large proportion of this country is readily accessible. The frontier has been pushed back even to the northern limits of Alberta.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, IN 1905



CARSTAIRS, ALBERTA, MAY 10, 1903

A typical new town, built up largely by emigrants from the United States.

In the discussion of our topic, however, the character of this human movement is more important than its proportions, and deserves special consideration, just as the quality of the harvest is as essential as its abundance. I doubt if ever before the cultivators of virgin soil have attained such success at the outset, for it must be remembered that the rapid increase in our harvests has been almost entirely due to the addition to the acreage of production, caused by the influx of settlers. While, as already intimated, they have indeed entered into a favored land, in the main they have been of a class especially qualified to make the most of the opportunities afforded. This is emphatically true of the newcomers from the States. Many of those from Minnesota and the Dakotas, for example, have already been schooled to the life in a new country. Experience has taught them how to avoid much of its hardships and to avail themselves of its advantages. They were quick to appreciate how the soil would respond to their efforts; they knew what seed to drop into the furrows, and the most economical methods to follow from plowing to harvest. They have been of the sort to attain the best results.

But the same is true of nearly all of the American "invaders." It is only necessary to go through Manitoba, even far along the valley of the Saskatchewan, to verify this assertion. Where the grain rises to the horizon, shutting out all else to the one who stands amid it, there you see what the men from the

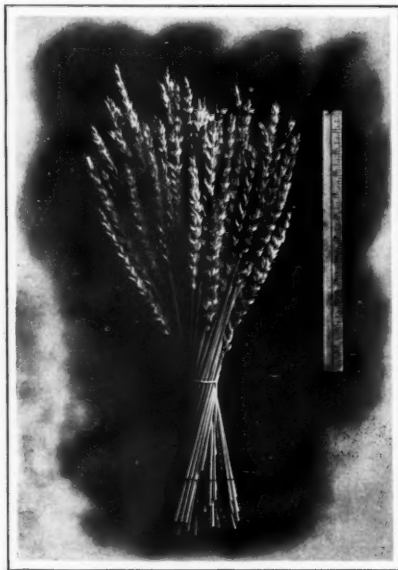
States are doing.

Where every acre is yielding its score and more of bushels, you find them beside the harvesters. They have come into the new land not because of failure with the old, but merely to better their prospects.

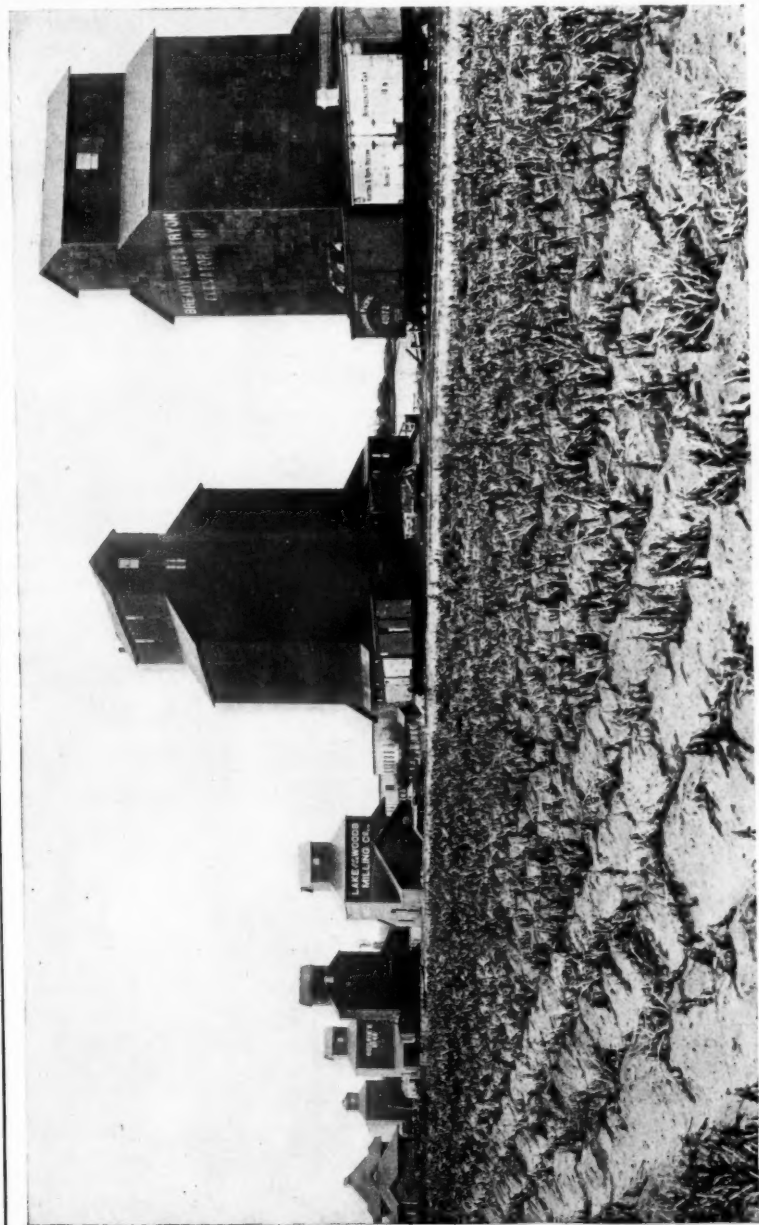
The traveler who chances into Manitoba, often comes to an agricultural settlement peopled almost exclusively by Americans. He will find perhaps a square mile occupied by a single family. The father cultivates one-quarter while his sons devote their effort to the rest of it, each having his individual farm.

When the harvest time arrives, the sons come

over and help the father get in his crop; then he returns the compliment. These family communities have done not a little in the production of quality as well as quantity, for friendly rivalry exists as to the one who can grow the most and best wheat to the acre. The same is true of families that have been



THE MAGNET



THE MILESTONES OF NORTHWESTERN INDUSTRY
Elevators rising one after another in the midst of the grain fields.

neighbors in the States and have found a home side by side in the new country. I have alluded to the economical methods they employ, but they are ever ready to expend liberally in the purchase of labor-saving devices, realizing that it is far more profitable to utilize the improved plow or harvester. Thus the traction engine has been a powerful factor in our agricultural development. It does the work of a score of horses in the various operations. In short, in the fields of the Canadian Northwest can be seen farm appliances equal in capacity and time-saving facilities to those employed on the great ranches of the States, and even in Russia, the "granary of the Old World," for the agriculturists of all classes who are accomplishing the results in the Northwest realize their value as well as the comers from the States.

It is worth while to allude to this feature of the industry of the soil since it has such a significant bearing upon our future. To calculate what Canada will contribute to the world's sustenance in the years to come is indeed fascinating when one analyzes the value of her present contributions. Thus far I have cited wheat as the one great product, but the success of the Americans and native folk has been due to the fact that they well know the importance of crop diversity. The individual harvests of thirty, sometimes forty, bushels to the acre so frequently recorded

have been gathered from land which has not been exhausted of its fertility by continual planting of the seed. Consequently much of the acreage of the older farms is yielding grain as abundantly to-day as when its stubble was first turned under and the earth exposed to receive the seed. The records establish this fact beyond question, so we may look for prolific crops from the older settled regions for an indefinite period. Undoubtedly predictions have been made of the Dominion's future as a cereal producer which are much exaggerated, but even a conservative estimate of its position a decade hence contains statistics surprising in their magnitude. I will venture to say, however, that, considering the rapidity with which our waste places are being inhabited, the wheat crop alone, increasing yearly at the same ratio as the past four years, will at the end of the next fifteen years be fully 700,000,000 bushels. In studying these figures we must remember that up to 1894 but 10,000,000 bushels had been grown in Manitoba and the adjacent country in a single year. The million acres then under cultivation increased, as I have already stated, fully threefold in the ten years following, with a corresponding increase in the harvest. Between 1904 and 1905 the figures had further expanded to 100,000,000 bushels and 3,751,000 acres. At present the tide of migration is not less than 125,000 persons



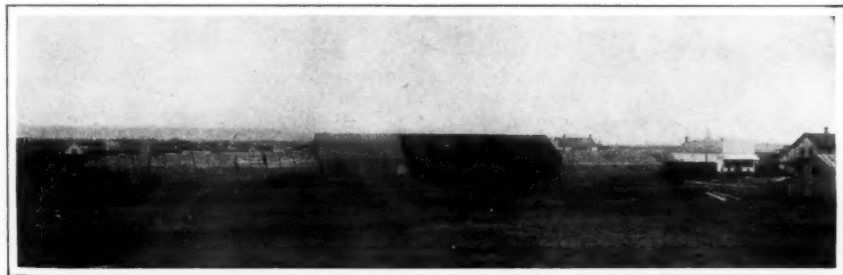
CALGARY, ALBERTA

One of the cities that has sprung from the wilderness.

yearly who are taking up for settlement 5,000,000 acres of virgin country.

With these facts in view I do not think the reader will believe my conclusion to be far outside of accuracy. But in reaching it I cannot but be impressed with what the movement from the land to the southward means in the future. Needless is it to say that the settlers from the States are so like ourselves that we feel we are welcoming brethren.

Whether they are from Dakota or Kansas or Minnesota, they fraternize with us, fall in with our customs, and I can say without reserve, are among our best citizens, while their success not only in the field, but in the garden, the orchard, even in the cattle range, has put all Canada under obligation to them for the demonstration of our natural resources they have helped to give the world.



A TYPICAL CANADIAN WHEAT HARVEST OF A SINGLE LOCALITY

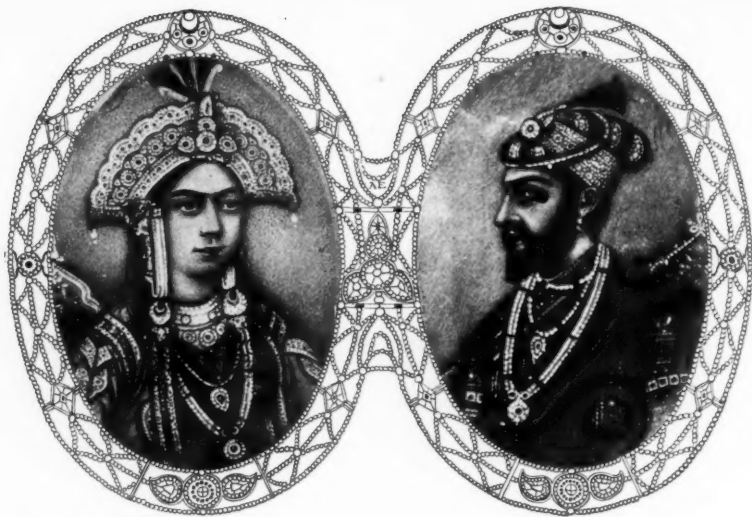
The enlarged warehouse is totally inadequate to hold the crop.

UNTIL THE DAYSPRING

By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

AT even lightning rent the skies,
But now the holy stars arise.
Above the human clamors steal
Soft murmurs: weary earth's appeal
From man to God. All day the toil
Of hands disturbed the teeming soil
Unceasingly. Now from the deep
A mist blows in. God sendeth sleep.

Dim phantoms on a dreaming sea,
The hours, sailing silently,
Turn ever eastward to the sun;
And in their pathway, one by one,
While life ebbs low and tides decrease,
Men drift unto the primal peace.
To find the dawn, each finite quest
Leads through infinitudes of rest.



From authentic miniatures

QUEEN ARJAMAND

SHAH JAHAN

THE MOST EXQUISITE BUILDING IN THE WORLD

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD

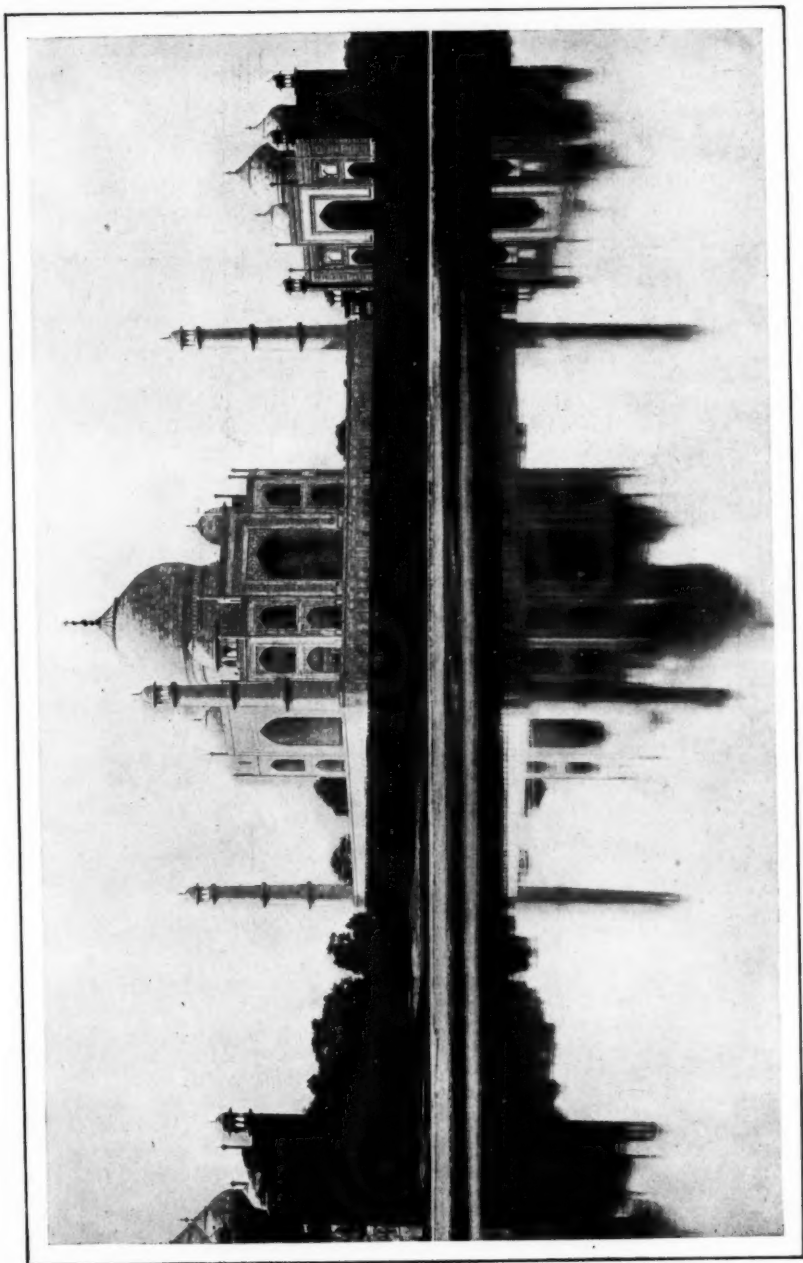


AMOGUL ruler who did things was Shah Jahan, and he came of a race not content with ordinary achievements. His grandfather, Akbar, was probably the greatest personage ever born in India. He it was "whose saddle was his throne, the canopy of which was the vaulted dome of heaven." Akbar made Eastern history, made it fast, blazoning it with proud records of conquest and empire extension. Akbar was the grandest man who ever ruled Central India, and it was he who developed the Mogul Empire to the loftiest importance it attained.

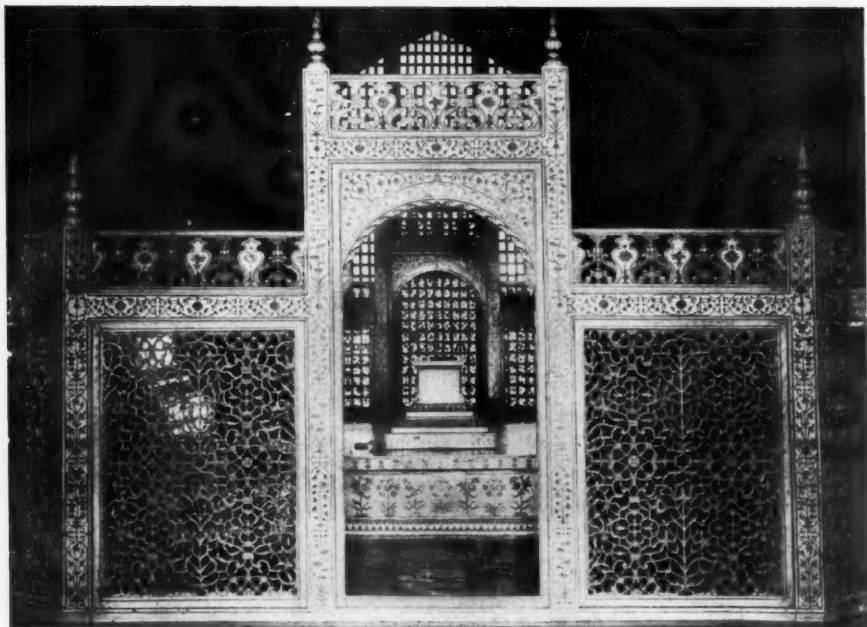
Shah Jahan embellished the empire with noble structures, and his impulse for building amounted to mania. Time annulled Akbar's achievements, but those of his grandson stand to-day, and the structures of his era are

beautiful enough to attract admirers from every corner of the earth. A famous critic once said that Shah Jahan built like a giant and finished like a jeweler. His works have made Agra, of all cities in India, the place of unrivaled interest.

Agra's Taj Mahal is the most exquisite building ever erected by the hands of man, and is a romance as deftly wrought in marble as any writer ever fashioned in words. It marks a great man's love for a woman—Arjamand Banu Begum, his wife. Shah Jahan was a Mohammedan despot who led a magnificent life, and had other wives; but in his eyes the peer of her sex was Arjamand. When she died in giving birth to a child, he declared he would rear to her memory a mausoleum so perfect that it would make men marvel for all time. And this he accomplished. More poetry and prose have been written about the Taj, with more allusions to it as a symbol of



TAJ MAHAL AND GATEWAY FROM THE RIVER JUMNA



OCTAGONAL ALABASTER SCREEN INCLOSING THE CENOTAPH

love, than of any other creation marking human affection—and the secret probably lies in the fact that all the world loves a lover.

Arjamand had many titles of rank and endearment, but poets like Sir Edwin Arnold preferred to speak of her as Mumtaz-i-Mahal, meaning the "Exalted of the Palace," when extolling the charms of this splendid niece of Nur-Mahal, who likewise had been famed for beauty and charity.

Shah Jahan ruled from 1628 to 1658, and had been on the throne only two years when death took from him his adored Arjamand. Then came the resolve to erect to her memory a monument that might measure his love and grief. Since Akbar's time, the best architects, artists, and skilled workmen of India, Persia, and Arabia had been attracted to Agra and neighboring Delhi. All were summoned to Shah Jahan's court, and the resources of his empire placed at their disposal. The Taj, consequently, was not the creation of a single master mind, but the consummation of a great art epoch. Its construction was commenced four years after Arjamand's demise.

The bereft emperor had appointed a council of great architects of India to guide the work. Drawings of celebrated structures of the world, especially those in Moslem lands, were studied. More than one European was attracted to the Mogul court, and it is believed that Geronimo Verroneo, who had journeyed from Italy, laid several plans before Shah Jahan. There are records at Agra showing that certain suggestions of the Italian were adopted, but it is common belief that the general design was the creation of a Turkish or Persian architect named Ustad Isa.

In keeping with an old Tartar custom, a garden was chosen as the site of the tomb—a garden planted with flowers and fragrant shrubs, emblems of life, and solemn cypresses, emblems of death and eternity. In Mogul days such a garden was maintained as a pleasure ground during the owner's lifetime, and used for his interment when dead.

"And she who loved her garden, lieth now
Lapped in a garden.
And all this for Love!"

The laborers came from many parts of the world—the chief masons from Northern India

and Bagdad, the dome builders from Asiatic Turkey, and the mosaic artists from Persia. Every section of India and Central Asia was drawn upon for materials. The marble, spotless in purity, was brought from Jaypore, 300 miles away, on the backs of elephants and camels or by bullock carts. The red sandstone was contributed by Fathpur Sikrij, the jasper by the Punjab, the crystal and jade by China. The turquoises came from Tibet and the Red Sea, the sapphires and lapis lazuli from Ceylon, coral and cornelian from Arabia, onyx and amethysts from Persia, and the diamonds from Bundelkund.

It engaged the unceasing labor of 20,000 men for seventeen years to complete the Taj; and like that other great tomb, the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, it was reared chiefly by forced labor, unpaid and uncared for, and thereby produced great suffering and mortality. This is the chief blemish on the fair fame of the mausoleum overlooking the Jumna.

According to native accounts the cost of the Taj was lakhs of rupees having to-day a value of \$20,000,000; and local tradition affirms that not half this sum was ever paid by the emperor—this is a blot upon the sincerity and strict uprightness of Shah Jahan.

The Taj garden is perhaps a half mile square, and is surrounded by a strikingly beautiful wall of masonry. It is an orderly wilderness of rich vegetations, to be found only in Asia, and the deep greens and rich browns of the avenues of foliage unquestionably accentuate the whiteness of the Temple of Death. As the garden helps the tomb, so the tomb gives expression to the garden.

The great gateway of red sandstone, whose roof is adorned by Moorish arches and pavilions, is in itself one of India's most perfect buildings. From its summit a perfect view of the Taj is had, with the Jumna flowing sluggishly beneath its marble platform; and from there the grounds are spread before the visitor in a perfect panorama. The paved avenues, all leading to the magnificent pile, miles of marble aqueducts filled with ornamental fish, playing fountains—all breathe the superlative of art, every fluttering leaf whispers of the East.

Not by its size is Arjamand's tomb commanding, for its dimensions are very moderate. Imagine a plinth of flawless marble, 313 feet square, and rising eighteen feet from the ground—that is the foundation of the wondrous structure. The Taj is 186 feet square, with dome rising to an extreme height of 220

feet; that is all. At each corner of the plinth stands a tapering minaret rearing its crown 137 feet;

"—four tall court ladies
tending their princess."

No building carries the idea of personality further than the Taj, a feminine personality, as it should be, for it contains no suggestion of the rugged grandeur of a tomb for a great man. The Taj is the antithesis of Akbar's mausoleum, of the Parthenon, of Napoleon's resting place, of Grant's robust mausoleum on the Hudson. A sepulcher fashioned after ordinary architectural canons can only be conventional: the Taj is different from all other buildings in the world; it is symbolical of womanly grace and purity—is the jewel, the ideal itself; is India's noble tribute to the grace of Indian womanhood, a tribute perhaps to the Venus de Milo of the East.

The grace of the Taj, as do the achievements of every form of perfect art, rests in its simplicity. A spectator marvels that so much beauty can come from so little apparent effort. Yet nothing is wanting, there is nothing in excess; we cannot alter a single stone and claim that the result would be better. And Oriental designers, working for an Eastern despot, might easily have struck a jarring note and rendered the Taj garish—the wonder is that they did not. The Taj consequently is the objective of most travelers making the pilgrimage to India.

It is easier to tell what the Taj is than to speculate upon the ideals and motives of its builders, and it should be a brave writer who attempts to describe it. Kipling, who saw the structure first from the window of a train nearing Agra, called it "an opal tinted cloud on the horizon"; and after studying the building at close range he wrote, "Let those who scoff at overmuch enthusiasm look at the Taj and thenceforward be dumb; . . . each must view it for himself with his own eyes, working out his own interpretation of the sight." Another great English writer has said, "Words are worthless in describing a building which is absolutely faultless." And it taxed the talents of Sir Edwin Arnold, critic and poet, to frame in language an adequate picture of Arjamand's death couch.

If a man possesses the sentiment of form and proportion, the Taj will satisfy him. The stately portal seems to harmonize with the grandeur of an Eastern queen; and the aerial dome, higher than its breadth, rests upon its

base as if possessing no weight, yet is of solid marble. Heroic in treatment are the quotations from the Koran framing every doorway and aperture, wrought in inlay or sculptured in relief—and these modify the pearly monotony of the marble.

One enters reverently the burial place of Shah Jahan's queen, whose cenotaph is of the whitest marble, placed in the precise center of the building, and surrounded by an octagonal screen of alabaster that is pierced and interwoven like lace. Every foot of the walls, every column and panel, is elaborately embellished with flowers, leaves, scrolls, and sentences, and these are inlaid in jasper, bloodstone, jade, onyx, and precious stones. Arjamand's tomb blossoms with never-fading Persian flowers and Arabic sentences extolling her character, and is as marvelous in workmanship as if produced by Florentine inlayers of the present time. The sarcophagus was originally inclosed by a fence of gold, studded with gems; but this was early replaced by the screen of marble, local history asserts.

The supposition is that one Austin de Bordeaux, a French goldsmith, who had been summoned to Agra by Shah Jahan to construct the celebrated Peacock throne, had much to do with the treatment of the Taj's interior. The building originally possessed two wonderful silver doors, of his designing, but these were looted by Jat invaders in 1764 and melted down. It is said that eight years were consumed by the artists intrusted with the making and beautifying of Arjamand's cenotaph; and further, that the Koran's every line and every word is reproduced by inlay or relief carving on the interior and exterior of the Taj.

To the left of Arjamand's tomb is that of her lord and lover, its location proving that it was placed there obviously from necessity and as an afterthought. It is a span larger than his consort's stone, and occupies nearly all the space allowed by the position of the grilled inclosure—but is a sentimentally fitting intruder upon the general design.

It is a curious bit of history that Shah Jahan, conscious of triumph as the author of the Taj, long contemplated constructing a similar shrine on the opposite bank of the Jumna, wherein his own body was to be placed. It was to be constructed of dark-colored marble, but otherwise to be a counterpart of Arjamand's tomb. The foundations were placed, and the arrangements for supplying labor and materials well advanced, when a son of Jahan—Aurangzeb—who had long plotted for the

Mogul throne, secured control of the military forces, and overthrew his father's rule.

Aurangzeb promptly adopted Delhi as his capital, leaving his parent to languish as a political prisoner in the palace within the fort of Agra. In a suite of very small rooms, and attended by a devoted daughter, the great Shah Jahan there dreamed away the last seven years of his life—but these apartments overlooked the Taj Mahal, two miles away, let it be known. The heartbroken Jahan outlived his splendid wife by thirty-seven years.

In this manner destiny willed that two great personages forever lie side by side in death; and consequently the Taj is enriched as a temple of sentiment; but—they do not sleep within the marble caskets the traveler beholds. There is a vault deep underneath the floor, and there, in positions agreeing with the monuments above, are the royal remains inclosed in unornamented masonry.

The curious acoustics of the Taj are observable to the visitor going often to Arjamand's shrine. A harsh voice is echoed harshly back and ceases quickly; but a woman's tones raised gently in song are echoed many times, diversified and amplified in strange combinations of melody. Such a voice reverberates from every side, seemingly ascends, and its force finally dies away to silence like the notes of a flying wood dove in a forest.

This gem of Agra is worshiped as fervently by Hindus as by those of the Moslem faith, and Indian artists in a few years almost destroy their eyesight trying to portray in miniature upon ivory the architectural perfection and delicacy of this marvel of the world.

When invading hordes have swept Central India, or alien garrisons been quartered in Agra fort, the Taj has always suffered mutilation. The Mahrattas looted it of everything movable and systematically wrenched precious stones from their places in the design ornamenting the fabric of the interior. After the Mutiny came the red-coated soldier, who relieved the tedium of garrison duty by appropriating any attractive piece of inlay overlooked by the Mahrattas—these pretty bits made interesting souvenirs of India for sending home to the British Isles.

For twenty years the British Government has been repairing this desecration, under guidance of its viceroys. The great chamber of the Taj now seems perfect in its embellishment—but there are no diamonds, no rubies, and no emeralds, as of old. Bits of colored glass fill their places.

POLITICS AND ANISEED

BY KENNETH BROWN



T'S almost enough to make a man turn Republican and vote with the niggers," Hugh Carrington said savagely.

"In my young days," put in Major Hudson, who had gone away from Virginia in those same young days, and had only returned ripe in years and plethoric in pocket, but with his love of his native State strong as ever, "in my young days a man like Jones would no more have thought of running against a gentleman like Henry, here, than he would have thought of asking him to black his boots."

"You ought to have been single-footing around the county soliciting votes, and asking poor white mothers how their babies were, instead of staying in dignity on your plantation," St. Claire said, good-naturedly jeering his friend.

The candidate himself swore and exclaimed in sudden temper, "A man oughtn't to have to go around with his hat in his hand and ask his overseer's friends, 'Please, suh, won't you vote for me?'"

"He ought to wait till the office is respectfully tendered him," St. Claire said in mock sympathy. "Then, of course, he could unbend a little and turn on the flow of eloquence on one or two proper occasions."

The four men had come riding down the four roads which met under the big gum tree, which for the last dozen years had been known as Bill Applegate's tree. Bill Applegate had been a white ruffian who had murdered an old man, his wife, and child; and the only witness thereto had been a little negro girl, cowering unobserved in one corner of the cabin. There had been no doubt of Bill's guilt, but many doubts whether it could be legally proved. The best men in the county, including the county attorney, had come together and

talked the affair over coolly; then they made use of the gum tree, and the community still held it in grateful remembrance—though any other tree would have done as well.

Under the broad branches of the gum tree the four riders gloomily forecasted the coming primaries to be held in Eastover Courthouse two days from now. The bright fall weather, warm in the sunshine and cool in the shadow, did not lessen their anger at the way the better element of Eastover County had been outwitted by the "Courthouse Gang," as it was known. As in many parts of this country of free and independent voters, the politics of Eastover had fallen into the hands of a small coterie whose chief visible means of support was its patriotism; and many years of undisputed possession of the patriotism of the community had made it reluctant to share the virtue with others.

"And the nerve of giving me the chairmanship of the primaries, when they have been secretly working tooth and nail against us!" Major Hudson exclaimed.

"They played their cards pretty well," Carrington admitted. "It's only in the last day or two that we have had an inkling that they were going to run anyone against Henry. How'll you like to be beaten by Jones, eh?"

Henry made a grimace. He had not wanted the nomination for county treasurer in the beginning, and had assumed rather martyr-like airs, until he had found out, quite recently, that there was no danger of the nomination being thrust upon him. Then he had become more than a little desirous of getting what had before seemed so little desirable. It is disagreeable to a man to find himself on the point of being beaten by one who is his social and intellectual inferior, through the power of a machine made up of other social and intellectual inferiors. That Henry really stood head and shoulders above

Jones in general popularity did not lessen the bitterness of the prospective defeat.

The Courthouse Gang on its side was not a little alarmed at the tendency it observed among the citizens of Eastover County to take up the burden of citizenship, of which the machine had relieved them for so long. For this reason Jones had come to Henry and told him that it was time a representative man like him should run for some of the more important offices in the county. The machine had cunningly counted on Henry's indolent character, and it had not been disappointed. A little condescendingly Henry had accepted this suggestion, which, coming as it did on the heels of urging from a number of the best element in the county that he should run for county treasurer, not unnaturally convinced him that there was a public demand for him to sacrifice his private life of ease on his plantation for the general weal. Most men are pleased to be called on to sacrifice themselves for the general weal, and for some weeks Henry had even permitted a few indolent ambitions to spring up unchecked in his bosom, ordinarily so well weeded of ambition. But now that he found he had simply been used as a blind, under which the regular county machine was moving its own artillery into position, his self-complacency and almost his good temper had disappeared.

Insidiously the machine had been canvassing for Jones. He was characterized as "a poor man," which is even more of a virtue in Virginia than elsewhere in our democracy; and the primaries, where the members of the machine to a man would be heeled with slab-sided bottles of good liquor, were now considered little more than a formality. The election, of course, followed the Democratic nomination, as a cow's tail follows the cow.

The knowledge of all this—a knowledge that had come too late—accounted for the lugubrious air encompassing the four cavaliers who had met by chance under Bill Applegate's tree.

St. Claire looked up wistfully into the branches of the tree as the conversation languished.

"Thinking how well Jones would adorn this tree?" Hugh Carrington asked with a grin.

"The idea did just cross my mind," St. Claire admitted. "But by the Great Jehoshaphat if we can't find some way to beat the Courthouse Gang, we—we—deserve to be beaten."

"I'm afraid we do, Saint." Carrington shook his head sadly.

Suddenly St. Claire sat up straight in his saddle. An intent, alert look was on his face. He shook his clenched fist in the air—more than anger, triumph in the gesture.

"I've got it! By Jove! I've got it!" he cried.

"Again?" Carrington asked in accents of polite surprise. "The usual phrase is, 'I've got 'them,' not 'it.'"

"I've got the primaries broken up—stampeded—wiped out!"

"Dog fight, or nigger fight, or what?" Carrington asked.

"And we nominate Henry here by acclamation," St. Claire yelled.

"Easy, son, if you really have anything worth while. Needn't shout to the neighborhood," Major Hudson cautioned him.

A flattering general interest manifested itself in St. Claire's plan, but he became reticent, of a sudden, as he had previously become enthusiastic.

"I won't say a word," he announced. "Two whole days before the primaries is too long for four men to keep a secret. But I'll stop in at Major Hudson's to-morrow evening on my way down to Eastover—I'm going to spend the night there—and if you'll be there, with a half dozen good men you can absolutely count on, we'll beat Jones and the Courthouse Gang for certain sure."

"Spend the night with me, Saint," the major urged hospitably.

"Bliged to be in town overnight, thank you, major. And, by the way, be sure all of you to come to the primaries on horseback."

More enlightenment than this St. Claire would not vouchsafe the others, though his buoyant faith gradually infected the skepticism of the older men, and they gathered up their reins to ride their several ways with a glimmer of hope in their hearts.

"I say, Hugh, ride my way, will you?" St. Claire said to Carrington, and these two rode off together.

"There go the two cleverest cross-country riders in the county," Henry said, looking after them.

"And what devilment are they cooking up, I wonder?" Major Hudson responded.

II

ABOUT thirty-six hours later, very early on the morning that the primaries were to be held, St. Claire got up from the hotel at

Eastover Courthouse, where he had spent the night, and walked down to the livery stable. It was more than an hour before dawn, and not even a faint glimmer in the east presaged the coming day. Under his arm he carried a good-sized parcel. He met no one on the street, and, rousing the night watchman at the stable, ordered his horse saddled.

"Gracious! Mistuh Saint, you *is* a early bird," the negro said facetiously, as he crawled up from his pile of horse blankets in the corner. "I thought you mos' gen'rally didn't get up till 'bout nine o'clock, lessen you was goin' fox huntin'."

"I'm going fox hunting this morning after the biggest fox in the county," St. Claire answered impressively.

"You is? Well, I do declare!"

The negro busied himself giving a quick rub down to St. Claire's horse before he saddled him.

"Never mind slicking him up. I'm in a big hurry."

"All right, boss, just as you say. Have him ready d'reckly."

St. Claire mounted, the negro handed him up his bundle, and he trotted off, taking, in spite of his declared haste, a sober gait not likely to excite notice in the sleeping town. Out in the country he rode faster, letting himself through a gate into some pasture-land, and galloping on for about a mile, only slowing up to open the gates from one field to another. Then he stopped, and unwrapped the parcel, which he had tightly clutched all this time. Nothing more valuable appeared than a bundle of rags and some twenty feet of clothesline. From his pocket St. Claire now drew a pint bottle, and poured over the rags a greenish liquid having a strong, pungent smell. He tied one end of the rope securely around the bundle and the other about his wrist, and started to ride back the way he had come, dragging the rags behind him on the ground. He rode slower now. "Better lay it good and strong," he said to himself; "it's got to stay there some time."

He came to the quiet town and rode through it to the Square. He nearly circled this, passing by the very doors of the Courthouse, and out on the other side of the town. Here he took more pains than ever. He was not content merely to ride through the gates now. It was too dark to jump, but he rode up to the fences as if he were going to take them, then hauled in on the clothesline till the bundle of rags rested on the cantle of his

saddle, and making a detour through a gate returned to the fence at the exact spot where he had approached it on the other side. There he would drop his rag bundle to the ground again and proceed on his way. Just as dawn was breaking, St. Claire hid the rags and the rope in a blind ditch opening into a small creek, poking them as far up the drain as he could with the help of a rail from a near-by fence.

St. Claire felt relieved when he was again on his horse and back in the main road. Half an hour later he was at the livery stable giving his horse to the darky, who was just about to go off duty for the day.

The negro looked at the smooth, unsweated flanks of the horse critically. "Must 'a' been a mighty slow hunt you was on, Mistuh Saint," he commented, with the friendly familiarity that exists between the better class of negro and the Southerner.

"Jim, here's a quarter for you; and suppose you forget that you ever saddled my horse for me this night."

"Yaas'r! I done fo'git it already. I is a very heavy sleeper."

III

THE inhabitants of Eastover County gathered to the primaries from far and near, most of them coming on horseback, and, with Jeffersonian simplicity, hitching their horses to the fence. From the fence they drifted into groups, converging in a general way on the Colonial bar, where Bill Waywise, one of the most popular of men, genially dispensed the drinks. Sifting through the saloon with more or less difficulty the stream wended its way toward the court room, in leisurely meanderings, during which politics and crops and neighborhood gossip were thoroughly discussed. There was some heat displayed at times when politics was the subject of the talk, but less than one would have expected, considering that not a little hard feeling had been aroused between the two factions. The talk, however, was mostly one way, the adherents of Henry being either very tardy in appearing, or good-natured with a good nature that must have been due to genial Bill Waywise and his goods.

Major Hudson, who was to preside at the primaries, already sat in the raised judge's seat, his watch lying on the desk in front of him. From time to time he glanced at it,

as if he were waiting for some particular time to call the meeting to order, although of course any time between now and sundown would do.

Audrey came up. "When are you going to open the ball, major?" he asked.

"Oh, pretty soon," the major answered nervously. "I don't reckon they're all here yet."

Jones overheard the words and noticed Major Hudson's agitation, and smiled to himself. He thought the major's nervousness was due to the absence of St. Claire, Carrington, and some other of the most prominent of Henry's supporters, but he did not care how long they waited for them. He knew his nomination was as good as made, and was willing to let his adversaries wait as long for reinforcements as they wished. There would be less hard feeling afterwards, and the machine liked to run the county with as little friction as possible.

A few minutes later Major Hudson snapped down the cover of his watch and put it into his pocket. He looked over the crowded, gossiping court room, and raised his gavel. It fell with a bang, the conversation ceased gradually, and the meeting came to order. There was a little routine business, and then Jim Carrington, Hugh's cousin, nominated Mr. Henry in a rambling speech, full of such old-fashioned oratorical effects as his somewhat unpracticed tongue could give utterance to. He referred to the South's grand past, to her brave struggle in the Civil War, to the beauty of her maidens and the salubriousness of her climate, all of which culminated apparently in the distinguished gentleman whose name he was presenting to the meeting for the office of county treasurer.

All the politicians present knew that Henry had not the ghost of a show, and therefore they were particularly liberal with their applause. Thus encouraged, Jim really surprised himself, and began to glow with true oratorical fervor, where at first he had proceeded only haltingly. In the middle of a magnificent sentence, Major Hudson, who had again placed his watch open in front of him, raised his hand to his face, and coughed twice.

Jim Carrington, much to everybody's surprise, stammered, stopped his speech in the middle of his sentence, bowed to his audience, and sat down. It was done so suddenly that it took some little time for the applause, which true oratory always elicits in Virginia, to burst forth.

Then the sheriff rose to nominate the man who had been chosen by the machine, commonly known as the Courthouse Gang. He was prefacing his nomination by another enthusiastic appreciation of Henry and was just coming to the point of placing the name of Jones before the assemblage when there was the faint sound of a horn in the distance.

The sheriff stopped as suddenly as Jim Carrington had done, and there was a general turning of heads.

"Gentlemen, as I was saying, there is no nobler name in the annals of Virginia than Henry, but——"

Again came the faint sound of a horn, but clearer than before. There was fidgeting in some of the seats, a shuffling of feet that disconcerted the sheriff, and he stopped for words. Outside one or two of the horses began to paw the ground.

"But these are modern times," began the sheriff again. "The needs of the hour, the questions of the moment——"

For the third time a full-throated blast on the horn sounded through the court room now still with breathless attention, which merged into a subdued murmur as one man got up and in a stage whisper announced:

"I reckon I'd better be getting out, gentlemen. I'm ridin' a colt who stands mighty badly, and I'm afraid he might break loose if those fox hunters get any nearer."

Another blast of the horn, much louder and nearer than the others, reinforced by falsetto yells, of encouragement to the hounds, ended all need of excuse, and in two seconds the court room was debouching its contents into the Square.

"Old Chunky won't hardly break loose," the sheriff said jovially, "but I've got to see what all this horn blowin' means."

Major Hudson rapped hard with his gavel, and called loudly, "Gentlemen, the meeting is not adjourned," but no one paid any attention to him.

"There ain't no hurry, major," Audrey said as he passed. "If they're running a fox, I reckon politics can wait mighty well till we've caught him."

The horns and the falsetto yells, exciting horses no less than men, were coming nearer and nearer, and now the more eager of those recently engaged in politics were already untying their horses and climbing into their saddles. Not a man there but was a fox hunter; and every horse was, too, when not engaged in some other occupation. Already

one of the horses had broken loose, while others were plunging wildly at the end of their bridle reins.

The hounds, some twenty in number, streamed into Courthouse Square, their heads down and their tails high and waving like cat o' nine tails in the wind, giving tongue in the heart-inspiring language of the chase. The formation of the pack might not have suited the English fancy. No blanket could have covered the pack, but they ran lean and swift as wolves, carrying the riders behind them along at race-horse speed.

Round the Square the hounds ran, and then out the other side where St. Claire had ridden in the night.

"Mind the hounds!" the sheriff yelled. "Don't anybody ride over them—give 'em a chance!"

By this time all the men were in the saddle, or wildly dancing about on one foot, trying to insert the other into the stirrup, except one old man of ninety, and some few who were bitterly cursing their fate because they had come to town in buggies—and half of these were preparing to follow as far as they could on wheels.

A hundred yards behind the first hounds came St. Claire, yelling, "Whish to him! Ki! Yi!" and other encouraging and ear-splitting phrases. This time his horse's sides were well wet with sweat. He was usually a rather silent rider, though ever among the first; but to-day he seemed possessed, and imparted his spirit to the others, all of whom were yelling like him. About a dozen of them there were, and all adherents of Henry's, if one had had time to notice it.

Like Lützoff's *Wilde Jagd* the hunt swept through the Square, gathering up men and horses as a tornado gathers up a Kansas town, and disappeared. Straight through the graveyard, where the cavalcade trampled the bones of their ancestors as if they had been somebody else's, they went, and into a big orchard of Jones's. Here more than one rider, disagreeing with his half-trained colt as to the course to be followed, dropped like a rotten apple to the ground.

The graveyard and the orchard enabled the hounds to gain somewhat on the riders, but in the big stretch of pasture land beyond the pace improved, each man striving to reach the next fence first, except such as felt very doubtful of their horses' abilities.

"Yonder he goes!" shrieked Carter. "He's just gone through the next fence."

A dozen men swore afterwards that they saw the fox, too, and the pace became madder.

Perhaps it was the fresh horses of those who had only come into the fox hunt at the Courthouse, perhaps it was something else; but at any rate these latter gradually worked their way to the front, to their ecstatic satisfaction, as they drew up alongside, and then gradually passed Carrington and St. Claire, who till then had led.

This was near the big fence at the other end of the field, where St. Claire was perceptibly pulling up his horse.

"Losing your nerve, are you Saint?" Audrey yelled derisively, as he cracked his heels into his own horse and forged ahead.

"He's getting too old to stay with the first flight," the gray-whiskered sheriff called back, as he too, on his valiant old Chunky, went plunging ahead.

St. Claire and Carrington alone of the original crowd of fox hunters remained near the front, and both of them rode in a peculiar manner. Their horses could not make out what had come into their riders: first they were pulled this way and then that, with wavering, uncertain hands that ought to have belonged to novices, and both the horses revenged themselves by losing their own nerve as they came to the fence, and at the last moment swerving to one side.

Four or five of the others were already over, in their flight taking off several of the top panels, and over this gap the rest of the hunt poured, a cataract of horses' legs. Around a clump of trees the course went, and then out of sight.

"Now's our time," Carrington said, when only the tail enders were still in sight; and he and St. Claire turned and galloped swiftly back into town, picking up such of the stragglers as had not already reached the Square.

Quickly they tied their horses, and went into the Courthouse, where Major Hudson was still sitting in his seat, the gavel of authority in his hand.

"We have the nomination of Mr. Henry, of Chinquapin Plantation, for county treasurer," the major said, as if nothing unusual were taking place. "Are there any more nominations?"

He waited calmly, and the few Jones men present stared in amazement, and then in some amusement. But they were comparatively unimportant members of the community and

did not venture to speak up with their leaders away.

"Mr. Chairman, I move that we make the nomination unanimous," Hugh Carrington said.

In due form the choice of Mr. Henry was made unanimous, and after the other work of the primaries was completed, the meeting was adjourned, and went out on the Courthouse steps to await the return of the fox hunters.

IV

IN spite of the several men who had seen the fox at various points in the chase, when they ran the trail to earth, and enthusiastically set to work to dig the fox out of the blind drain, they came upon nothing except a bundle of rags. Beyond these the drain extended interminably, and they decided that the fox would live to run another day.

Audrey called Jones aside. "Where are Carrington and St. Claire and all the rest of Henry's friends who started out with us?"

"Couldn't take the high fence out of that pasture, I reckon," Jones answered, grinning.

Audrey lifted the bundle of rags and offered it to Jones's nose. "Smell that!" he said.

Jones smelled it—and smelled a rat. He climbed on his horse and headed the ride back to town. In groups of three and four, all followed, laughing and talking about the run.

At the edge of the town they were met by a man in a buggy, who excitedly told of the

happenings during their absence. Everybody came crowding around to hear, and when they had heard there were some angry men among them.

"It's illegal!" yelled Jones. "We'll make them sweat for that. We'll go right now and hold the primaries all over again."

Other threats came from the members of the Courthouse Gang, but one farmer on the edge of the group, who had got more fun out of the run after St. Claire's bundle of rags than he ever would out of politics, began to snicker, and the snicker spread like flames in a dry broom-sedge field till the whole mass of men were in a roar, all of them perceiving at once the way St. Claire had tricked them. At last even Jones, out of a job, joined in the laugh; and by the time they had all galloped to the Courthouse, Henry would have received the nomination even if the primaries had been held all over again.

Bill Waywise did not suffer by the incident; for the humor of the situation seemed especially to need nurturing at his nursery of spirits, and St. Claire received more invitations to drink than he could have accepted in a month.

"Saint, you are a great politician!" the sheriff yelled, coming up and slapping him on the back. "I might have known there was something up when you let me lead over that fence of Willie Warner's. We ought to nominate you for the legislature."

St. Claire grinned. "I'm afraid I couldn't run a drag hunt through Richmond," he answered.

MY FRIEND, THE ENEMY

By ARTHUR STRINGER

SINCE your fierce hate has so befriended me,
 Who shall oppose you, watchful to the end—
 Since 'twas your covert blade, sloth might not see,
 Made vigilant this breast I must defend—
 Keep, still, my sword from rust and slumber free,
 And since on blow and parry souls depend,
 Call no soft truce to break my strength, but be,
 In endless opposition, still my friend!

ONE HUNDRED TIMES A BILLIONAIRE

BY HAROLD BOLCE



WE take our American prosperity as a matter of course, like the sunrise and the seasons. We are accused of being a boastful nation, yet it is only the isolated fact, unique, but frequently trivial, over which we exult. A small meteor, shooting out of its orbit, excites more comment than the whole fixed firmament. Similarly, our insignificant external commerce arrests more attention than our colossal continental achievements. Dickens called attention to the curious microscopic character of the eye, which can pick out at a glance a city or a State, but which fails to notice the letters spelling Europe or America writ large across the whole map. I know a man who gets \$10,000 a year. He never boasts of it. He owns a suburban home, where he grows a few peach trees. Last year canners came along and gave him \$60 for his little peach crop, and he has been bragging about this ever since. It is his pride over "foreign trade."

The latest report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that the bank clearance for 1905 amounted to over \$140,000,000,000, which raises the record for the past eight years to more than \$800,000,000,000. I wish to dwell for a moment upon this stupendous total. These figures are staggering, but no one boasts about them. They form a record of ordinary transactions in America. Taken out of their formal columns, and compared with figures of our over-sea trade, they make pathetic the achievements of America in either Europe or Asia. We have, for example, had much to say about our commercial subjugation of Europe with our factory goods. Yet, at our present rate of exports of these wares to the Old World, it would take more than 6,000 years to equal the sum of our clearing-house transactions in the past

eight years. If we add to the factory goods all the copper and kerosene sold in Europe, it would still require between three and four thousand years to yield returns in billions equal to the value of our exchanges since 1898. Manifestly, our exultation over foreign trade is like the \$10,000 man's glory in his \$60 peach crop.

Even the old flamboyance of Fourth of July declamation does not exaggerate latter-day triumphs. Spread-eagleism cannot soar high enough to get an adequate bird's-eye view of American prosperity! It is impossible to grasp the significance of our multiplying billions. Not long ago I heard Felix Adler deliver a notable address in which he referred to America's bountiful harvest, worth "\$1,000,000,000." That mighty figure impressed the audience, yet the professor was \$5,000,000,000 short in his accounts! Our farm crops are worth annually over \$6,000,000,000. England to-day has a foreign commerce annually of \$4,000,000,000. It is the greatest volume of international trade ever built up by any country. Yet at that rate it will take the United Kingdom two centuries to equal in its exports and imports the value of our eight-year record in clearing-house exchanges. The \$140,000,000,000 that passed through our 103 clearing houses last year would, if distributed, give more than \$1,200 to every man, woman, and child among the 83,000,000 people of America, and leave a balance huge enough to pay off the national debts of all the countries on earth.

The number of people who at the beginning of the nineteenth century had crossed the Alleghany Mountains was actually less than is now employed underground in the coal mines of this country. Every working day in the year they send to the surface more than a million tons of coal; practically all of it is used in keeping at white heat the furnaces of industrial America. The com-

bined factories of the United States average an output of \$5,000,000 worth of products an hour. Annually our factories turn out 300 per cent more goods than the volume entering into the entire world's export trade in finished articles. In 1850 America manufactured less in one year than it now turns out in a month!

There is, of course, at all times a fantastic appraisal of America's status. The unconquerable Yankee, as Kipling complains, "greets the embarrassed gods!" Yet, as I have indicated in my citation of only a few figures regarding our prosperity, we should find substantial things to boast about if we abandoned hyperbole and foreign-trade returns, and consulted our undisputed statistical record of domestic success.

This selection of the wrong thing upon which to base American pride is not confined to our humorists. Not long ago the United States Government published a jubilant monograph setting forth that we chew more tobacco per capita than any other people on God's footstool. That is a less questionable form of boasting than other statistical reviews. Some time ago occasion required a comparison of the yield of petroleum in America and Russia, which is our chief and only great competitor in that product. Russia weighed her oil. We measured ours in barrels. When reduced to a common unit of measurement, the discovery was made that Russia's volume of oil in that year exceeded ours. But with characteristic patriotism we proceeded so to juggle the figures that the American record would be greater than our rival's. Russian barrels are larger than ours, and when the oil of that country was put into them, the number was less than ours, although the actual quantity of oil was greater. Without a qualifying footnote, the statement was given out that Russia that year had produced so many millions of barrels of petroleum, and America had yielded so many millions more. This is, of course, statistical fiction.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE WHOLE WORLD

The citation of American statistics, to the exclusion of those of other nations, has led to the provincial fallacy that our development is unrelated to the rest of the world. The foreign commerce of the combined nations now amounts to \$2,000,000,000 a month. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the annual trade of the whole world amounted

to less than that. By 1850 the foreign commerce of the world had grown to only \$4,000,000,000. Thus to-day the trade of the United Kingdom alone is greater than that of all nations combined, in the middle of the nineteenth century. Argentina to-day has a foreign commerce of \$445,000,000, which is \$150,000,000 more than the total exports and imports of the United States in 1850. Italy's foreign trade to-day is about equal to America's at the beginning of the Civil War.

There is much boasting about the growth of our commerce since the beginning of the Dingley period, but not even the staunchest stand-patter will contend that our tariff is responsible for the remarkable expansion in the foreign trade of Belgium, Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, the United Kingdom, and other countries, from 1897 to the present. From 1896 to the beginning of the calendar year 1905 the foreign commerce of these countries made the following advance:

COUNTRIES.	1896. Millions.	1904. Millions.
Belgium.....	600.7	839.
France.....	1,419.5	1,727.9
Germany.....	1,864.	2,757.5
Italy.....	430.1	677.5
Switzerland.....	324.6	411.3
China.....	275.	407.
United States.....	1,642.0	2,609.2
England.....	3,045.	4,145.

Even China, the last country to profit by any benignity in our political legislation, shows as great a percentage of progress in its foreign trade as America.

Great errors of computation, in comparing our record with that of other nations, are made by our eager tendency to take our current fiscal year statistics and compare them with the latest available figures of other countries. The records abroad always deal with the preceding calendar year. Our statistical resources are always equal to immediate demand for up-to-date jubilation, while alien figures for the same period do not reach Washington until a year later. Much of our pride, for example, in 1904, is found to have no basis except the broad one of international triumphs. But by the time that these foreign records reach us, we are ready with new columns of statistics touching our current traffic, and these are paraded as

phenomenal, whereas we discover later that they simply record our share of the wide world's progress.

We forget that we are linked by the cable of commercial ties to all lands. As Robert Armstrong, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has epigrammatically stated it, the world has been crowded to the dimensions of a single street. Prosperity or panic at one end affects business throughout the whole thoroughfare. The interdependence, like the steamship commerce of nations, has been developed within the last fifty years. To-day, if the bubonic plague breaks out in Bombay, the news is instantly cabled to the Treasury Department in Washington, and our Federal quarantine is invoked to protect harbors from infection through incoming ships. It not infrequently happens that the wires under the English Channel are so busy with business that orders from London to Paris are cabled under the Atlantic to New York, and thence again under that sea to the French capital. Before the advent of railways and the telegraph, many communities in Europe and elsewhere, even with money to buy goods, were frequently in distress, either because they could not make their wants known soon enough, or because of belated methods of transportation. One nation could go bankrupt without affecting the welfare of another. It is not so to-day. The \$2,000,000,000 shot away by Russia and Japan have already affected Germany and France, and the loss will ultimately be felt by all the trading nations.

When we boast of our export commerce, we forget that those cargoes have been purchased by other nations, and that this traffic is contributing to the wealth and advancement of the world. Financial disaster or wasteful wars abroad diminished the purchasing power of some nation or nations. America, the strongest and most independent of all nations, is strangely sensitive to financial and industrial movements abroad. In the present year, for example, we have achieved a prosperity so vast that we could, at the present appraisal of the value of European nations, buy them all, if they were for sale. There is no famine in America, except a car famine. There are about two million freight cars in the United States, but they are wholly inadequate to move the crops and the manufactured goods. In the autumn months of 1905 an empty freight car in America was a curiosity. The "hobo" element had to walk, and the only tramps on the Amer-

ican continent were those walking away from work!

The planters of the South, assembled at Chattanooga, passed resolutions favoring immigration into the cotton and tobacco States. It is a penitentiary offense in that region to lure colored laborers from any commonwealth. In Kansas and Nebraska many crops could not be gathered because of the scarcity of harvest hands. Factories in the Middle West were compelled to suspend for a season, because they could not get cars to carry off their products. Even those in favored centers, where transportation was sufficient, would not guarantee to deliver orders within a year, in many lines of goods, because of piled-up, prior orders. Yet in the midst of all this plenty in America there has stalked the phantom of panic.

The Department of Agriculture calculates that at every sunset in the past five years nearly \$3,500,000 has been added to the farm values in America. The bank clearances south of the Mason and Dixon line in 1905 were greater than the foreign commerce of the world fifty years ago. The percentage of increase in the deposits in Southern banks from 1896 to 1905 is 246.1. In the West the percentage of increase was 234.6. Farmers who formerly toiled in narrow furrows, now ride in automobiles or sit as directors in profitable banks.

It is obvious that if we could live within our tariff walls, Europe might slip into the sea without disturbing our prosperity. But something in addition to bountiful crops and effective commercial barricades is necessary to maintain the solvency of America in this age. The wealth of this country is now estimated at \$100,000,000,000, yet the stock of money in the United States, including coin and bullion and national bank notes, is only \$2,000,000,000. Compare that two-billion figure with our \$6,000,000,000 harvest, our \$15,000,000,000 factory output, and our \$140,000,000,000 record in the clearing houses, and the vast gulf between the small money basis and the colossal commercial activity of America becomes apparent. Similarly, the traffic of the world far exceeds the world's ability to pay in gold or silver. Even the national debts of the world exceed \$34,000,000,000, while the total gold in all nations combined is less than \$6,000,000,000. If every country's debt came due to-day, and payment was demanded, the entire world would become bankrupt. It is clear that the

orderly progress of the world in general, and of America as well, depends infinitely more upon credit than it does upon gold. Credit is faith—the faith of one business man in another or of one nation in another. War and the rumors of war, graft and recklessness in speculation, all combine to curtail this faith, or credit, and bring the shadow of panic between us and prosperity.

THE SECRET OF PERMANENT PROSPERITY

Whether we need foreign trade or not, it is indispensable to our lasting prosperity to work in coöperation commercially with other nations. The new streams of gold flowing out of the Western States and Alaska would not safeguard us against the possibility of panic, even though these should equal the present volume of our business, for our activities by that time would reach a still more stupendous total. There must always remain the gulf bridged by credit; and under our modern system of international commerce the piers that support that bridge have their foundations in all lands.

We can conduct a trade war with Germany or Argentina, or we can smile at the anti-Americanism of the Mongolian Orient, but all these things, sooner or later, affect our operations at home. We are sensitive to changes throughout the world. Superintendent Roberts, of the United States Mint, has written a thoughtful article for the *Des Moines Times*, in which he points out that nothing in the industrial and commercial affairs of man to-day remains stationary over night. And as that is true of conditions in all parts of the world, America must keep abreast of the tariff changes and the general progress of mankind if it hopes to hold its place as a leader among nations. Not only that, but we cannot preserve our own prosperity if we set ourselves against the movements designed to federate the commercial nations.

A great reform in this direction has been inaugurated by David Lubin, of California. Under his inspiration an International Agricultural Congress has been held in Italy. It has not only the sanction of presidents and kings, but likewise the indorsement and co-operation of commercial leaders and agricultural experts in many lands. The plan is to exchange the knowledge of achievements in horticultural science, and to keep all nations advised as to the progress of crops throughout

the world. It will develop the propagation of new plants and intelligently promote the distribution of products.

In many other lines we are beginning to realize a community of interests among countries. It is not to the advantage of one country to impoverish another. The one question asked by the conquistadores of Spain was whether there was gold in the land to be invaded. They looted the world and carried gold in their galleons to Spain; but gold failed to preserve the greatness of that kingdom. What Spain needed and failed to establish was "credit."

In many things we are failing to keep up with the progress of the world, and this self-sufficiency, in an age when no nation can prosper in isolation, is a policy that must be abandoned sooner or later. The *New York Herald* has been ably championing the metric system. For nearly a century this project has been before Congress. One of the most illuminating public documents ever prepared in Washington was a report by John Quincy Adams advocating a reform in weights and measures. We have seen all the continental nations of the world, except Russia, and all the republics of the Western hemisphere except our own, adopt the metric system to the advantage of their commerce and to the disadvantage of ours. We remain unadjusted to the rest of the world's commercial system of measurements. One of two things America should do: it should either convert mankind to its methods of measurement, or it should adopt the system which modern science has established. In my last article I called attention to the conservatism of America. The refusal of our statesmen to consider the achievements of other nations is inconsistent with the very spirit that provides for the convening of Congress. If this country were to remain stationary, the legislation of that body would be superfluous. Yet on the first day of the present session 4,000 bills were introduced in Congress. Many of these refer to subjects that affect America internationally. They will doubtless find silent burial in committee archives. If a schedule is not in keeping with the Dingley tariff, we want nothing to do with it. We have become "hide"-bound on these issues, as Governor Douglas and his delegation discovered.

If our prosperity were independent of our relations with foreign powers, we could ignore the tariff treaties now being concluded among all trading nations except our own. But, as

I have indicated, not only our foreign trade but also our domestic commerce is interwoven with the industrial welfare of the rest of the world. There is a psychological element in the sweep of panics that partisans on both sides in American public life should ponder. A world fear, growing out of a crash in Rio de Janeiro or St. Petersburg, can topple prosperity in America even in the midst of harvests more prodigal than husbandry has ever known before.

America is a land of magnificent distances; but no spot on this continent is so remote as to be unaffected by what is taking place in the rest of the world. The burning of the Baku oil fields in Russia raised the price of kerosene throughout America. Along barbed-wire fences as conducting mediums, quotations of market prices fixed by London are to-day telephoned to frontier farmers in the far Northwest. Our stored-up cereals will not save us if we ignore our international opportunities and dangers. A hay crop is a poor asset in a prairie fire. Similarly, the bigger the volume of our credit transactions, based upon the faith created by great harvests, the greater our possibility of collapse. Financial crises abroad are as important to us as to the nations that struggle directly with them.

What we need no less than recurring harvests is a constant crop of catholic statesmen who will not plunge America into tariff wars in Europe or race wars in the far East. Not only England but America may well study the system which has made Japan, and which is now inspiring China—the sending into all nations to study progress. It is not original with Japan. Solomon, before laying the foundations of his great temple, sent to the King of Tyre for expert workmen.

The fact that America has suffered periodically from panics, and in years when the land has been blessed with plentiful harvests, shows that something is wrong with our economic system. Some day American leaders will awaken to the great opportunity afforded this prosperous nation of introducing a steadying element into international finance. Uncle Sam could, if he tried, preserve the whole world's equilibrium. With our continental foundations we can do what Archimedes dreamed.

Providentially America's destiny is not to be circumscribed by the ultra-conservatism of those who oppose reciprocal arrangements with nations. Tariff conflicts bring about

adjustments in spite of the exclusive policy of nations. When Russia declared commercial war against our cargoes, American manufacturers built branch establishments in Canada, and from that state, friendly to Russia, sent welcome merchandise to the Slav. In Europe one nation followed another in granting subsidies to stimulate exports of sugar. The result was that sugar was sold in alien markets cheaper than at home, and the consumer in the producing country not only paid a higher price than his foreign neighbor for sugar, but was taxed for the bounty that made it possible to sell the commodity cheaper abroad. This became a bitter pill for sugar nations to swallow, and therefore they all sent envoys to Brussels to agree upon a remedy. Now any nation giving this artificial stimulus to sugar finds instantly raised against its product a countervailing sugar tariff in all the leading countries of the world.

Every new issue in commerce makes clearer the truth that modern trade has merged the interests of all lands. Many of America's leaders have been glorying in the seeming favorable balance of trade this country enjoys in its traffic with foreign nations. The theory is that we have somehow got the best of the bargain with our neighbors. Let anyone who subscribes to this fallacy consult the table showing the foreign trade of our Atlantic ports. He will find that together they import more than they export! It is the South, just *beginning* its great commercial career, that imports little and exports much. The American "favorable balance of trade" is created by the Gulf ports. It is raw material going abroad to enrich other industrial nations.

The lesson in such revelation is that we do not live apart, and that we are not outwitting the world by selling it raw cotton or any other merchandise. The combined nations are advancing together. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not in Europe or America a city of a million inhabitants. As New York and Philadelphia and Chicago have grown, so have London and Paris, and so has Buenos Ayres. In fact, the Argentine capital is growing faster than any other city on the Western hemisphere, except Chicago; and our Windy City, according to a New York cynicism, in order to keep up its expansion, has extended suburban streets through some of the finest farming land of northern Illinois.

THE REPERTORY THEATER AND HERR CONRIED

BY JOHN CORBIN



O acclaim the so-called national theater,¹ which is to be established in New York, as the cure of all our dramatic ills, would perhaps be oversanguine. But this much is certain, that if it prove in any way worthy of its aims, it will be the first step, and a long stride, in the right direction. The world-old cry that the drama is going to the dogs has been loudly raised in all ages; but it may be doubted whether the edge of hostile criticism has ever been as perversely used as in the past decades. We have reprobated the managers, and baited their race, because they have organized the theater on a commercial basis—demanding, it would seem, that merchants of the drama should rise so far above merchants in art and literature as to lead the strenuous life for the simple love of beauty. We have denounced our leading actors for their subservience to the commercial stage, calmly ignoring that there was no other, and that such is the fate of those who live to please. We have neglected, and even abused, our leading playwrights because they have adapted themselves to the actual conditions under which they labored—as any artist must—instead of rising to some vague and wholly arbitrary standard of excellence. And all the time the fault has been not with manager, actor, or author, but with our chaste and futile selves—the assumedly intelligent public that knows, perhaps, what it wants, but is too inert, too lacking in imagination and enterprise, to establish it. Our system of schools

and universities is the most liberal in the world; our libraries are the most numerous; our art museums are munificently endowed, and are slowly absorbing the masterpieces of European art. But, until the present year of grace, we have excluded the drama, which is the chief artistic glory of our race, and almost its only one, from intelligent consideration and support; we have made it the Cinderella of the arts, dependent for warmth and shelter upon the crude hospitality of the many.

The explanation of all this lies very deep in our history and instincts. On the continent of Europe the drama was a comparatively tardy growth; but when it came it received the patronage and the material support of royal, which was in effect national, favor. It has had a continuous life, and its traditions have been permanent. There has never been a decade in which the masterpieces of Molière, Corneille, and Racine were not frequently represented in Paris, and with the full benefit of traditions handed down, generation by generation, from their illustrious authors. In Germany, Goethe and Schiller staged their own plays, establishing traditions which have been followed piously and without break. England, on the other hand, though it was the pioneer of the drama in modern times, and brought it to the highest development it has known in any age, fell immediately under the sway of Puritanism, which abominated royalty and abhorred the theater as the devil. The generation that saw the death of Shakespeare saw also the closing of the theaters. The spirit of the Puritan Revolution, it is true, failed to stamp out either royalty or the theater; but it stamped out the old traditions of both, and for three centuries it has been so powerful a factor in our character as a race, that it is not yet possible to establish the theater as a genuinely national institution, sup-

¹ Is not this title at once grandiloquent and vague? It is applied with equal justice to the New York Hippodrome, which has in fact long claimed it. We have no really national drama. Its primary aim of the new theater is to keep alive in its repertory the best products of the drama, old and new, and its name should indicate this.

ported from national funds. Judging the playhouse to be the haunt of the devil, we have, as a people, resolutely set our faces against all endeavor to make it anything else.

Two evils have resulted to the drama, one literary, the other theatric, and either of them sufficient to sap its vitality. To say that English dramatic art has always lacked established traditions may seem an academic objection; but the result has been intensely practical. It was during less than two decades that the Puritans kept the playhouses closed, but the change that took place in that time was greater than is usually wrought by the lapse of a century. The free, spontaneous, and intrinsically native spirit of Elizabethan England passed away: in place of it the Restoration established the spirit of Continental "good taste." The plays of Shakespeare were revived, but they owed their popularity to their superficial theatric appeal, and not to the qualities that make them dramatic masterpieces. To the dominant world of fashion they were what Voltaire so frankly proclaimed them, essentially crude and barbarous. Lansdowne's pitiful travesty of "The Merchant of Venice" and Tate's silly perversion of "King Lear" are only the first and most flagrant evidences of the opinion in which the great dramatist was held for ages. Not only actor managers like to good Cibber and the great Garrick, but even the majestic Dryden himself, tasted the exhilarating joy of improving, which is to say mangling, Shakespeare. It was not until the present generation that men of the theater condescended to present Shakespeare's text with even the show of reverence, and for the most part they have contented themselves with the show. The main appeal of our theater, as it happens, has been to two classes about equally lacking in genuine intelligence—the fashionable few and the uneducated many; for the public with deep and serious views of life—the upper middle class—has persisted in the puritanical attitude toward the stage; and, though its primal bigotry is waning, there is little or nothing in the actual condition of theatric art to induce it to form the habit of playgoing. The scholarly lover of the drama has had as strong a reason as the Puritan to regard the theater as the abode of the devil, and has as resolutely set his face against it. It has been the custom of three centuries to regard Shakespeare as the author of works, not of plays, as a poet, not as a dramatist.

Hand in hand with the disregard of Shake-

speare's text in the theater, has gone a contempt for his stage and stage craft. In its origin this also was due to the foreign, and comparatively false, taste of the Restoration. In its first delight over scenery painted in illusive perspective—imported from France—it is not strange that the public looked back on the unpictorial Elizabethan stage as barbarous. But the perpetuation of the idea has been the work of the learned world. For a hundred years, now, records have been extant, and have been reprinted by Shakespearean after Shakespearean, which show beyond a shadow of doubt that the Elizabethan theater was large, holding between two and three thousand—more, that is, than any but the largest modern theaters; that it was beautifully appointed and had a liberal supply of all the scenic effects that were adapted to it. But the voluminous historians of the stage still estimate its capacity at from three to six hundred, and reiterate the statement that its stage was bare and its stage craft crude. As yet, only a few scholars in Germany and America have taken note of the actual facts; but it is already evident that the Elizabethan stage, with its absence of realistic, pictorial setting, and its consequent freedom to change the scene quickly and often, was identical in principle not only with the stage of seventeenth-century Spain, but with that of the classic Greek theater itself, in all but its latest developments; and that where it differed from these it differed for the better, being, in fact, the most perfect instrument of the poetic drama the world has ever known.¹ Even more than our neglect of Shakespeare's text, the prevailing contempt for his stage craft has worked havoc to our classical drama. Composed for the plastic medium of the old poetic stage, they have been cut, transposed, and even rewritten, to suit the rigid and realistic pictorial stage of modern times. The result of the lack of true theatric traditions has been virtually to banish our great poetic masterpieces from the boards, and when they appear there, what we see is not so much Shakespearean as the work of some nameless adaptor?

The task of restoring the traditions of the poetic drama and the poetic stage is not an easy one. The details, as well as the salient principles of Elizabethan stage craft, are still, in spite of three centuries of neglect and con-

¹ The data upon which these statements rest I have collected in an article lately written for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

tempt, deducible from extant texts and records; but the twentieth century is not the sixteenth, and the practical problem of giving us a maximum of the best qualities of the old drama is beset with pitfalls. Shall we try to revive the old plastic stage, or shall we make a sparing and artistic use of painted scenery? Only long and able experiment can show which course produces the stronger legitimate effect. It is pretty certain that the public, even the intelligent public, will not lightly forego its customary delight in the easy and obvious beauty of scenic realism. Yet, in a large measure, it must be made to do this if Shakespeare's text is to be given in the manner he intended, and in anything like its entirety. Already something has been done. The success of Mr. Ben Greet's so-called Elizabethan productions, half informed though they have been, and without any conspicuous merit in acting and stage management, has nevertheless given an impetus in the right direction. In all the great Continental capitals—Munich, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg—highly intelligent efforts have been made to reconcile the picture stage with Shakespeare's dramaturgy, and have met with striking success, both artistic and popular. If the new theater is to be in any way worthy of its pretensions, it must carry on intelligently and persistently this work of restoring the true Elizabethan tradition.

II

COUPLED with this duty to the past is a no less important duty to the present and the future. Even more than the great Shakespearean masterpieces, the post-Elizabethan drama has suffered from the lack of just traditions. The crude impulse toward theatric expression has never been lacking. Wordsworth, about the only great English poet who has not attempted the stage, protested that he could have written plays as good as Shakespeare's if he had had the mind; and, in spite of Lamb's malicious rejoinder ("It is only the mind that is lacking"), it is far from certain that, if he had labored sincerely under favorable conditions, he would quite have failed. Shelley, Keats, Byron, Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne, all had the mind to write plays, and evinced vigorous dramatic power. But they were predestined to failure, not only by a lack of intelligence in the play-going public, but by their own lack of prac-

tical stage craft. Or, perhaps, it is more accurate to say that what balked them was the warring of opposed and mutually destructive traditions. Their inspiration they gathered from the pages of the Elizabethans, the Spaniards, and the Greeks; but the stage for which they wrote was incapable of the effects at which these great masters aimed. The more faithfully they followed the literary impulse, the more hopelessly they were led astray as practical dramatists. Tennyson wrote highly poetic plays quite like the historical plays of Shakespeare, and Swinburne is at his best as a poet in a play cast in the form of Sophocles. But the dramaturgy of both is antagonistic to the modern stage and to the traditions of the modern public. Never for a moment was it possible for them to become, like Shakespeare, Calderon, and Sophocles, practical men of the theater, in vogue with their public. The influences that impaired the vitality of our classic drama killed them outright. In the future, if the new theater fulfills its purpose, no such miscarriage will be possible. It will rest with the dramatist to decide whether he shall write in the old tradition or the new; but it will no longer be possible to labor in ignorance of the practical problems of dramaturgy.

The spirit of modern life has thus far been chiefly manifested in the prose drama, and it is here that the new theater should exert its strongest influence. The basis of the purely commercial system is the long run. The first question with regard to a new piece is whether it will appeal to the many, not only in New York, but in all the large cities of the country. Under such conditions it is virtually impossible for a young playwright to gain a hearing without making many sacrifices to the public taste, and, what is sometimes more fatal to originality, to the tastes of the commercial manager. Even if he finds himself at home in the prevailing vogue, he has to enter into commercial competition with the plays of the experienced English dramatists, Pinero and Jones, Shaw and Barrie, and, furthermore, with occasional pieces by the Continental dramatists, from Sardou to Sudermann. It is not strange that he finds the standard uncomfortably high.

After he has won his spurs, moreover, it is difficult to develop new fields. The inexorable question is whether his piece will appeal to the *matinée* girl and the matron, the commercial drummer and the stockbroker. On the Continent it has never been so. The *Théâtre Français*, with its unbroken history from the days of Molière, the Royal Schau-



LE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, PARIS

spielhaus of Berlin, which dates from 1811, the Viennese Hof-burgtheater, and countless other royal houses of dramatic art in lesser capitals, together with many municipal theaters, and private ventures, like the Deutsches Theater in Berlin and the Antoine in Paris, have all, in their several ways, labored to prosper the young dramatist in extending the bounds of dramatic art. And so it should be here. When a play shows ability, even the promise of ability, it should have the criticism of a manager who is untrammelled by the necessity of making credit always overtop debit, and who is willing and able to divine the element of value in a new piece, develop it as far as possible, and then give it its chance with able actors and an intelligent public. What this exacting art of the drama most needs, in short, is the relation of editor to author. In the past, those who have looked down upon our popular playwrights, Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas, for example, because of their sacrifices to purely popular taste, have been not a little unreasonable. In the future, if our dramatists fail to achieve real literary distinction, it should be their own fault.

III

BEFORE the ideal of such a theater can be realized, there are, of course, many practical difficulties to overcome; but the least momentous, I am inclined to think, are those that have been urged most seriously. The commercial managers constantly repeat that peo-

ple do not go to the theater to be instructed, but to be amused. Never has amusement seemed so dreary as when judged according to the standard by which they are guided. Amusement is to them, primarily, musical comedy. That gorgeous scenery and costume, topical wit, tuneful music, and lively dance have a legitimate, if somewhat elementary, appeal, is not to be denied. But even here our stage is inferior to that of London, itself no paragon of excellence. In the more legitimate forms of theatric art, comedy and drama, the case is tenfold worse. The native playwright is positively discouraged from treating serious and important themes. When foreign pieces are imported from London or the Continent, the American production is usually something that approaches a travesty. There have been cases of actual murder, in which the vocabulary of criticism was impotent, and nothing would have been adequate short of a patrol box at which to ring up an æsthetic police. The commercial managers are futile and impotent in proportion as amusement depends upon intelligence. We cannot, I repeat, justly find fault with them for not living the life of pure patrons of art; but nothing is more obvious than that, in their ignorance of the æsthetics of the theater, they fail miserably as merchants.

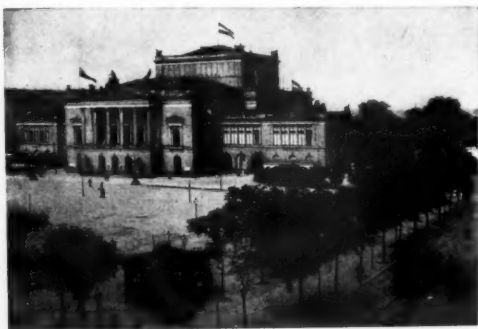
Less than forty per cent of educated Americans, it has been estimated, have the play-going habit. This is not because the Puritan prejudice against the theater still prevails. That has long been, for the most part, a thing of the past. It is because the great American



HOF-BURGTHEATER, VIENNA



HOFTHEATER, DRESDEN



STADTTHEATER, LEIPZIG

public is a serious public; it objects to a frivolous use of money and of time. In no country is the level of popular intelligence as high as with us, or the ambition for higher education as strong and as widespread. When we are convinced that a thing is worth while we support it with prodigal liberality. A few years ago a firm of speculative publishers took in hand a great work of reference which had long been dead on the market, and, by advertising it widely at a reduced price, sold hundreds of thousands of sets, making a profit of many millions. Some one remarked that he had no idea so many people wanted to read such a work. The astute and cynical publisher replied "They didn't!" In a large measure, no doubt, they only imagined they were interested in things of the mind, or hoped that they might become so. But they were willing to spend their money for what they thought well of, and the result was, no doubt, a vast increase in popular information. The essence of good merchandising, as that publisher knew, is to create new markets. The theatrical managers, instead of making a consistent and able appeal to the people who do not go to the theater, have rigidly, and on principle, excluded them from consideration.

The new theater is promised an endowment of three million dollars. This is by no means

excessive; but it should prove sufficient. Two millions, it is said, are to be spent on making the theater a perfect vehicle of dramatic art, and, in addition, a beautiful and impressive monument to the drama. Both objects are worthy, and commercially sound. The remaining million will be working capital. Reckoning interest at five per cent, it will provide an annual income of \$50,000. The municipal theaters of the Continent exist on something like \$10,000 a year, and the Théâtre Français has an annual subsidy of \$48,000. It is true that the salaries of the *personnel* of the theater will have to be much larger here than abroad. The enterprise will have to be run on strictly business principles. But there is no reason why it should not make ends meet; and in view of the fact that it has so large a field to itself, it is not unlikely to make a liberal profit without doing treason to its artistic mission.

The project to give it, like the opera, the highest social prestige by allotting the chief places in the auditorium to the rich and fashionable, offers rare opportunities to the satirist. But it is, I think, based on good sense. Even if the intelligence of the socially elect who patronize art were low, any means of raising it should be welcomed; and notwithstanding a cherished popular opinion to the contrary, it happens to be above the general average. Human nature



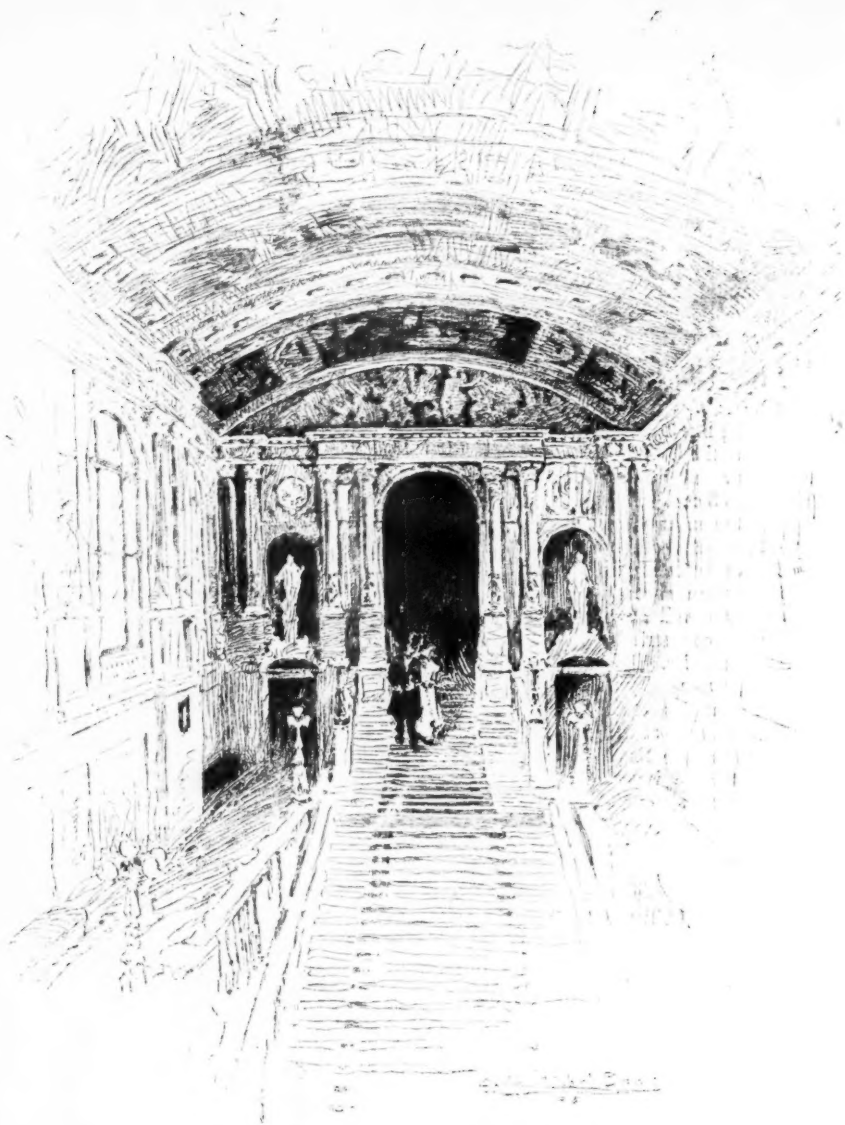
HOF THEATER, MUNICH



SCHAUSPIELHAUS, BERLIN



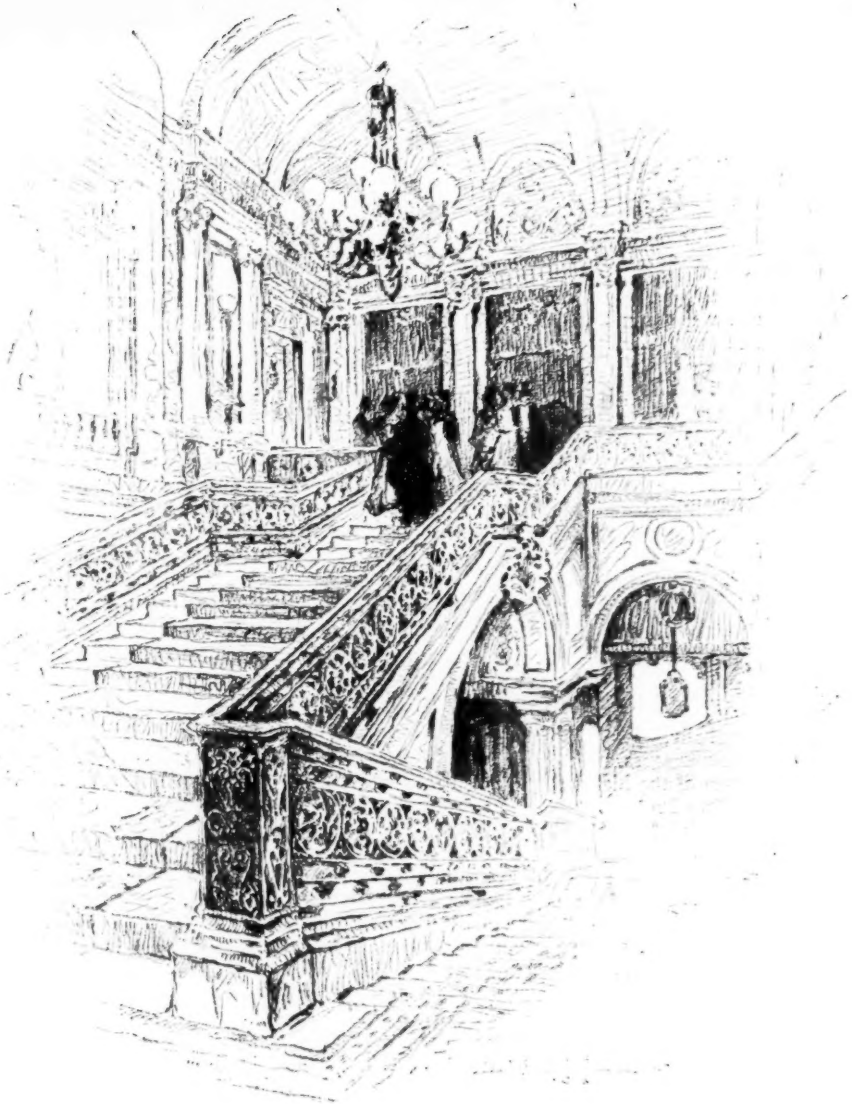
OPERNHAUS, FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN



STAIRCASE, HOF-BURGTHEATER, VIENNA

being what it is, moreover, nothing is lost by giving the new institution as much as possible of external splendor. The people who affect to despise the intelligence of those who appear in the golden horseshoe are the most eager to shine in its reflected splendor.

The only danger is that the social aspect will work harm to the true aim of the project. If it does, the result will be as disastrous financially as artistically. At the most liberal estimate, the four hundred numbers something short of four thousand, a



GRAND STAIRCASE, COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, PARIS

body far too small to insure the success of the project, even if it could be induced to lend its countenance to the boredom of defective art, which is not likely. The new theater must make its first and final appeal to serious interest and intelligence.

IV

THE chief practical difficulty which the new theater presents, centers in the man who is to manage it. Of the excellence of the German theater in New York there can be no

doubt; it is quite worthy of being held up to the American public as it has been, as an example of what an artistic theater should be. But the fact remains that Herr Heinrich Conried owes his present eminence to the Irving Place Theater, and not the theater to him. It was a long-established institution when he took charge of it, and it has not been materially improved under his management. It is, in brief, the product of no man, but of the traditions of the artistic drama in Germany. Its actors have all received their admirable training in the fatherland, and are, for the most part, mere transient residents here. The plays of its repertory are not original ventures, but reigning successes imported from Europe. Herr Conried has made yearly trips abroad, and has brought back an annual quota of new actors and new plays. Even his admirable stage management is usually a mere *replica* of the original German performance. In discussing with Herr Conried this matter of a repertory theater in English, I once remarked that the chief difficulty would be to assemble an adequate company of actors. He replied that that was the feature which troubled him least. He could, he said, go out to Kalamazoo and, with the material there at hand, organize a company of the highest excellence. I do not deny that he could. I only say that he has done nothing to prove it.

And, personally, I have my doubts. The great artistic managers of the continent are, as a rule, men of the highest education and literary ability. Frequently they are themselves novelists, playwrights, and critics, like Paul Lindau, of the Deutsches Theater, and Jules Claretie, of the Comédie Française. Herr Conried's education is only that of a practical man of the theater. Sometimes, it is true, the European managers also are actors, like Antoine. But Herr Conried is not a particularly good actor, his methods being those of an exaggerated and obsolescent school; and he is far from having either Antoine's originality, or his belief in the new and progressive influences in the drama. To say nothing of less established dramatists, his productions of Ibsen, Sudermann, and Hauptmann have been partial, tardy, and half-hearted. It is true that his clientele of German-Americans has the intellectual timidity and conservatism of the provincial *bourgeois*;

but Herr Conried has shown a disposition to follow rather than to lead it. Of English dramatic literature he has, as far as I have been able to discover, only the most superficial knowledge. He does not even speak our language with ease. Will he be able to reestablish the theatric traditions of our ancient drama, and set a new mark for the future? Will he have the sympathy and literary discernment to anticipate and develop new dramatic tendencies? These are crucial questions.

This much, however, is certain: his early education he gained in a post, albeit a humble one, in the noble Hof-burgtheater of Vienna, and he is loyally proud of the fact. His whole lifetime he has spent in the atmosphere of the modern German drama, the prevailing spirit of which is artistic. He believes in the intelligence of the public, and in the value of the drama as an element in national education. And not the least of his qualifications is the shrewd and aggressive business sense which has raised him to his present high position. Such as he is, he is the best man for the post he is to assume, and, as far as I know, the only man for it.

Every true lover of the drama will wish him success, for his opportunity is vast. Already Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago are preparing to follow the lead of New York. At no distant day, as it seems, every large city of the United States will have its artistic theater. When that day comes, if it does come, the present commercial monopoly will be at an end. Geographically we resemble Germany rather than England or France. We have no single metropolis, but a plexus of scattered cities, each of which is capable of developing its own artistic life. It is by no means Utopian to look forward to a time when the present system of long runs and traveling companies will give way to a more glorified development of the old stock-company system, under which the leading actors of each city will, as occasion offers, tour the country, presenting the plays in which they are seen at best advantage, and finding, wherever they go, all necessary scenery and a supporting company of high artistic ability. When that day comes, the American public will have broken the power which the syndicate booking agency now exerts over dramatic art.

THE BILL FOR THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

BY JAMES GARDNER SANDERSON



COOGAN slipped his arm through young Conry's and drifted with him peacefully up the sunny street. His face was like the spring sky—cloudless—for all was well on earth. The machine ran smoothly, his henchmen were under perfect discipline, the administration obeyed unquestioningly, and the next election fell a year and a half in the future. The only circumstance further necessary to fill his cup of content lay at his right hand in the presence of Nora Conry's son, and as he looked down at his companion the stern lines around his thin lips, the scars of twenty-five years of campaigning, faded to shadows.

Years before, Dennis Coogan had buried the only passion of his life. When Michael Conry had died Coogan had fought the fight of his career for Nora, and when Nora held steadfast in her devotion to the enshrined memory of an unworthy husband, Coogan gave up the struggle but not the cause thereof. In Nora's old Ireland home, the children, young Conry and a sister, had grown to their twenties. Young Conry had returned, bearing a letter from his mother, and Dalton's Czar, opening his arms to the son of the woman he loved, set him firmly on his feet. He had prospered even to the gates of Paradise, for young Conry had become engaged to be married.

It was with that event that Coogan's mind busied itself as he fared by the boy's side down the main thoroughfare of Dalton.

"I hardly mind th' lot ye mean, Mickey," he said doubtfully. "Is it by O'Brien's place?"

"The next corner. Next a man named Dalzell who works in the Correspondence Schools. It's tough that he won't sell because she has her heart set on it so. You see her

father's is less than a block away and that's the only bit of land near there. And it's just big enough and not too big for the house we are going to build. Kelly knows I want it and thinks I want it bad enough to be a mark."

"It's like Kelly," Coogan mused. "He knows ye are marryin' a rich man's girl and so he puts up the price on ye. Well—well. But if ye want the lot we'll get it some way—and in time for the wedding at that. We won't be paying Kelly's figures either."

"Politics won't come in here, Mr. Coogan," replied Conry, shaking his head gloomily.

"I niver saw th' hole yet that politics wouldn't pull me out of, Mickey," said Coogan, as a flicker twitched at the corners of his mouth, "and I've been in a good many that I've climbed out of without thim. Whin I say I'll give a man what he wants for a wedding present, I'll do it—if it means th' last of me father's pigs."

Dennis Coogan had not attained the title of "Honorable" by sleeping on opportunities, and when the matter had been discussed thoroughly, devious wheels destined to grind the covetous Kelly to a submissive pulp sprang into motion. Usually Coogan's mills ground exceedingly small, and it was something of a shock to find, in this particular case, that at the end of two weeks the hopper was still empty and that Kelly remained firm. Surprised at the unlooked-for resistance, Coogan added pressure, ending by turning upon his chosen opponent to no avail the full power of his position as Dalton's political boss.

And then Coogan sat down to think. He had promised to get young Conry the desired lot of land at a reasonable price and he had yet to break his first promise. Moreover, the wedding day drew nearer.

As the legislative session at Harrisburg aged, many good bits of business filled the

capacious pockets of those whose influence was necessary. So many, indeed, that unless the opportunity offering itself fairly glistened, or came with recognized backing, there was small chance that the surfeited servants of the people would give it the slightest attention. Railroad bills, measures in the interest of gas and oil, laws increasing the powers of water companies, enactments touching corporations generally and drawn for the benefit of some one in particular—these were the matters that occupied the busy legislative mind. And in each case the time necessary to impress both branches with the usefulness of any specific bill was, as it had been during all that term, entirely in proportion to the efforts spent by the lobbyist for the bill in convincing one man—Alexander H. Phipps.

Phipps sat with his fellow-member, McCartney, at an isolated table in the *café* of the Hotel Lochiel. Both men bent over a letter which Phipps had spread upon the table top and which he was reading in an undertone.

"Sounds good, Billy," he said as he ended.

McCartney read it over once more. The postmark of the envelope was "Dalton, Pa.," and the writing was that of Dalton's Democratic boss:

"MY DEAR PHIPPS: Are the boys too busy down there to help me with a bit of a railroad bill I'm thinking of working for this session? Its chief provisions are those of decent protection against damage suits; directs the filing of a statement of claim within ten days of the accident and otherwise suit is barred. You know the idea. What are my chances? Of course those whom I represent expect that I shall have to make friends. Better let me hear from you.

DENNIS COOGAN."

"Sounds good?" McCartney repeated in a hushed tone. "I should say it did. It's the bill Keller spent twenty-five thousand on last session—and failed with."

Phipps nodded. "It's worth millions to the railroads."

"Consequently"—breathed McCartney.

Again Phipps nodded slowly. "You have it," he said enigmatically. "We'll play in his game—and help him make his friends."

The door of the *café* swung open, and an insignificant-looking little man of uncertain age passed hesitatingly inward. He stood a moment peering over the room through his spectacles.

"The man from Emporium," ejaculated Phipps. "He's looking for me."

McCartney laughed. Everyone in Harrisburg had been laughing at the man from Em-

porium for the past two weeks since he wandered into the town with a bill providing for parks in his native city and an intense enthusiasm toward getting it passed. He was such a palpable lamb, Harrisburg had opened its arms in glee, and the man from Emporium had been given a wide acquaintance. Beyond the actual introduction of his bill, however, and the opportunity to act as host at a few informal entertainments, his activities had been limited. The legislators of that particular session were not in the business of charitable landscape gardening.

As he approached, Phipps bowed suavely and kicked McCartney under the table. "Good evening, Mr. Wheatcroft. Sit down and join us?"

Wheatcroft returned the greeting effusively and dropped on the edge of a chair. "You are very kind," he said, tapping the table bell and nodding to the waiter who approached. "I was looking for you."

"About your bill?" asked McCartney.

The little man nodded importantly and placed his thumbs and fingers impressively together. "I have about decided," he said, "that I ought to give a few dinners or—or something of that sort to the statesmen whom I ought to know better. The town of Emporium demands parks, and our City Beautiful Society is looking to me to get them. They expect that I shall incur certain expenses—perfectly legitimate, of course—and in considering the matter I thought that I would ask assistance from you and Mr. Phipps."

"You've a level head, Mr. Wheatcroft," said Phipps. "We shall be glad to assist you."

The little man plumed his feathers. "I was—ah—contemplating a series of dinners," he added grandly.

"Nothing better than a good dinner," commented McCartney approvingly.

Phipps rose. "Suppose you meet me at nine to-morrow to talk the matter over," he suggested. "Mr. McCartney and I have an engagement that will keep us from further discussion this evening."

Wheatcroft rubbed his scrubby beard in satisfaction. "It is what I should have suggested," he said.

And McCartney, as he followed Phipps's cue, raised his glass. "To the bill for the City Beautiful," he proposed.

As they exchanged bows and escaped down the room, McCartney's fat sides began to shake.

"What a fool! What a fool!" he gasped.



"'Sounds good, Billy,' he said as he ended."

Phipps joined in: "The City Beautiful Society! We shall certainly have to attend to the distribution—legitimate, of course—of that expense fund."

"Why pay board? Why pay rent?" asked McCartney.

Three days later Dennis Coogan stepped quietly from the Pullman of a Pennsylvania train and, as befitted a good Democrat, into the omnibus of the Bolton House. It had been twenty years since he had served his apprenticeship in Harrisburg, but he fell easily enough back into its political friendship. At once matters began to move. Coogan's fame was well known in the capital, and many of both faiths coveted the opportunity of meeting him.

On the day of his arrival he called upon Phipps and, after an hour of cautious conversation, requested a reference to Phipps's bank. Phipps had taken him to the institution in person, and later, in a moment of

misplaced confidence, the cashier leaked the information that Coogan had rented a safe-deposit vault, and that a bill wrapper bearing six figures had been found on the floor after his departure.

From the date of the dissemination of this news Coogan made friends still more easily—so easily that the little railroad bill was presented, passed by the House, and placed in the hands of the Senate most quietly and in record time. In the Senate after two readings it dropped again into committee, and at last between it and the governor stood only a favorable report and the final reading. Of both of these Phipps gave him assurances—conditionally.

To his slight surprise he met a certain hesitation. "I'd like to know th' boys better, Alec," said the Honorable Dennis positively. "Keller fell down on this and I'm not after doin' th' like. There's time and a plinty and I've a bit to spend. But I've got to know my men first."

Phipps was accommodating, and on the evening of the second day thereafter—March 17th—Coogan's dizzy whirl of gayety began.

"He wants a run for his money," said Phipps with a grin to McCartney. "He knows he's got to loosen up, but he wants a little fun on the side."

"A Saint Patrick's celebration?" suggested McCartney. "A gang will be at the hotel to-night; bring him around."

And to the gang came Coogan. He knew most of them, thanks to the man he was doing business with, but he knew them mainly as they knew him—to bow courteously to them as they met. Coogan's stern, lean face ordinarily gave small encouragement to familiarity. And yet before the evening had passed he had known them all always—not courteously, but rudely, rudely enough to clap them on the back and to call them John, Bill, Mike, or Pat, as the name applied. Coogan was a good mixer when mixing was needed.

At the celebration, oddly enough, he ran into Wheatcroft. The man from Emporium had been given many chances since his meeting with Phipps and McCartney to discreetly draw upon his expense account, and on this occasion as on others previous he had been apparently induced to exhilaration. Intoxication in some men is undeniably sometimes amusing—especially when it affords an opportunity for wholesale buffoonery and when the victim is an easy butt. Wheatcroft fulfilled all conditions admirably and had apparently become a lasting joke to Harrisburg. And as he pitifully staggered through what he so evidently conceived to be the shrewd and worldly course to the success of the bill for the City Beautiful, Pennsylvania's statesmen

took his entertainment, debauched him, and crammed their sleeves with hilarious laughter.

Coogan was told the tale, and as he listened to Phipps's laughing recital he grinned appreciatively.

"Faith his expinse fund must be near gone," he said as Phipps ended. "What will you and Jack do thin?"

"We've had our board for two weeks, anyhow."

"And the bill for the City Beautiful?"

Phipps shrugged his shoulders. "We've no time to waste," he replied, "and his experience will have been cheap."

The ex-Congressman surveyed him. "I wish we had a few like you in Dalton," he said ambiguously.

His companion laughed again. "Well, we aren't here for our health, you know, and Wheatcroft is really too good a joke to lose. A man must have some recreation."

"Sure," said Coogan good-naturedly.

On the next night McCartney continued the festivities with an impromptu poker party, and

Coogan fell in with Wheatcroft, finding himself sitting across the table from him. Wheatcroft played the game slowly with a deal of timid questioning which betrayed shocking unfamiliarity with the rules, and at the evening's end rose a loser in common with several others, not, however, including Coogan. Coogan seldom lost at poker.

As the warming-up process, which Phipps had undertaken to furnish, proceeded night after night the Boss of Dalton appeared to gain his expressed wish. In gaining it he could hardly fail of still more frequently meeting the omnipresent and inoffensive Wheatcroft. And as he watched him he,



"'The man from Emporium,' ejaculated Phipps."



"Coogan was a good mixer."

too, fell into the habit of laughing. It was hard not to.

And when at last affairs were ripely adjusted, the man after the wedding present sought Phipps privately in his room at the hotel. The men met by appointment, and the lobbyist lost no time in getting down to business.

"Alec, I'm about ready, but I want to talk details," he said. "How much is this going to cost?"

Phipps's eyes lit suddenly and then went out as he closed the transom. He turned and appeared to think. "Seventy-five thousand dollars," he said softly.

"You are foolish," commented Coogan.

Phipps elevated his eyebrows. "You asked me," he suggested, "and I've told you."

"Fifty," said Coogan.

Phipps shook his head. "Dennis, don't you suppose the boys know what this is worth to your people? It's cheap at one hundred thousand and you know it. The men who vote for it will never be sent here again;

their constituents will see to that. The press won't keep still any longer. They are going to be called robbers and boodlers by every newspaper in the country, and they will go home in disgrace when the session ends. You've got to pay high for things like that."

The man from up the State ruminated for a few moments. "Payable when?" he asked finally.

"Before the vote."

Coogan shook his head. "No, Alec," he said, "not me. Half before and half after the governor signs."

"Well—if you prefer," said Phipps, smiling.

"Wait yet," added Coogan. "How do I know you've got the goods? This money is to be paid to you personally, isn't it?"

Phipps protested: "Don't worry, Dennis. I can deliver every vote I promise."

"You've got to do more than promise now, Alec," said Coogan decisively. "It's up to you to prove it."

"My dear fellow," said Phipps, "tell me how and I'll be most happy."

Coogan frowned in perplexity. The method

was not easy to hit upon. He turned and, looking carelessly at his watch, walked thoughtfully to the window. Behind his back Phipps indulged in an elated, noiseless laugh. The deal did not appear as difficult as he had anticipated, and he felt the twenty-five thousand, which he had actually been prepared to yield, already in his grasp. As he had arranged with his own forces on that basis, the chances of a personal commission of just the amount of the margin of retreat looked bright.

Coogan thrust his hands down in his trousers pockets and appeared to lose himself in a brown study, staring out into the street. Phipps waited. Coogan began shortly to jingle his keys, and still Phipps waited, a little—just a little—anxiously. As a clock in the town struck sonorously the ex-congressman's eyes, until now insistently upon a store across the street, lost a certain watchful look. Phipps waited, and Coogan mused aloud:

"You've got to prove it; that's sure. I don't know how, but you've got to."

"Why, Dennis," began Phipps, "be reasonable. I—"

And then Coogan laughed suddenly, looking down into the street.

"The little fool," he said irreverently. "He's got two new senators to-day."

Phipps crossed to the window and followed his eyes. The irrepressible Wheatcroft had buttonholed two men and was haranguing them in the desperate interests of Emporium. For a second Phipps joined with his guest. Then he stopped short and in the next caught him by the shoulder.

"Wheatcroft, by Jove!" he cried. "Will he do you?"

Coogan stared.

"I'll pass the bill for the City Beautiful," continued Phipps. "That will prove that I've got the goods, won't it?"

"You're right," said Coogan calmly. "It will. Why did ye not think of it before?"

Some days afterwards word was passed to the faithful that the last of Wheatcroft's expense fund had gone into food and drink, to be served on the following evening at the Hotel Lochiel. The formula of invitation was delivered by Dennis Coogan.

"There's a bit of dinner on at the hotel to-morrow night," he told Phipps. "A celebration of the governor's having signed Wheatcroft's bill. Tell the boys."

Phipps nodded. "How many?"

"Tush," said Coogan expansively, "as many as you like. Why not?"

"There's hospitality!" said Phipps with a smile. "They'll be there."

"No doubt," commented Coogan non-committally.

"And then—?" asked Phipps. "I've proved that I can pass your bill, haven't I?"

"Aye," responded the ex-congressman, "and I'll give you there what I have for you."

Perhaps Harrisburg will sometime see a more magnificent and more largely attended repast than that which was served that night, but it is not probable. At all events, the markets and cellars of Philadelphia were ravished of their complementary offerings in a manner of extravagance that is still talked of. Every man whom Alexander H. Phipps commanded, either as a senator or as a more humble representative, fell promptly into line.

And though Wheatcroft sat at the table's head, it was Coogan who rose with the coming of the liqueurs and rapped upon the board for silence. The diners scraped their chairs back, lit fresh cigars, and fell into comfortable anticipatory positions.

The Honorable Dennis Coogan swept them with a level glance.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly, "there's a young la-ad in Dalton who is soon going to be married to old Johnny McGreevy's daughter. Some of you may know Johnny; if you do not 'tis your misfortune. Th' lad is a friend of mine and I've promised to give him a building lot for a wedding present. Because he knew he was after this lot the owner boosted the price—tried to hold th' lad up. I may be too particular, but I do not like to see anyone held up. As a rule, nevertheless, I keep me promises and so I had to have that property."

"Now, it may be known to some of th' gentlemen present that I've friends in the Dalton City machine." Coogan paused, laying emphasis on the last sentence and looking straight at Phipps. Then he picked up a leaflet from the table in front of him and continued amid slowly dawning comprehension:

"The bill for th' City Beautiful, gentlemen, is called on th' books—let me read it—'An Act enabling Boroughs and Cities of the first, second, and third classes to condemn and seize real estate and to convert the same into public parks.' I've never been in Emporium,



"*'Statesmin,'* be said."

nor has this gentleman you know so pleasantly as Mr. Wheatcroft, and so I do not know whether Emporium demands parks. But I do know that under this law, which you have just passed, Dalton can take th' lot I need. And if she takes th' lot for a park, the owner, because I've friends in the Dalton machine, will get less for it than I offered him. Which do you think he'll do now? Take my price or less? He will take mine and I'll do as I promised and give th' lot to the lad for his wedding present. I thank you for your services."

Again Coogan paused and his eyes began to shine in a manner understood by those who knew him. Here and there around the table those on whom the belated light had fallen sat with open mouths and to them he turned as he took up his speech.

"*'Statesmin,'*" he said with clear, unmis- takable contempt and with an angrily in- creasing brogue. "Pillars of Pinnsylvania. Earnest, unselfish R-Raypublicans. Did you think I was a fool? What I came here for was Emporium's bill and nawthing else.

There is no railroad bill and niver was. And you, wid your itching palms, your manly attimpts at the debauching and swindling of me frind on me right, your cheating and your petty thieving—Hivin knows not one of you has courage enough for daycint robbery—you in your eagerness to hold me up and to get me big money, passed the bill for the City Beautiful hands down. Passed it just as I, a Dimocrat, and proud of it, drew it in me office in Dalton—not a comma changed and word for word as it was whin I placed it in the hands of me paid agent—Wheatcroft. Thank you. It cost me just three hundred and forty-eight dollars—not wan cint more. For that amount of money Wheatcroft—he answers to th' name of Gennett at Pinkerton's New York Agency, and ought to be on the stage at the head of his own company to-day—has been loaded with evidence enough to send at least thirty of you over the road.

"That's all, I think. Aygain I thank you. You can pay for your dinner at the desk as you go out."

IN CURE OF HER SOUL

BY FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON

(*"J. S. of Dale"*)

"Plays made from helie tales I hold unmeet ;
Let some great story of a man be sung."
—*Chatterton.*

XXXI



THE little West Nauchester mills opened on the Monday morning in charge of a new superintendent, temporarily loaned them by one of the big Nauchester concerns for their help in bringing to an end the strike; and Austin drove out there early and had the satisfaction of seeing the wheels revolving and some hundreds of happy-faced young women at work once more. It was a bright April morning; the sunlight came through a hundred open windows with the sweet spring air, though on the Pack Monadnock the snow still lay; and Austin felt the mill was not so bad a place after all. The evening before, after the settlement, he had seen again the leaders; they were still puzzled, but now met him quite frankly, without suspicion of his motives; although the men would hardly believe that he was a lawyer, of which profession they took a cynical view. Some suspected him to be the walking delegate of the rival labor federation. But Austin assured them that he was not even a member of a union; whereupon they invited him to join one; and he profited by their good will to obtain a letter of introduction to their central organization in Boston.

So, this work done, he returned by the afternoon train to New York, to find Dorothy already gone to bed, it being still Lent. Through the door, she begged him not to disturb her; she had come home tired from a dinner. He was tired, too, and he turned away, almost relieved. There had been

growing up by tacit consent a habit of evading occasions demanding intimacy between them; the perfunctory kiss, given downstairs, before the maid, he could perform; more than this they avoided. So, in the morning, he had his breakfast alone, and went downtown without disturbing her.

At the office he found his work cut out. Markoff, in his absence, had not been idle. It had been definitely announced that Phineas Tamms, now only president of the half-completed Allegheny Pacific, would be elected president of the Allegheny Central at the annual meeting, and that meantime, at the special meeting, things would go his way. In high finance, a hand is rarely played out; when one side insists, the cards are shown, or, perhaps, the mere ability to draw them, and the game is ended. Meantime, the Central stock was very low, but what did Tamms care for that? All the value which he had squeezed out of it he had simply to pour over into his Allegheny Pacific stocks and bonds, and of these he owned the printing press. All this was pretty gloomy; Gresham was depressed; Austin's success at Nauchester seemed to be already forgotten; Breese had been badgering them with letters, and even Levison Gower was anxious. The cheaper Wall Street publications were already terming Tamms the Napoleon of Finance, and predicting his control of all the railroads in the country; while Augustus Markoff was "the great corporation attorney." Austin went to John Haviland; but that gentleman could give him little help. He could only keep him posted on Markoff's loans; meantime, Mr. Breese was reported to have failed to protect his margin at the Old Dutch bank he dealt with. Yes,

he supposed his daughter had gone home to her grandmother.

"Then we can do nothing?" said old Mr. Gresham, on his return. Austin had said nothing, but began delving in the old laws of Maryland.

"The Miners' Bank have got involved with him to the extent of a million or more—they have finally put the loan in our hands to collect. But Tamms puts us off with promises."

"The security is ample at present prices," said Austin now. "I suppose you'd hardly force him to make an assignment."

"Assign? If I could break him forever, drive him from the Street—but nothing short of State prison would keep him away. Look here, Pinckney" (for the young man had again looked up surprised at his elder's manner), "once before this Tamms was allowed his way in Wall Street, and as a result my oldest friend, my first client, a generous, noble gentleman, lies in a dishonored grave. You may have heard that this man was once a partner of Charles Townley. His wife died with him, and soon after Peter Livingston, Townley's oldest friend, whose trust his firm betrayed, died, too."

"Mrs. Rastacq's father?" said Austin.

"Yes—then the poor girl married for money. I was present that day at the Columbian Club when Livingston, who was the oldest member, drew the ink across his old friend's name on the list. I never shall forget it, and just then dear old Townley himself came in, and he had lost his mind. He took me for his dead son." The telephone rang, and Austin went to it.

"It is Mr. Breese," he said. "He wants to see me at once at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"You had better go," said Mr. Gresham. "He may know something."

It was the beginning of a long spring storm, and Austin walked up under gloomy skies. He always walked up now, and this time he took Centre Street and Tompkins Square—a "bare ruined choir where late the sweet birds sang" to him, but not so commonly esteemed, and to-day, it must be admitted, naked and uninviting. At home, where he called, the skies were no cheerier. Dorothy had arranged the tea, but there was no caller. "Do you see what the papers say of Markoff now?" It was the *Evening Glare* she pointed to, a journal not highly considered. And then it appeared that she had sent one of her cards to Markoff for that afternoon, and that

he had not come. Austin said something to her about the Beverly house, but she showed no interest; she was convinced "Pride's" would be "poky." Then there was a ring at the door bell, and she started up. "Oh, go to your club," said she, as Austin bent down to kiss her.

"I'm not going to the club, I'm going to the Fifth Avenue Hotel"—an unlikely statement, it sounded.

"I'm sure I don't care where you are going," said she, refusing her lips, so that his mustache just brushed her cheek as Mamie Rastacq entered the room close on the maid's announcement.

Austin started back; he had not seen her since that night at Lenox.

"Oh, I'm so glad I interrupted," said the lady, unabashed. "Petrus Gansevoort says you don't live together any more. Now I shall be able to contradict it." And she extended her hand to Austin with the frankest good-fellowship, and looked merrily into Austin's eyes. Perhaps there was a gleam of malice in them; at all events he (we do not pose him as a blameless hero—he was just a man) was angry enough to answer to the effect that she—any woman, his gentler self corrected—must know that a kiss did not always entail such consequences.

"And whose fault is it?" the lovely lady asked, with gaze engagingly direct; then she turned laughingly to Dorothy. It must be admitted, Mamie was a good fellow. But Austin got himself out of the house, half relieved, half angry, that their first meeting had passed off so easily. She evidently felt no abasement; she preened her plumage as gayly again as any song bird after a shower; it was he that suffered. Yet—though Austin would have perjured himself to the contrary before any tribunal except his own soul—it was she who had held up her lips. But what had she meant by speaking so of Petrus Gansevoort? Their past relations, Gansevoort's and theirs, were well known, and no one had ever before dared mention him to them. Well, that was part of the price he had to pay. So he broke his word to Dorothy and went to the club. He could not bear Mr. Breese at present. He must see some men—men of Mamie Rastacq's world. He had made himself fit for none other. And this desire was gratified; for the first person he saw lounging at an avenue window was Petrus Gansevoort himself. Naturally, they cut one another. Austin went to another window where he



"They came now out on a crag where all the world around was lower land."

sarcastically set himself to reading an indecent French periodical. Fortunately, in a minute, Major Brandon came in. He also was in his most cynical of moods. Austin tried to tell him something about Nauchester, the life at the mills there, the social condition of the mill girls; he asked him what he thought could be done.

"Don't know," broke in the Major roughly. "Great mistake, to trouble about young women's souls."

Austin was silent. He had tried it once. Was the major thinking of that?

"The good ones do a d—d sight more harm than the bad ones," the Major said next.

Austin was, for a moment, startled. Yes, he had taken cure of her soul, and had failed, and it did seem the Major was thinking of that, for he went on further.

"Hear you're not going to Newport this summer. Good thing, too. At last, you remember—'tis the ring finger holds the curb."

"I don't like the place for my wife's sister," said Austin.

"Oh, rot your deceased wife's sister—the English know a thing or two—keep your wife alive. Good story, that." He pointed to a picture in the comic paper; it was of a dinner party; a man was sitting opposite a lady whose dress was slipping from her shoulders and staring at her with all his eyes; the legend had him asked why he stared so at his wife, and the answer was that he never saw her much at home.

"Dirt," said Austin. The Major shrugged his shoulders.

"Dirt's all very well in its place," said he. Just then, an amazing thing happened. Petrus Gansevoort calmly walked in to their window and took the chair on the other side of the Major, first spreading his chest in the window, with a deliberate stare at Austin. He was a heavy, stupid man, already veined in the face and with pendulous jowls. Then he sat down.

"Major," said he, "what do you do when a pretty woman tells you she no longer lives with her husband?"

Mr. Gansevoort had not been able to maintain his gaze on Mr. Pinckney. Had he done so, it is possible there would have been a scandal in the club. But if the Major felt any alarm, his face did not manifest it.

"Well, in my own experience," he answered drolly, "I have always begun about then to study the rôle of Joseph." Then he shouted,

without apparent connection, "Brazen it out, Peter! brazen it out!" His louder tones attracted the attention of others in the room; Gansevoort colored and, somewhat clumsily, got himself away. "Those gray eyes of his looked the size of saucers," Brandon said afterwards to some friends in the room. They had not, of course, heard Gansevoort's speech; and Gansevoort's eyes were small and brown with pinkish lids. It was evident that the Major did not refer to Gansevoort.

But Austin cared not a straw for Gansevoort; moreover, he knew that he was lying, in what he had said to Mrs. Rastacq, that is; here, his statement, fortunately for him, had been general. For Dorothy had never spoken to Gansevoort since their marriage. Austin's mind was already upon other things. He was sick of this place, too. Moreover, it was time to go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He waited until Gansevoort left the room, to make sure that he had nothing further to say; then followed, a few seconds after, and saw that gentleman's coat-tails disappearing in a toilet room. Austin then walked out, into Twenty-first Street.

"Dirt, it all is," he was thinking. "Dirt and money. Money and dirt." The words rang into a refrain like the bells of St. Helen's. Breese with his Mrs. Beaumont, Gansevoort with his *coryphées*, Van Kull with his *demi-vierges*. Yes, and frank, perverse Mamie with Mrs. Gower, high priestess, and her postulants at Flosheim; and then Tamms, and her husband's millions; now, old Breese with his little pittance—and something here gave a grip to his heart.

Breese was not only in, but met him at the vestibule. "I want you to meet a very particular friend of mine—'pon honor, there's good reason for it—she's largely interested in Allegheny Central securities—Mrs. Snyder, of Pittsburg. I have ventured to say that we would call upon her. She is stopping here."

Somewhat puzzled, though the mystery of their appointment was at least explained, Pinckney suffered himself to be led to the elevator and thence to a pretentious parlor on the third floor. There he met a stout lady, in a most splendid afternoon gown, but faintly, perhaps, indicating a widow's weed by its alternate display (the arms were large enough to repeat it several times) of black satin and pink flesh seen through lace. At her ears she wore single pearls the size of cherries, the weight of which had pulled the lobes into

longitudinal creases. On her mountainous bosom she wore a large porcelain miniature of a man with a black mustache.

"My friend Mr. Austin Pinckney—Mr. Charles Austin Pinckney," said Mr. Breese, pompously accentuating the surname, "who was so anxious to meet you."

"Delighted, I am sure," the lady smiled.

"His wife, you know—you saw her picture at the ball last night in the *Crier*." Mr. Breese looked at Austin appealingly.

"She is very tired to-day," said our hero, at a venture. Mr. Breese beamed approval. Austin was more puzzled than ever. Throughout the interview he could not make out whether Breese was showing him off to Mrs. Snyder or showing Mrs. Snyder off to him.

"I think you know Mrs. Arthur Shirley," prompted Breese, to Mrs. Snyder.

"I met her on the committee of the Centennial Exhibition; I represented Pittsburg. That was when Mr. Snyder was alive. Pittsburg is a bigger place now." And the widow, who had contracted her chest in a sigh so that her husband's miniature had quite disappeared, at the last words expanded it with a full breath of relief, causing his black mustache to appear again between the billows.

"She is his aunt."

Austin had been forced to bite his lip at the mention of greater Pittsburg; and now he really felt he must say something about business. But Mr. Breese demurred to mention of business before a lady, and she asked if they would not like a glass of champagne. Even Mr. Breese did not dare meet Austin's eye on this, and they took their leave. Then, with a humorous contraction of an eyelid normally dropped by gout, he explained in the hall, "Mrs. Snyder thinks she is seeing New York society."

But Austin, who had little sense of humor that day, impatiently asked about business.

"She has got some stock. I met her at my broker's. And now I want you to go down to Baltimore and fight that meeting. You'll have to be there some days before, and lay your wires secretly. And my daughter is down there with her grandmother, and I want to write to her that you are coming. Miss Ravenel, I mean; you understand, I am not on good terms with the grandmother—the mother-in-law relation is really an impossible one—but my little girl, I am happy to say, has been true to me." Mr. Breese spoke with

some pathos. "And her welfare also is involved in this."

(John Haviland, when this part of the interview was related to him, said that the damned old reprobate—for John would swear at times—took it all, all the income, that is.)

"Mrs. Warfield's pension dies with her—you knew she was an admiral's daughter? They are very proud of the name Ravenel—he went off in a torpedo boat, I mean a gun-boat, at Algiers, and never came back—1815 or thereabout—that's why they stick to it so. The old place is valueless, and, I suppose, Warfield saw it mortgaged all right—no slaves now, you know. I'll write to Mary that you're coming."

"No, no, don't do that," cried Austin. "I've already told Gresham I'd go down. But really I prefer being at a hotel—or the clubs."

"Well," said Breese, "I know a club can make a man more comfortable than two women. But you must run out and see the old place—it's rum—Ravenel, I mean."

Austin said he would, and got away. The rain had increased and the streets turned to mud. "Gold and dirt—earth and gold." What else was to be in his life? He got home; Mrs. Rastacq had gone, anyhow; his wife was upstairs. On the hall salver he saw a note addressed to him. Why did his heart give a great leap? He had never seen the handwriting before.

The note paper bore the Havilands' familiar address, but it ran:

"MY DEAR MR. PINCKNEY:

"Grace, who has a bad hand, has asked me to write you—she hopes you will come to lunch here Sunday. We want to hear about the Nauchester people.

Yours sincerely,

"MARY RAVENEL."

XXXII

It rained furiously for two days, though it is possible Austin did not notice the fact particularly before the Sunday afternoon. He was at the office before nine on the next day; at eleven, rang his bell and asked if Mr. Gresham had arrived, and, if so, would he come into his (Pinckney's) room a moment?

"I think I have got it, sir," he said simply; and he pointed to one of several open volumes on his desk. Now, it should be explained that in Maryland, or in most States, the Legislature, for the convenience of the multitude and the confusion of the lawyer, enacts, every

twenty years or so, a general "revision," containing all the laws supposed to be then in force; and the careless lawyer is apt to presume that it does so. But besides this there is the usual annual volume of laws, now numbering a hundred or so, and amounting to several hundred statutes a year to each volume; and these statutes, ten thousand or more, from early colony times to now, remain in force unless *expressly* repealed by the last "code." And for the greater convenience of the lazy practitioner these laws are still further divided into "public" and "private"—an admirable distinction if the digester distinctly distinguishes! The law to which Austin pointed was in the part of the musty volume denoted "private" and was the charter of a certain Accomac & Pocantico Railroad Company granted in the year 1838. Pinckney had underlined part of the section relating to stockholders' meetings which, after saying they should have one vote for each share, added the proviso that "only the true owners of any stock should vote thereon, and if shares should be transferred in mortgage or pledge the pledgee should not be deemed the true owner for purposes of this section."

"Does it mean, not even if the certificate is transferred and the stock put in his name?"

"That's what it says."

Gresham smiled. "A wise and excellent provision, but I don't see where the Allegheny Central comes in."

Austin pointed to another volume, that for 1868; it was the act for the consolidation of the Allegheny Central with the Accomac & Pocantico Railroad Company, and covered several pages. Toward the end of one of the middle sections was a clause to the effect that the new consolidated company should be vested with "all the franchises, exemptions, rights, powers, duties, or privilege of either constituent company," and its members, officers, and stockholders be subject to corresponding rules. For a moment the old gentleman's eyes had glistened; then he put down the book.

"This will never have escaped Markoff."

"I think it will," said Austin. "These are old Private Acts. The charter of the big railroad, given in 1849, is in the Public Acts. It is also a canal company; and the revision of 1878 only incorporates the general railroad act of 1852 which only applied to railroads 'hereafter incorporated,' and the reviser of 1878 sapiently left these two words out."

"All charters were made subject to amend-

ment or alteration at the pleasure of the Legislature."

"Not in 1828," said Austin. "The Dartmouth College case was decided in 1819, but the Maryland Legislature didn't discover it and enact the usual safeguard until 1832."

"This Accomac charter is therefore perpetual?"

"I don't see why not," said Austin. "My only doubt was whether a stockholder's vote was an 'exemption, right, power, duty, or privilege' of the corporation. The only thing they were after was the exemption from taxes it contained."

"Young man, you will be a good lawyer, better than I ever was, but I can help you now." Austin blushed like a boy. "As a practical question Markoff will never be able to rest on this stockholders' meeting if he votes the pledged shares. No banker will take his new securities. We ourselves would never certify his precious preferred stock to be legal. A cloud on the title is all we want. What I fear is, first, there won't be any pledged shares voted—for that you must go to Baltimore to find out; second, that Markoff will be onto it, particularly if we protest the right to vote on the shares, or some of his local attorneys will, if he is not."

"We won't protest the votes; we'll protest the vote," said Austin.

Gresham looked at him admiringly.

"I'll declare the whole vote illegal, and he won't know why. And he won't have any local attorney. His game is too sharp to trust a confederate, and his brain too brilliant to divvy on its inventions." Austin laughed with pleasure.

"You mean, he'll hog it all?" When Mr. Gresham stooped to slang, he was in his most confidential humor.

"I was at the Law School with him."

"Pinckney, you need no help from me. The meeting is on Monday. Better go down to-night and work around Saturday in Baltimore."

"I think, sir," stammered Austin, "Sunday night will do. I am in correspondence with the bank there; but one such vote is as good as a hundred—after the meeting has adjourned Tamms is certain to vote the stock pledged to his firm. He had it all put in his own name before he borrowed on it at the Miners' Bank. And the meeting is not till two."

"So that Markoff can run down on the morning train. Miss Aylwin can go down by the same—or stay, is he sharp eyed?"

"Where a pretty woman is concerned," laughed Austin.

"A Jew never hesitates between a pretty woman and a dollar, though. Read your 'Nibelungen'—remember Alberich's oath."

Austin knew his senior to be a man of culture, but was surprised at the range of it. "Only he the hoard attaineth who the chain of love forswears," he hummed.

"Precisely. He'll think she's a country-woman—that she got on in New Jersey—looking after her stocks. Miss Aylwin!" He rang the bell and that young woman entered, looking very pretty, mature, and dignified in her simple black dress. "Miss Aylwin, I want you to go to Baltimore, on the early Monday morning train, to the meeting of the Allegheny Central at the Eutaw House. Take shorthand notes of everything that is said. Mr. Pinckney will have arrived there before you and will have with the clerk a note for you giving his telephone number. And kindly consider yourself under his orders. Have you got the proxy?"

Austin drew from his pocket a proxy slip; it was for 200 shares in the name of "Miles Brees and James G. Gresham, trustees for Mary Ravenel," and signed by Gresham only. He handed it over to Miss Aylwin.

"Am I to vote it, sir?" She spoke to Pinckney for the first time.

"Only if there is no opposition. If the proxy is objected to, desist at once, but make protest in such a way that it can be proved you were prevented. Notice particularly the number of shares announced by the clerk as present. If you have any doubt what to do, telephone me."

"Austin," said Mr. Gresham as he went out, "Miss Aylwin must not be the only person in the hall besides Markoff and the clerk."

"I've seen to that, sir," laughed the pleased junior. "It is to be the greatest meeting Allegheny Central ever saw. There'll be a good lively opposition, if only to disarm suspicion." Mr. Gresham again started to go; then he put his head in again.

"Austin, if Tamms votes those proxies, couldn't we make it a fraud, a criminal offense?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. He does everything under the advice of Markoff."

"Who will, I suppose, advise him how to avoid going to jail but not how to avoid going to —. Well, well—do what you can."

Austin laughed light-heartedly as he closed

his desk. He walked uptown, humming the "Rheingold" melody, in the rain. What did the storm matter? Dorothy, he found, was gone to Tuxedo for the week-end; she had recently made him become a member of that institution, which had special apartments for absentee wives, besides "kennels" in case of children. She had not even left a note asking him to follow. That did not matter, either, he thought for a moment sadly. But he could not be sad long. He dined early, at an Italian restaurant, with some labor men—trades-union leaders—whose acquaintance he had made by means of his Boston letter. Then, when they left for their country trains, he went to the Metropolitan. The opera was the "Rheingold!"

XXXIII

THE great storm continued all the night, Sunday morning relaxing a little, as if to let people go to church. In the afternoon the downpour became so violent that even Austin noticed it. In the morning he had walked to Claremont Hill and back, amid the budding May; after one (he did not wish to be too early) he rang at the Havilands', and was ushered into the narrow New York library, doubly dark on that dismal day. Gracie Haviland was sitting on a long ottoman, and beside it, as he shook her hand, he was conscious of another presence. He did not dare look often at Miss Ravenel even in the dim room; her cordial greeting he drank in, then turned to Gracie. But at the table, she was opposite; it was natural to look at her, as they broke bread together; how beautiful she was! He hoped that no one else might see it. She looked more like a young girl to-day; he wondered how old she was—twenty-two? twenty-four? They wanted to hear about the Nauchester strike; as well as he could, Austin told them. Again he was struck with her strange maturity of views; it was the perfect purity, the grace, of her own spirit, that gave her prescient mind so large a view. And Austin thought of that saying of the Evangelist about the Virgin—"Jesus went down into Nazareth, but she stayed at home, *knowing these things.*"

He told them of the mill girls, their essential right-heartedness with all their boldness and *abandon*, their surface vulgarity; of their dislike of all dictation as to how they should lead their lives, even of the salutary rules

and regulations devised for them by well-meaning ladies.

"They have their own latchkey," said John. "With the latchkey goes everything. The bicycle was significant, but the latchkey is the symbol of complete freedom. It is ridiculous to withhold the ballot when you concede the latchkey."

"John," said Grace, in a tone of voice. Mrs. Haviland was a leader of the anti-woman-suffragists; and thereupon John told Austin as much.

"How distressing," laughed Miss Ravenel, "that in these days so many virtuous causes should have to be indicated by negatives!"

"The women operatives do not want the suffrage," said Austin. "They are thinking of other things."

"The ballot might occupy their minds instead of flirtations," John urged.

"They are not thinking of flirtations," said Austin sternly. "They are leading their own lives." He could not bear to have such subjects treated flippantly in the presence of Miss Ravenel. "If they have not the sentiment, they have the sense."

"It is the 'Society' women, the 'club women' of small towns, the women whose husbands spend their evenings at the lodge, mostly, that want the suffrage," contributed John, who saw that Austin wanted to treat the subject seriously.

"Dowered with the sway of life or death
They cry for coarser tools,"

said our Carolinian.

"I am sure that we see and know better without having the vote," said Miss Ravenel. "But if women are to be as men—knowing good and evil—is it not right that they should have their liberty of action? When you take free will away from a fair deed, you have taken all its virtue. Perhaps the mill girls are right in demanding a larger life, certainly one not monastic. The great pity is that so few can hope for a woman's natural right, the right of her heart to love and be loved."

Austin looked at her, during this speech, as he might have looked at Thekla in the arena, which was, perhaps, what suggested John's next remark; it was, "What else did he see in New Hampshire?"

"Well," said Austin, "for one thing, I discovered American literature; I learned what the people are reading." And he took out the list he had copied and passed it round the table.

"How many of these books do you suppose are to be found in the Astor Library—in any library?" said John, much interested.

"I don't know—very few, I should fancy. Tolstoi and George and Bellamy and Victor Hugo—Garland, of course, and Altgeld, in some—I tried myself to find Bebel, at the Mercantile, and couldn't."

"Ingersoll, I suppose."

"In every village library. He advertised himself widely to the lower middle classes by insulting the Deity—the thought was not original."

"I knew you were a churchman, but I did not know you were an aristocrat," laughed the older man.

"I am not. I mean the lower classes intellectually. Some of that lower class are millionaires—the class, when piously inclined, that go to Mrs. Eddy but do not read St. John."

"Will you give me the list?" said Miss Ravenel. "I should like to see how many of my girls have read these books. I know something of Helen Gardner," she added as Austin put the paper in her hand hesitatingly. "After all," she merrily ended, "they have not got Ella Wheeler Wilcox!"

"Or any poetry," said Austin.

"I fear it is too little in their lives. Do you know, I have a mind to make a serious study of this literature?"

"Let us divide it," said Austin hastily.

"By all means—a reading committee," said John, seeing Pinckney's drift. "You and I will take all the plums—Grace can do the heavy atheistic, Miss Ravenel the social and economic."

"Oh," said Miss Ravenel as the party rose, "I *must* read 'From Seamstress to Duchess.' I should just love to be a duchess, to meet duchesses!" She said the word with the prettiest little *moue*, as of one who enjoys a luscious morsel.

"Then you must stay in New York, or go on the stage," said Haviland. "When do you leave, by the way?"

"To-morrow. I am going down to Baltimore to-morrow—and out to Ravenel."

"I am going down to-night," said Austin frankly.

"Shall you be there long? You must come out and see us."

"Several days. I am going down about the Allegheny Central fight."

"Allegheny Central—why, that's all my vast fortune! Mr. Pinckney, you are my at-

torney! Of course, you must come out and see us."

"Well," said John, "if you won't smoke, Austin, I must leave you two to discuss your law business. Gracie has to take the carriage for an hour, but she'll be back before tea—and, Miss Ravenel, you must let us send you down—it's storming frightfully."

(Her attorney! Her knight-errant had been better, but the possessive was everything. Austin stood like one who sees the trees walking. He saw Miss Ravenel walk toward the fire. She sat down. Was her gesture one of dismissal, or did she indicate a seat to him?)

"You must take the train for Frederick," she was saying, "or you might even ride."

They were sitting in the dark room; against the street windows the storm was beating; but the fire was between them, and through the open window behind him came the fragrance of a bough of blossoming lilac. But still, he talked of their one subject in common—labor questions, the human life that ebbed and flowed around them. Possibly their talk became more earnest as the twilight deepened; certainly, he did not laugh any more. What he said came from his truest belief—no half-believed-in thing, no thought of pose, still less of any jesting humor, seemed worth while. As it grew still darker, Miss Ravenel seemed to grow more thoughtful—her unfathomable clear eyes were fixed upon the embers. He permitted his own eyes, now, to rest upon her face. It seemed that his talk must have come to an end.

"I must go," said the girl, suddenly jumping up. "I had no idea it was so late." The clock was striking five.

"But you must wait for Mrs. Haviland."

"I really cannot. I have something I must do at home."

"You cannot walk in this rain."

"Oh, yes."

It was now pouring a very deluge.

"You must not," said Austin firmly. "If you won't wait for John—I must have a carriage myself—I'll get one." They were in the hall, the girl putting on her light waterproof; Austin did not stop to help her, but, umbrellaless, ran to the corner of Madison Avenue, where he was fortunate enough to find a carriage, and came quickly back in it.

"I beg you go home in this."

"But I shall be taking your carriage."

"It is not my carriage; I found it on the

corner. Good-by." And Austin held out his hand, with, I suppose, something of a dog's expression in his eyes.

"You are all wet. If it's my carriage, I can't let you walk in the rain," said Miss Ravenel impulsively. "Get in!"

Get in. When good Master Beckmesser bids Walther Stortzing sing of spring—the song he learned from Walther von der Vogelweide—he says, "Begin." And Walther opens his song with the word, and the spring begins. Her two words fell like some such melody upon his heart. Only that Walther was conscious of his song, and Austin, still, was as innocent of any conscious love as was the girl herself. He did not recognize it: he had never been in love before. He was six years older, but it was possible the girl would recognize it first.

Austin closed the door. He had had to ask her address. The cabman turned around to Park Avenue. It was the shortest way.

He never could remember what was said upon this drive. Later, when he knew, he would try to remember, when these (ah, how pitifully few!) rare moments with her he would count over to himself, in the coming lean years when he would have bartered seven years of his own life for as many hours of hers. He remembered that he looked at her, and it was Thirty-fourth Street; she was saying something to him and her gentle eyes looked straight before her, eyes so gentle that they were redeemed from softness only by the brave straight brow that made a shade above. Now they were at Lexington Avenue. All was over, they were there.

He helped her out; he held the umbrella over her. She insisted on paying for the carriage—a half dollar. Austin put it in his pocket (the cabby got a bill instead) and was about to ring the bell. "No, no; you see I too have a latchkey," the girl laughed. Austin looked at the stained-glass door, the indescribably squalid entrance to a New York "flat," and his heart sank, but not for that alone.

"Good-by," said Miss Ravenel, putting out her head.

"Good-by," said Austin. There was a pause.

"And don't forget to come to Ravenel," she added simply. The door closed as Austin bounded down the steps—no more carriage for him. On second thoughts, he entered it, and bade the coachman drive to Central Park. (She must believe he went home in it.) At

the park (the carriage had been a memory of her, and the world smelled of the dust of roses) he dismissed the cabman, stupefied (he haunted, for weeks after, the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue), and walked; the storm was breaking at last, in the Easter Sunday sunset; the birds sang softly; the earth lay under a Good Friday spell. There is no maid in "Parsifal," though, only Kundry.

He could bear no man's presence; he got some food at the Claremont, then he walked way back to Eleventh Street and entered the empty house. He called no one, but packed his things himself. If the thought crossed his mind of waiting for the morning train, it was rejected. He did not want to see her again, not yet.

The river was full of lights, but after a few miles, the night was quiet and mild. There was an "observation" car, which he found he had to himself. The night was so mild that he even sat out on the rear loggia (why not call it a loggia?) to smoke; he loved to hear (as he could, when the train was still) the spring noises, the tree toads, the piping of the frogs in the marshes, the things that are in Schubert's C major symphony; still smoking, the gray dawn found him, reaching its long pallor down the dim still water of the Susquehanna; over there lay the Laurel Ridge; somewhere there, she had said, was Ravenel; in the Baltimore cavern station, the puzzled porter, but proud, took his tip and deposited his open bag at the hotel; after a bath and coffee he was on South Street; there he worked with vigor through the morning; at two he was in a telephone booth at the hotel; in half an hour a message came from Miss Aylwin.

"I think they have counted all the votes. They at first refused but then accepted mine. The business is begun. I think Mr. Markoff recognized me." Austin dropped the receiver and hurried to the Eutaw Hotel, where, showing his proxy, he demanded admittance to the hall.

"The question is on the guaranty of the Allegheny Pacific bonds and the issue of the Allegheny Central preferred stock as read," Tamms was saying. He was standing up before a little table on which stood a pitcher of ice water. Markoff was beside him; a row of reporters were scribbling before a lower table in front. Behind him was the figure-head president. "The lease has already been voted. The guaranty on the bonds and this new stock make the consideration for the

lease. Have all voted who wish to vote? The meeting is now adjourned."

Austin stood up. "Before the meeting adjourns I wish to give notice to its chairman that we shall contest the vote, both upon the lease and the guaranty, and upon the new stock, and the validity of the meeting itself," he said very distinctly.

Tamms sat suddenly down and his face turned white beneath its freckles and its wiry red beard. The reporters began to scribble furiously. Markoff looked down at Pinckney who remained standing, Miss Aylwin's minutes in his hand. Markoff's glance traveled from him to her.

"On what ground, Mr. Pinckney?" Tamms could see the reporters dash at the name.

"On the ground that the guaranty and lease are a fraud upon the stockholders, the proxies for this meeting unlawfully secured, and the stock illegally voted."

"On what ground, may I ask? And whom do you represent?"

"I represent Messrs. Gresham, Radnor & Auerbach of New York; and they represent the Miners' Bank of New York, the Philadelphia Society for Granting Annuities to Survivors of the War of 1812, the South Bank and the Calvert Trust Company of Baltimore, and thirty-seven private stockholders according to a list I have here—all whose stock has been voted by you as representing pledgees, not real owners as the law of Maryland requires."

"The law of Maryland? Here, Mr. Pinckney, is the code," smiled Markoff.

"I refer to the law of the Allegheny Central Railroad & Canal Company, its own charter as shown in the consolidation act with the Accomac & Pocantico Railroad, special laws of Maryland, Private Acts of 1838."

For the first time, Pinckney could see Markoff blanch—blanch as he had seen the Yale team whiten when, in Cambridge, he had played guard and on the second down they failed to hold.

A reporter spoke up deferentially. "May I trouble you for that reference, Mr. Pinckney?"

Markoff turned and had a whispered colloquy with Tamms. That gentleman seemed to breathe again. His color came back, and he began rolling up little paper pellets and throwing them around the table.

"I move the meeting adjourn—for one week," said Markoff.

XXXIV

THIS, which should, in any biography of Charles Austin Pinckney, be the longest chapter in the book, always seemed the briefest day of his own memories, and will doubtless (when Pinckney's biography appears, as now that he is Minister of the Interior seems likely) by his biographer be omitted entirely. For what biographer even knows the real life of the man he is writing about? Except as in the case of some men, usually poets or libertines, who have consciously revealed themselves. These we know a good deal about, from Dante, Heine, de Musset, to Casanova, Cellini, de Retz; as in Rousseau or (we may even suspect) St. Augustine. What did ladylike Mrs. Oliphant know of the real Browning? Egregious Lockhart of the real Scott? Even Madame Hanska of the real Balzac? Balzac was talking to Madame Hanska, as we say, "through his hat," as a Frenchman always does when he writes to a woman.

But we, who are writers of fiction and not of biography, know the truth. We must stick to fact. It is, or should be, our business to portray our heroes and heroines as they really are—even to dwell upon those omitted chapters which were the evening and the morning of the life we study. Yet even master Thackeray and master (for he wrote the truth in his fiction) Balzac leave much—Balzac not quite so much—for the reader's imagination to supply. They tell you, *he loved her, she did not love him*, almost with the simplicity of Heine's formula:

"Sie war liebenswürdig und er liebte sie,
Er war nicht liebenswürdig und sie liebte ihn
nicht—"

but they do not tell you what she said to make him love her, what he said to make her love him not. Thackeray's intellect probably recoiled from recording Amelia's love talk, but he does not even tell us what Becky Sharp said. He tells us she was very clever—he does not give us auricular demonstration of the fact. Shakespeare goes something farther with Mercutio; but then Shakespeare was (as the Gospel Society man said of St. Paul) "our best contributor." It is true, as the Catholics told the Paulicians, St. Paul says a good many things that ain't so—as two hundred thousand Albigenses doubtless, while they burned alive, realized. Balzac, too, really gives us something of the conversation and

mœurs of his great ladies, his clever rascals, his women of the town. Madame Marneffe opens her lips to us as well as her dainty throat; the contemporary American novelist tells you of his heroine's ebon tresses, her violet eyes, her shell-like ears, her pouting lips, but lets it go at that. The lips pout in silence, the brilliant brain we accept as a working hypothesis.

I dare say, the other things would bore the reader. Richardson surely wearied us of his Clarissa, his Grandison; for us moderns the chaste correspondent must be abridged, the Lovelaces expurgated. I dare say this chapter will weary the reader—if I dare go on! And what will he think of my poor hero when we are through with it? Wisely his biography, waiting for the Carnegie libraries of the land, will have no use for it—for this chapter of his life.

"My grandmamma, my grandmamma,
She had a leathern Bible,
And there she enters all our dates—
The day we're born, the day we die, the day we
had the measles.
She never entered on its page
The day my heart was broken."

O cousin Amalie, cousin Amalie, was Heine thinking alone of you when he wrote these lines? I wonder. He had, we know, a pretty young wife, a nice little girl, cuddible, like a kitten, pretty as our Dorothy and without her social ambition, content to be at home and make love to him. Clever Madame Joubert (*la Mouche*, he called her), who lighted the last turns of Heine's path through life, thinks (a little jealous, perhaps?) that she does so rather too much. Was Dante thinking always of Mrs. Portinari when he wrote his Provençal love song, for instance?

But they, Charles Pinckney and Mary Ravenel, talked of Dante to-day; it must come in this chapter, and here we are, still shivering on the brink of it.

Austin went straight from that railroad meeting to a stable where he picked out a saddle horse; then, stopping only to put on his riding things and send a telegram, he was off and riding through the park by three of the spring afternoon.

Fourteen miles, the map told him, lay between there and Ravenel, which lay in the first rising foothills of the Laurel Mountains. They were quickly covered; and at five Austin found himself entering, between two great posts of shattered masonry, an old, old avenue, stretching straight away between two

rows on either side of forest trees. The trees were grand, but so old that they were dying; the avenue unkept; the heaps of last year's leaves still lay in the beechen hollows, the drift of magnolia petals, crimson and white, lay on the new grass. Tulip poplars, magnolia grandiflora, alternated with great sycamores and walnut; soon, by their side came down a brawling "run," tumbled freshly into Maryland from Pennsylvania hills. Something reminded our hero "as he rode" of the little stream that redeemed Mrs. Arthur Shirley's vulgar lawn and then made one quick scamper for the sea. Now, round hills were rising on each side, brushing the blue with a wash of tender green; on the left he could see rows of empty whitewashed cabins; the stream to the right ran under two dismantled old stone mills; a cow or two grazed in what had been a deer park; gardens appeared, marvelous in their box and yew, the beds neglected, rising in a terrace to a wall garden backed upon the stone wall of a huge barn, such as hitherto he had seen only in Gloucestershire, in England, and upon a long retaining wall, mellow of brown stone and green moss, bulging irregularly here and there where not supported by its huge stone buttresses. Then the avenue plunged through a dark archway, cut in the tall box trees, whose warm, old-time aroma Austin never forgot; and he appeared before the portico of a long, low, white colonnaded house.

Austin dismounted and pulled the bell at the front door; its reluctant clangor reverberated as through an empty house. The many minutes that elapsed indicated little habitude of visits; Austin was quite willing to wait there, and he did not ring again. At last there was a sound of shuffling steps, the door groaned open, and there appeared an old white-headed negro, shabby and of courtly manners.

"Mrs. Warfield is at home, sir. Miss Ravenel has not yet arrived."

"Not arrived?"

The butler pulled a wire and the boom of a great bell startled Austin; it was hung in the branches of a huge sycamore that stood in the cobblestoned courtyard beyond the archway that led under the second story of the long house, to the servants' offices; its clamor might easily have been heard across the valley for half a mile or more.

As the butler evidently expected it, Austin suffered himself to be inducted into a vast drawing-room, where the butler brought him

cake and wine; it was dark with mahogany; its unpainted wooden floor hardly relieved by rugs, its walls almost bare of furniture; altogether, it had the look of an apartment that had been stripped in times of war; only, there were many somber family portraits in the panels, portraits that would have not relieved the gloom but for scarlet, the buff and blue, and, later still, the blue and gold, of the uniforms they represented. One of the latest of all was a very young man in the dress of an American naval officer of the War of 1812; the placard bore the lettering "Commodore Ravenel, U. S. N. Born July 11, 1784. Died in August, 1816." A commodore at thirty-two! There was also a painting of a small sloop, almost a pinnace, evidently done from memory or imagination, for the Pillars of Hercules were indicated on either side and, in the background, a stormy Atlantic. It bore the legend "U. S. sloop of war *Hornet*. Sailed from Tripoli with dispatches August 2, 1816; never reported." Then there were portraits of Rutledges, Raouls, one of a Warfield, also in the navy. But it was evidently a Ravenel house. And there was one—a beautiful Copley—fine as any Sir Joshua, but with the strange New-World delicacy that was all his own—of a Miss Rolf Ravenel, "granddaughter of Princess Pocahontas." The present Miss Ravenel had much her look, thought Austin, when, hearing the rustle of a silk dress, he rose to see, as he felt sure, the original before him. No, that was of course impossible—a granddaughter again, perhaps. Yet she was very old, certainly eighty, but with eyes of brightly black, dress as coquettishly perfect, neck as snowy, where it showed, as any older French marquise or (though a touch more *soigné*, perhaps) of any girl's of seventeen. She dropped a little courtesy, and Pinckney ceremoniously bowed.

"You are welcome to Ravenel, Mr. Pinckney, welcome as any Pinckney would be, but you are doubly so, for my daughter has spoken much of you."

Pinckney's face burned. He turned away to look at the picture.

"That is my father." Her father! "He was never heard of again. You see, I was married at fifteen—and, you must know, I am nearing ninety. I call Mary my daughter; of course she is only my granddaughter. Her mother was not married as young as I."

Nearing ninety! Was it the French charm, the old Huguenot blood, that made this

slender little bright-eyed lady lovable yet? Austin turned from her to the picture with the air of one who reverentially salutes. "You are fortunate in having the picture, Mrs. Warfield."

"Yes, when the British captured Washington they left us little else. Of course, at that time, the portrait of Commodore Ravenel had not been painted. But the Yankees were here, in sixty-one and in sixty-three."

"Your father is wearing blue," said Pinckney.

"Well said, my young friend, and I know your family sided with the North. But I know that your great-grandfather refused to go with his father to England and join the Tories. And he used to run away at night—to mount guard with the Continental soldiers at Annapolis. Jared Sparks, the Yankee, tells us that."

"Massachusetts and Virginia made the war," said Austin.

"And South Carolina—you and I may say so."

"There is little left of my family. My three sisters are much older than I and their children are all German. My wife and I have no children." Austin spoke with the faintest possible stress, which, it seemed, the old lady noticed; for, as if to put him at his ease, she answered:

"I knew that you were married, but I did not know you had no children. Well, well, there are to be no Ravenels any more—and Miles Warfield was the last of his race—better so than to have a line run down as did the Breeses. You know, Miles Breese was my daughter's cousin. I must frankly tell you that I abhor him."

"Miss Ravenel seems devoted."

"He is her father. He is only my son-in-law. And I hated him from the time I made my daughter marry him. That was my remorse. My daughter had some fantastic remorse of her own for having left him, or for having divorced him, after her boy died. The Warfields, you know, are gentle, easy-going people, and very religious. They think divorcing is sinful. We Ravenels think it only unnecessary." And the old lady's dark eyes flashed. It was easy to see where Miss Ravenel got her spirit from.

Austin rose to go. "I am so sorry not to see Miss Ravenel."

"What? Nothing of the sort. Of course, you are going to spend the night. Mary came on to-day, I know—she has stopped in

Baltimore about some of her classes—her poor people. She will be out by the evening train."

A night beneath her roof! But as Austin felt his heart's blood rush to his heart, his head resolved. "I fear it is quite impossible. I have nothing with me"—so do clothes protect us, in this world!

"Well, come out to-morrow; you must give us a day at least."

"If my business permits; I may have to go back to New York." The excuse, from a South Carolina Pinckney to a Ravenel, did not sound convincing.

"Fiddle-de-dee! my daughter tells me you have been of so much service—and now this Allegheny Railroad trouble—she wrote me last night that you were our attorney."

(Last night! She was thinking about him, then, last night—just when he was flying through the Jersey woods—it was only yesterday, he still wore the faded rose he had pinned in while lunching with her—she must have written immediately after he had left her in the doorway.)

"I shall try to," said Austin. "I really will—I will telegraph."

A mile from the home, galloping, he passed an ancient vehicle, creaking up the hill. Alone in the back seat sat Miss Ravenel. He turned and greeted her.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "I thought you would come. But why did you come so soon? You are not going?"

In the dusk, he could hardly see her face. He strained his eyes to hers—only her voice came to him, cool and gentle. Really, it was hardly fair to count this.

"I must—I must get back to Baltimore." Bravely he made the fight. "I have told Mrs. Warfield perhaps I can come out to-morrow."

"I hope you will—good night."

The greatest resolution of Austin Pinckney's life now vanished.

"I will," he said.

"Come in the morning—I want to show you Ravenel."

Late in the evening, at the Chesapeake Club, the porter handed Austin a card. It was "Mr. Markoff" in all its proud isolation of any Christian name. Mr. Markoff had not yet the *entrée* of a Maryland club, it appeared, so Austin consented to return to the hotel.

"Austin, old man, we play cards down. I

don't mind admitting you've made a score. Now, I think I can make a proposition, if you'll tell me what you mean to do."

The American winced a little, but said: "We have made no secret of what we want. We hold the meeting void, and both the stock issue and the guaranty illegal."

"The stock issue, after all, has been voted by the president and directors, and the contract with Allegheny Pacific is legal. Tamms was undoubtedly president of the Pacific, and the fact that he was not then president of the Central only makes the deal look still further all right—the new preferred stock has passed into the hands of innocent purchasers."

"Tamms and his pledgees," said Austin dryly.

"Well, among others, the Chesapeake Bank of Baltimore. His largest loan is there. If you cancel the preferred stock, you'll ruin him."

"And if we don't, we'll ruin ten thousand old stockholders, who got their money honestly, and who can't make a new *coup*, as he can. Did he not ruin old Mr. Townley?"

"Oh, I see," said Markoff. "That old story—well, if Gresham's in it—" The wily Hebrew made a *volte-face*. "Tell you what, Austin—suppose I throw up the sponge on the preferred stock?" Austin observed the single pronoun.

"What do you want?" said he.

"You to keep quiet for a week. Time."

"I'll tell you to-morrow, at ten o'clock."

Before going to bed Austin telegraphed Gresham: "Chesapeake Trust Company largest lender security preferred stock; shall secure it; also much common; telegraph bank to give certified check \$205,000." That is what the cipher meant; what it said was: "Chesapeake depravest Martha hog also Mary wire Maryland give me certified check palimpsest palanquin."

At ten o'clock Markoff came to Austin's parlor, where he found Miss Aylwin with a typewriting machine. "You won't object to a witness at our interview," Austin said. "I've decided to agree to a week's truce if you'll sign a paper agreeing to have these votes reconsidered at the special meeting, by the directors and stockholders as well. I also want you, as Tamms's attorney, to sign a paper agreeing that each lot of collateral shall stand as security for any or all of his loans held by my client, the Miners' Bank."

Markoff looked at Austin, but said nothing.

"Miss Aylwin will prepare the paper, and

you can sign it. I must go now—I have an engagement." A telegraph boy came in with a dispatch. Austin opened it; it was not in cipher, and he threw it over to Markoff. It read:

"Market opened panicky. Central weak; no quotations Pacific. Return if possible to-day."

"Do you mind my sending this answer?" asked Markoff. He wrote on a blank sheet of paper:

"Hold up everything for a week. Possible agreement with Tamms party."

"I see no objection," said Austin, as he gave the message to the telegraph boy. Only, he had added the words "impossible return before to-morrow."

Austin went around to the Maryland Bank and got his certified check for \$205,000; then to the Chesapeake Trust Company, where Miss Aylwin awaited him. "He has signed it," she said, "both papers." Austin took the one relating to the holding of collateral and put the other in his pocket. Then, Miss Aylwin with him, he entered the treasurer's private office.

"Mr. McTavish, I have come to take up that loan of Tamms," he said. "I think you said, with interest, it amounted to over two hundred and four thousand dollars."

"Two hundred and four thousand six hundred and sixty-six," said Mr. McTavish. "We consider it amply secured, even should the new preferred stock be held void, but we are always happy to oblige the Miners' Bank. Here is the list, 20,000 shares new preferred; that's the trimming; 2,050 shares old common, and that's the beef."

"Have you got the securities?" Austin spoke not impatiently, but he was evidently in a hurry.

"They are here." McTavish handed over one long envelope.

"Miss Aylwin, you will take these stocks and the note, and carry them to the Maryland Bank to hold for order of the Miners' Bank of New York. I suppose you can give Miss Aylwin an escort?"

"Surely, our most trusted messenger." They left the room. Then, as Austin was taking his leave, the teller's door opened.

"Mr. Markoff, sir—" The clerk stopped as he saw Pinckney.

"You may go on, Roberts."

"Mr. Markoff, sir, has called with a certified check to take up that \$200,000 loan of Phineas Tamms & Co."

"Tell him he is too late," said Mr. McTavish. "Good-by, Mr. Pinckney." And as he met Pinckney's eye, the canny McTavish treated himself to one discreet smile. It laid Pinckney under an obligation.

Austin caught his train. He had no lunch, and when he arrived at Ravenel it was nearly three o'clock. She met him at the doorway. "My grandmother always rests in the afternoon," she said, "but your room is ready. I thought we should like best to go to walk? We have no horses, you know. But perhaps first you would like some lunch?"

"I have had my lunch," lied Austin.

Miss Ravenel led the way under the archway, through the courtyard where was the great sycamore tree.

"The great bell in the first branch is the old 'slave' bell. It is still rung to call in the servants when we need them."

"I have heard it," said Austin.

Now they passed under an archway of clipped box and stood within a rectangular garden. In the four corners were wonderful Japanese yews; the flowers in this garden were kept up, and beautifully.

"It is mine," said Miss Ravenel. "You know grandma cannot afford to hire labor. In the old days many of the men that had been slaves used to come and work in the gardens for love, but they are nearly all gone now. You see her father's name is still carried on the navy records, and although he was only an ensign when he was lost, grandma gets a commodore's pension."

Austin asked how that might be.

"A naval officer of the United States is not to be presumed to have lost his ship. The loss of the *Hornet* has never been reported. So great-grandpa's name was duly given its promotion by seniority until the retiring age."

All winds were stilled within this garden, and as the two stood together by an old sundial, the warm Maryland sun brought out the diverse perfume of the flowers against the all-pervading, warm, strong scent of the box hedges. When they ceased speaking no sound was heard except the humming of the bees.

Austin had no desire to say anything. He was content to watch the lovely girl; she was simply dressed in a gray skirt and shoes for walking, and the long slim waist of dainty muslin seemed to him a more beautiful covering than any ball dress he had ever seen. Perhaps it was the shade of the broad Leghorn hat that enabled her to look so straight before her with wide-opened eyes. Austin felt his

own as if dazzled, and he looked down at the dial, under pretext of reading the motto. There was a motto; and it was charming:

"—Venit quæ non sperabitur hora."

"I shall never forget it—the hour never looked for comes," said he.

"Or, the weather will be finer than you expect," laughed Miss Ravenel. "The charm of Latin mottoes is, they may mean so many things." And she bent her lissome figure, so quickly that the man had not time to stoop, to clip a blossom of gardenia. "Does it not remind you of a ballroom? I hate it, in a ballroom; I grow it here on purpose. It makes me so glad I am not there!" and she stretched the flower out to him to smell. He drew a long breath or two, but avoided asking for it, and she pinned it to her dress. They were going now by one of the old mills; its overshot wheel lay still under its layer of green moss, and the shining drops tinkled musically as they fell upon the rotting wood. One side of the great stone wall was torn out and fallen, as if by a shell. He asked if it was done in the war.

"No, I did it myself with gunpowder," said the girl simply. "We needed the stones for the avenue. Laurel Run *will* wash it away in the floods. This is Laurel Run; there is the old stillhouse; that marble-rimmed pool beside the brook that comes down from the Hanging Wood was meant for a bath, before the days of indoor plumbing."

"I should love to bathe there still," said he.

"You may if you like, and get up early enough before breakfast. I tried it once but there were too many water spiders," laughed she. "This is called the Wood Walk; it runs for nearly half a mile along the run and the trees have never been cut down. They say that Lafayette was very fond of it and he and Washington and Count Marbois used to come here to tea. That's why that is called the Lafayette Circle."

She pointed to the retaining wall, which ran all along the steep hill on the upper side of the path, and here was hollowed out into a semi-circle in which were three stone seats.

"There is a 'salon de Mirabeau' in Auvérghne," said Austin, "but I am sure it served no such harmless purpose."

"The British didn't think this was," said she. "It's only a day's march from here to the Brandywine. See, here the laurel begins already." They were getting now into a veritable mountain gorge; the stream was

roaring at their feet and the interspaces of the dark forest were rosy with the laurel through which the girl glided, beautiful as that Aethusa—was it?—who was turned to cold marble in the Borghese palace. But Austin was sternly refusing himself the thought of the girl's beauty.

"You will not mind a good long walk?" she said. "I do so love it—the first time I come here after the long New York winter."

Austin said he would not mind a good long walk.

"That reminds me," she said; "I have read one of those books, the only one I could get at the bookstore near the station, and it isn't about a factory girl at all; it's about a duchess."

"Why should factory girls wish to read about factory girls?"

"Well, they would, if the stories were properly written. What we want for them is a Balzac—a Balzac with a heart."

"Won't Howells do?"

"Howells is too ladylike," she laughed.

"Women are women, as men are men, and it would do them good to be told so. But this duchess book has just the same trouble I find in the girls themselves—it hasn't any ideals except diamonds and display, and they won't believe that we have, either."

"Send them to Newport," said Austin sadly. Something in his tone struck the young girl, and for the first time she looked at him, as it were, personally.

"No," she said softly, "we must go to them." Then after a minute (she was leading, leaping lightly from one mossy step to another, so that her white waist made a glimmering in the steep valley wood) she turned lightly in her tread and "with the upper foot so pressed that the lower was the firmer" looked at him. "Would you like to go with me to our little factory? I called it ours, but it is only a little water-power with a nook of land that General Ravenel gave to some Hessians who were too poor to go home after the Revolution. But to get there we must go down to the road and climb back again." She seemed to need no answer, but turned downward; here there was no path, but she sprang easily from one ledge to another, scorning his hand; Austin followed, looking at her; now and then she would turn and look up at him, smiling; at such moments Austin's heart passed through all the grades of happiness.

"It is the multitudes that are misled. I

want you to see the mill girls here. It is the vast aggregation of such in cities that seems to crush all to a coarse uniformity—necessary, I suppose."

"Markets, cheaper railway rates, power, are the causes; electricity promises much but fails to fulfill as yet. I had hoped to see the time when a little thread of wire would carry into every working woman's home the brute force necessary for her skilled labor, and so all could live at home, and in the country."

"They would not do it," said she. "Even here, where the conditions are so perfect—for we are near enough to cart the few materials, and the product (they make watches) is so valuable that the rail rates do not count—I have trouble sometimes in persuading the young girls to stay." By this time they had stepped down out of the forest onto the level valley road; Austin noted gladly that the sun was still some hours high; before them lay a picturesque long stone mill, beside it a flume and a pretty pool into which a waterfall some sixty feet in height fell churning. The little dell was full of ferns and flowers, and as they entered the main great room of the factory the girls all looked up with joyous salutation. "It is my first visit this year," said Miss Ravenel, "but they cannot leave their work to speak to us while the machinery is running."

Some forty young women with a few elder ones (they were the widows, she said) were in the room; the air was pure, the windows all open, on most of the window sills a bunch of flowers; the flaxen braids of the younger still showed their Saxon origin; they were all neat and wholesome looking, if not handsome, and wore cool-looking shirtwaists as dainty as Mary Ravenel's own.

"The few men needed do the heavy work, tend the machinery, pack and unpack; the girls prefer to have them work in another room—it leaves them freer. We will ask the superintendent to stop the wheel a moment. The old overshot wheel I could stop myself; but we had to give it up for a modern turbine. I loved it so, though, that I got it disconnected and leave it be for the looks of it." As the wheels revolved more slowly and the shafting slacked, the operatives all clustered around Mary Ravenel. Austin stood apart and looked on—then he was introduced to a few, the *élite* who did only handwork; the engravers, who designed monograms and inscriptions.

"I rejoice," said Austin as they walked

away, "that they can still compete with the trust."

"They have an old trade-mark and reputation—the Laurel Run watches. Many people still will be at pains to get them. After all, a hand-made watch is best. But they do now have to buy their cases. Mr. Köllner tells me he is afraid they will try to force them to join the trust, and the first thing the trust would do is to abandon these works entirely—the trust doesn't want handwork."

"The highest economy of management being, so far as possible, to eliminate the human element," said Pinckney grimly.

"Perhaps some higher taste will want it back. Now, Mr. Pinckney, that speech came from Wall Street—at Laurel Run we are human and happy." The girl was climbing nimbly through the ferns; Austin followed, but stumbling more, for he would keep his eyes fixed on hers, so that now and then, as she looked downward over her shoulder to him, he could see them smile.

"Surely," she went on, "all that humanity needs is knowledge of the higher good, of what is really good, really valuable—and God has so arranged it that the making of the really good is never labor that degrades. The tilling of fields, the sailing of ships, the fashioning of beautiful things by hand and eye alone, this is good; the mining of metals, the forging of cannon, the sitting at a crowded bench to aid a machine turn out cheap imitation jewelry, shoddy, vulgar-patterned carpets, noxious chemicals to be utilized again in unwholesome processes, this is bad."

"Ruskin was a seer, but he was not omniscient. How about sweatshops, paper mills, shoe factories? Sweatshops are home labor, and there is no machinery. Paper you must have in any earthly millennium. Would you go back to the cobbler and his bench?"

Miss Ravenel laughed. "We might at least get another Hans Sachs. And I am not sure there is not something inherently meretricious about clothes. As to wood pulp, I don't care for Sunday newspapers and I do prefer it in its original condition of primeval forest!" But Austin wanted to be graver.

"Knowledge of thy truth," he quoted. "It is all we need. Perhaps, after all, we are in a transition stage. Even Carnegie libraries may bring us some of it."

"And that service which alone is perfect freedom. Not the freedom our poor city mill girls wanted."

"Is there such a thing as free will?"

"If there is no free will, there is no freedom."

"Malebranche said that all causal volition was but the direct interposition of God. And Liebnitz said that a stone, falling through the air, would think it did it of its own free will."

"I never read any philosophy," said the girl, "but I should say that the stone would be perfectly right."

The man looked at the young woman in wonder. "You have anticipated Spinoza's rejoinder."

"Gravitation is but inclination, and conscious inclination is desire, will, attraction, love; the will to serve is the love of God."

"But what do you tell your class girls?"

"To those that have a church, I say that. To others, I respect their agnosticism, but I—surely you can say" (Miss Ravenel went on, modestly correcting herself), "you can say with—who was it?—Amiel?—'I do not know what others are—I am emerald. My duty is to be emerald.' Or you can say, each rod of iron has a love for north; therefore we say, there is some great source and end of the love we call a magnet's; we do not think of denying the magnetic north. So each one of us, some more, some less, far down below the day desires, have still a love of good, an inclination for goodness; somewhere, therefore, is a well spring and a source and an end of goodness. Thither we will; and the will is the love of God; and its conscious service is perfect freedom."

Had they gone down now (Austin later thought) would consequences have been altered? Why was it willed otherwise? They did not so will; by some virginal instinct in each they had kept, as it were, in the realms of pure reason, an instinct perhaps beginning to be conscious on the man's part, as he looked at her wonderful face, white with enthusiasm of her speech, her clear eyes blazing. But he did not meet them, this time, and was saved. They came now out on a crag of limestone where all the world around was lower land; they sat together, she looking far out to the purple horizon, he, now, looking at her. How long they talked he never knew; it was when the waning light grew like the light of autumn; they had spoken of Dante, how he had anticipated even what they had been saying, that he was the greatest of them all. Austin told how he had been in factories—in Latin countries—where the mill girls hired readers to read aloud—the classics, Dante, Cervantes. When would that be at

Nauchester? And she had said she thought the girls at Laurel Run would like—if not Dante—Heine, Uhland, Longfellow. He found she knew her Dante well; the “*Vita Nuova*,” the precursor of all our higher, Christian love tales; something even of his life. So they were led to talking of Beatrice, of her marriage, of Dante’s marriage, of his later loves. But Austin now was watching her face; as the purple shadows came upward from the valley his look became more absorbed; the white figure grew but a shimmer in the shadows of the laurels; he looked down, too, at her white, ringless hands.

“It is really late, now. I must go. I am so sorry. I have never met anyone with whom I thought so much alike.” It was she who spoke. The ungrammatical little sentence was slipping out so carelessly, when his eyes leaped up to hers—and there was one long look between them. No word was said. The gardenia at her breast fluttered a little. The clear amethyst of her eyes changed, as he looked, to that dim, cloudy blue. Austin turned away as he said:

“Dante *never* loved anyone else. But she refused him her salutation.”

Miss Ravenel made no answer; she was leading the way rapidly through the now dark wood. But the light was now flooding through the man’s whole soul. After a minute again he spoke.

“Whatever they may tell you, Miss Ravenel, remember—the lady from Genoa lied.” There was a choking end to this sentence. Had she heard it? He stumbled over a bush. He would say nothing more; she did not. At last, when she spoke, it was to ask him, in the open road, how soon he was to leave Baltimore.

“In a day or two—not to-morrow. My wife does not come home till Wednesday. We are to be at Beverly this summer.” This speech was willed, and Austin expected the conventional rejoinder, but the girl made none. He became conscious of a chilling air now, that swept upward through the gorge. He became very faint. He could hardly see his guide before him. He resolved that in the box garden he would stop. “May I have a gardenia?”

She watched him stoop to cut one and threw hers away; it was already (she pointed out in the light of the doorway) brown at the edges; then, as she looked, for the first time, at his face, she cried out, “Why, you look faint!” and indeed our hero had collapsed upon a chair.

“The fact is, I didn’t eat—I didn’t eat enough lunch,” he said, laughing. But the girl’s matronly instinct now prevailed; he was a boy, in need of nursing; she darted about for cakes and sherry.

“You must drink it at once.” She sat beside him on the old horsehair dining-room seat and looked merrily over the glass of brown sherry. Austin broke the bread and drank the wine. But with his strength came back the veil between them. Mrs. Warfield made the brightness of the dinner table. She asked if they had talked out their business. “Not yet,” said Austin. “I don’t think we talked any business at all,” said the girl.

But (some fairy, I suppose, or kindly heathen goddess, holding the scales to his eyes) Austin was happy as he had never dreamed that happiness could be. He did not ask why; he did not even reflect that questions might come in the morning; he was sitting at her table, breaking her bread, beside her so that he with his natural look had her face in his vision, her presence at his side. And every word she spoke was molded in his memory as a footprint in a clay that turns to rock.

After dinner, pretexting his cigar, he walked into the garden and searched for the gardenia she had cast away; he put it in his coat instead of the one he wore; she would not notice it.

“You will not mind,” he said to her, “if I walk out in the garden a little more?” By no means—she was very tired, she was going to bed; breakfast was at eight—he might come in when he liked, for the garden door was never locked. “I hope we did not walk too far,” said Austin. Miss Ravenel apparently did not hear; she was kissing her grandmother good night.

“Your candle will be upon the stairs,” said the old lady.

Pinckney went out. The warm scent of the box still was there that he had known that day; through the trees he heard the tinkle of the old mill wheel, the murmur of the stream where he had walked with her. That night must never end; so long as he prolonged it, it was still the day when he had been with her. The very clothes he wore were those that he had worn when with her. So he smoked, and did not think—he did not have to think—and walked about her gardens. Only at the dawn did he go to his room. But it was only to take his bath, don his morning clothes, and then, fresh-eyed as the morn itself, hie him up the path where he had been with her. Far up

he climbed, fixing the trail in his memory, up to the very rock where he had sat with her—the grass still pressed where she had stood, the birch still bent against which he had leaned. The morning was over the world, and he saw that it was good; he loved her, and he saw that it was good.

But coming down, the butler bade him breakfast alone, and after it appeared Mrs. Warfield, unwontedly early, as she said, for her. But she could not let him breakfast alone, and her daughter had been suddenly called to Baltimore, while he was out on his morning walk. And Austin's heart, which had been rich with the treasure of the coming hours, closed suddenly its doors—oh, was this all, was this all? Was it all over? Back in the forest he asked himself this; then his pulse seemed to give one thrill and was silent, like a man, thrown from his horse, who lies upon the field and does not rise.

It was all *forever* over.

And love was. Love was, and it was such as this—love elemental, always, eternal, immutable. No one had told him it could be like this. Not even Dante. He had looked at those around him, and discoursed of it, fluently, boylike. And it was Mary Ravenel. O God, how he loved her! Nay—he was no other thing than her. He *was* her. And at the roots of the birch tree, he murmured her name, over and over again, Mary—Mary—

Mary Ravenel. Why had she left? He knew. He knew. Was not his soul now hers. And, O Mary, mother of all mercies, why? It might have been.

And the great strong fellow lay, his face in the fern leaves, and cried like any child. So, convulsively, he sobbed, and his tears rained through the mosses. Have you lost your respect for him, my lady reader? Why, Homer's heroes cried. True, in all his life had never Killian Van Kull, nor, I suppose, Guy Livingstone, nor any hero of historical romance. But I must tell the truth of Austin Pinckney as he always told it to himself—nor, moreover, did I give him to you as a hero—just a man. But so, if you will, henceforth I give him up to you, a broken hero.

But nevermore he lied to himself. There was no weak self-deception about his love for Mary Ravenel. True, he loved her, as the moth the star, the pine the palm, the soul the spirit; but he also loved her as a man a woman. He could not, if he would, lie himself out of that.

When his tears stopped, he spent the morning hours trying to remember her face. In the afternoon, he took his leave; before her return, as (he could feel) she had willed.

But so, it had been willed that these two should meet—willed in that realm where, and where alone,

"That can be which is willed."

(*To be continued.*)

TO A MOTHER

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

THESE latest years have bound upon thy back
Fardels of suffering, which have bent thee low,
Halted thy steps and made thy progress slow,
Though staff and helping hand thou didst not lack.
The days, like hills, stretched off to Heaven's gate,
Each peak a pinnacle of poignant pain,
And at the base, run riot with Night-bane,
Lo! Death, grim Pilgrim, lurked and lay in wait.
But love went forth with hope and courage high,
To battle there, and victory won, by stealth
He led thee gently where the waters lie
That wind across the fertile plains of health.
Ah, Sweet, is there regret in thy dear eyes
That clinging hands held thee from Paradise?

NABBY

BY ELIZABETH BRENNAN



WHEN twilight deepened into dusk, Nabby placed a lighted candle close to the window pane. She had learned to do this in days long gone, even before "Big Pat McGovern" had captured her heart and lured her from the Kerry glen of her childhood to his mountain home in Glan.

Micky Finan, coming down the road near Gilgan's Gap, saw the light and directed his steps toward it, unconsciously taking it as a welcome to come and "kaily" awhile in Nabby's cottage. When he lifted the latch with a "Hiven save all here," he heard Nabby finishing her usual nightly speech to Tom, telling him of all the "poor craytures out in the dark an' away from home," to say nothing of the "good people," who would be comforted and cheered by a light on their way.

"Thru for ye, ma'am," Micky ejaculated, and fixed himself on the hob opposite Tom McGovern with an air of comfort born of custom. "It's a fine thing comin' along a dark road at night to see a light somewheres out iv the gloom."

"Yis, indeed," Nabby agreed. Her big son nodded his assent, and was about to substantiate his agreement verbally when the flames from the turf fire flared up the chimney as a hand on the latch opened the door to admit Leggy Mitchell, whose greeting was answered by a general chorus of "Hiven save ye kindly."

"Won't ye sit down?" Nabby asked, hospitably drawing a creepy stool within the circle of the hearth.

"No, thank ye kindly," Leggy replied. "I just saw yer light, an' thought I'd come for a coal for me pipe. It's fine weather we're havin'," he added, "seein' that to-morrow is Novimber day."

"Fine, intirely," Nabby agreed, with an un-

easy glance in the direction of her son, who had not vouchsafed Leggy a word or look beyond the first greeting. Mitchell seemed not to notice this, but he hastily packed a coal into his dureen and forgot to withdraw it until he was well on his way up the mountain road.

"That's an ould naygur," Tom McGovern said when the door closed behind the old man.

"He's no worse than his naybors, if it's on account iv Bob yer talkin'," Finan interposed.

"He is worse," Tom McGovern insisted. "What call has he to try an' make a match for Bob? Shure Bob made the place what it is since he kem home from America wid the money that he earned in the sewer pipes iv Chicaygo."

"Thru enough," Micky agreed, "but, accordin' to the custom iv the country, ould Leggy is right to make a match for his son."

"An' where would ye lave Sarah Curran that has waited for Bob these tin years?" Nabby asked.

Finan did not answer, so Nabby became reminiscent, and declared proudly that Pat McGovern, "Hiven rest him," lost nothing though she, Nabby, came to him empty-handed and penniless.

"Ye—ye liked him, mother," Tom said, in a hesitating, unaccustomed voice.

"I did that," Nabby answered, "but bither wor his folks whin I kem among thim first. Ye see, I was from away down among the Kerry glins, an' I had no backin' nor a sowl in the world but me mother. Me poor father died iv a broken heart whin the land was taken from him that his heart's blood had gone into the tillin' iv."

"Many a man's case in the days gone by," Micky remarked.

"Yis," Nabby replied, "but if it was for not payin' rint, we might be able to stand it better. The Colonel, who was our landlord, gev no cause but that as it was so well culti-

vated an' gev such a nice view iv the lake, he was goin' to take it into his own dimense.

"Deed, I was a girsha runnin' about that day whin the Colonel rode up to our door an' called for me father.

"O'Donoughue,' he sed, 'I'm sorry I'll have to change ye over to Garthy. I want this place for meself,' he said.

"Me father never answered a word, but stood starin' at Colonel White.

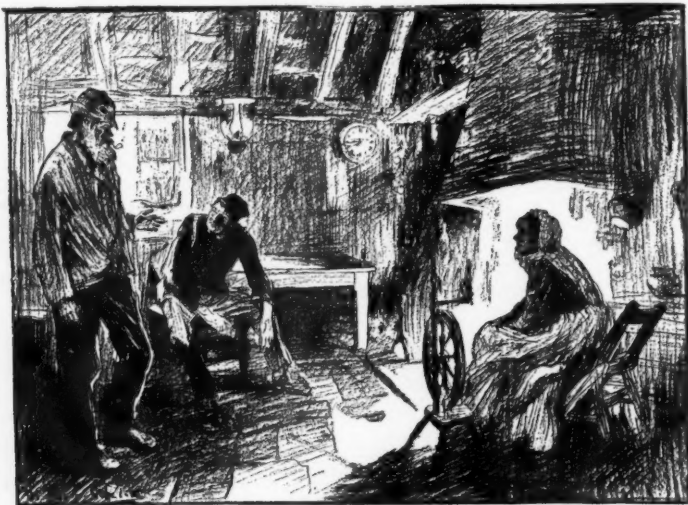
"Spake, man,' said the Colonel, mad like, an' in a couple iv minutes me father did.

"Colonel White,' he sed, 'it is niver yer manin' to put us out iv here. Shure I can't mind iv all the O'Donoughues that wor born

to put us out iv our home. But 'twas no use; the nixt day the cattle wor driven over to Garthy, an' we had to follow thim as well as we could into a barn on the place.

"That night me father was found dead in the haggart iv the ould home. So what wonder that I was empty-handed a few years afther, whin I met Pat McGovern at a weddin' in Garthy. He'd cum down all the way from Glan to be at the marriage, for the bridegroom, O'Flaherty, was his cousin.

"Well, out iv it all we got to carin' for wan another, though people tould me that Pat was the son for his father's place, an' wud be expected to bring a girl wid a fortune into it.



"'Won't ye sit down?' Nabby asked hospitably."

and died in this place, to say nothin' iv the way we worked an' slaved to make it what it is. If the farm is well tilled, who did it? If the lake is now to be seen, who was it that tore the whins and brambles up be the roots an' toiled to have that slope so green down to the wather's edge? Shure 'twas the O'Donoughues. An' ye can't,' me father's voice rose wid the sorrow iv it on him, 'ye can't mane to do this thing?'

"Charles, me brother, a slip of a gossoon, kem runnin' out at me father's voice, an' stood be the horse's head, cryin' because me father looked so wild. Mother kem from the byre, an' whin I whispered to her what was wrong, she threw herself on her knees be the Colonel's stirrup and begged him, for Hiven's sake, not

Pat himself tould me that his father was already lookin' about for a girl wid money enough to suit his farm, but that he wud have no wan but me if the whole world wint to pieces over it. I was proud, an' sed I didn't care whether or which, an' wudn't look at Pat for a while, though me heart was breakin' for him.

"Thin his father heard about Pat an' me goin' together, an' he wint at wance over to Haley's an' began to make a match for Pat wid Dely. A nice girl she was, too, but my Pat cudn't be got to notice her, though that didn't matter to the ould people if they cud bring the match about.

"Pat's father wanted a girl wid a hundred pounds at laste, an' old Haley agreed to give

it, but that was before himself an' his frinds walked over the McGoverns' land. Whin they did they backed out iv the hundred an' wanted to pull it down to eighty pounds. Ould McGovern kicked at this, said his 'waste' would go to no man's daughter for less than a hundred, an' there it was.

"It was cumin' on to Novimber night. In-deed, it will be fifty years come to-morrow, an' all the girshas in the parish wor talkin' iv the thricks they'd play to find out who their thrue sweethearts were to be. I kept dumb, for I knew in me heart that Pat McGovern was the only wan for me, but as I had not seen him for a month, I thought mebbe me cowldness had turned him from me, an' me heart was sore. 'Tis well I mind that Novimber night.

"'Tis a night iv good cheer,' me mother sed, 'an' do ye go, Nabby,' she tould me, 'an' play yer thricks as well as the other girls.' She knew, me mother did, that I was achin' for Pat.

"I don't care about thricks,' I sed; 'let the other girls ask the "good people" about their sweethearts. I have none,' I sed, an' began to cry.

"'Whist, alanna,' me mother sed, an' givin' me a ball iv worsted she pushed me out wid the other girls who wor goin' to the old limekiln at the head of the brae. 'Let Nabby thry her fortune first,' she tould them, and they all wor glad, for every one was afraid to be the first.

"Well I mind that Novimber night. The whole world looked black, an' the only spot iv brightness in it was the light in me mother's window. She niver forgot to put it there, an' laste iv all wud she do so at Hallowe'en, when all the 'good people' come out iv the 'forts' an' have a spree night. 'Tis the laste wan can do to light them on their way,' she'd say.

"Whin passin' the glin, a few late rowan berries dropped on me head, an' we all groped in the dark to pick them up, for 'twas for luck, they sed. The rowans are fairy trees, ye know. That's why they are so grand.

"Ye saw the ould limekiln at Garthy wance, Tom," Nabby turned to her son. Tom McGovern nodded from among the smoke wreaths circling the hob. Finan was leaning against the crook and had forgotten, in the interest of Nabby's narrative, to draw the long Derry which his teeth held. Nabby, satisfied with Tom's agreement, went on with her tale.

"Shure, if ye mind it," she said, addressing Tom, "ye'll know that it's standin' up there on top iv the brae, an' a little ways off ye'd think its four square walls wor built into the sky. At laste, that's what I thought that Novimber night, fifty years ago. Even in the dark wan can see it away off, for it stands like a ghost wid its white sides lookin' like windin' sheets. Behind it is the 'fort,' and beyond is the mountain, an' beneath there's the say. Under the mountain 'cloddtha na mon' was moanin' for a storm. In Garthy we always knew whin a storm was cumin' by the wranglin' iv the ocean an' the rocks. That's what the ould folks named 'cloddtha na mon,' the moanin' iv the say.

"The girshas wor all still an' afraid as we climbed the brae. There was Sally Dempsey, an' Kitty Meagher, Mary Casey, an' meself.

Mary was the bravest, but meself was the wildest that night. I was mad wid sorrow, I think, an' wasn't afraid to ask the fairies, or the devil even, if Pat an' meself wor iver to be happy together.

"We wor to go in wan by wan—ye know the way—an' throw the ball iv worsted down wan iv the deep holes where the limestone was burned long ago. Thin, holdin' the end iv the worsted we wor to begin the ould rhyme an' ask in the name iv the Ould Boy, or in the call iv the King iv the Fairies, to have wan's thrue sweetheart come and wind up the worsted. Near iverywan was afraid to call on the Fairy King, for 'twas not unknown for him to take a likin' to a girsha an' stale thim afther, so we all mint to ask in the Ould Boy's name.



"He hastily packed a coal into his duden."

"I was trimblin' so that Mary Casey came in afther me, but I didn't notice a bit iv her, an' whin I stood over the dark hole an' knew there was fairies in ivery shadow an' that shure it ought to be Hiven's an' not the divil or the fairies wan shud ask for love, I dropped me worsted in an' grew strong, an' though me voice had hardly any noise at all in it, I whispered:

"In the name iv Hiven, let me thrue love come and wind the ball."

"A cowl'd sweat came out all over me whin I felt a tuggin' at the worsted iv some wan windin' it up.

"In Hiven's name," I cried thin, though I shudn't have spoke, 'who are ye that claims to be me thrue love?"

"'Tis me, Nabby,' kem a voice that I knew to be Pat McGovern's iv Glan.

"At that Mary Casey caught me or I'd fell in the hole, an' the last thing I minded was the dread that mebbe me love was dead. How else, I thought, cud I hear his voice, except he was wanderin' wid the 'good people.'

"I was woke be some wan holdin' me so hard an' fast that it crushed me, an' the first words I knew wor: 'Me colleen ban asthore. I've killed her, I've killed her.'

"It was Pat's voice that I heard, an' Pat's arms that held me, an' for fear the joy iv it wud lave me, I lay still in his arms for a couple iv minutes an' heard him sayin' to me mother: 'Oh, why did ye let me do it? I only mint to surprise her, an' thought she wudn't spake to me if I kem to her any other way.' So I found out that me mother an' Pat wor playin' a thrick on me an' that 'twas Pat himself was in the limekiln, an' no wan else, no fairy nor divil.

"I was that glad that I stole me arms around his neck an' kissed him there before thim all. All the other girls kem down wid us from the old kiln, an' no other fortune was

tried that night. But mine was settled there an' thin.

"I'll not go home without me colleen,' Pat tould me mother. 'They can say all they like,' he sed, 'but I'll take her home, an' if Father James isn't willin', shure I'll go to the Bishop himself.'

"Father James was willin' enough, but the next day, whin we wor all ready for the weddin', ould Haley an' Pat's father kem in post haste from Glan, bringin' Dely wid thim. Dely had plagued her father to give the hundred pounds, for she had a fondness for my Pat, it came out. So we wor all taken before the Bishop. Pat an' me cud hardly keep from laughin' at the madness iv Pat's father an' ould Haley. An' Dely, too, wudn't spake to anywan in Garthy.

"But the Bishop was grand. He sed 'twas unnatural to expect pæce in a counthry where love itself was sowld for ha'pence an' pence; sed that; in time, if Pat was made to marry a girl he didn't care for, the money she

brought him wud mebbe all go to the public house an' the girl herself mebbe have many a black back. But at the ind the Bishop was grandest iv all, an', though I thought he didn't know Pat well whin he spoke iv a black back for Dely, I thought it fine to hear him say—though 'twas long afther whin I knew what he raley mint:

"'Love,' he sed, 'is the only thing that can tache us to bear wid wan another, an' whin a man, be the Lord's help, finds his mate, 'twud be as sinful to put between them as to thry to privint the natural growth iv threes or flowers or fruit or any iv the good things iv the earth that Hiven med for man's binifit.'

"Pat's father wudn't dare go agin the Bishop, so there was nothin' for him an' ould Haley an' Dely to do but go home, for they



"I dropped me worsted in."

wudn't wait for the weddin', though 'twas wan iv the finest was iver known in Garthy.

"An' oh the joy iv that Novimber night when Pat an' me took hands for the Glan road! People tould us 'twas cowl'd, but we didn't feel it, for our hearts wor warm, an' kept so for forty years. Pat niver was sorry; nayther was meself, an' now I'm only waitin' till Hiven calls me to me love's side agin. I don't care how soon," Nabby added with a little wistful smile.

"Oh, mother," Tom protested, "ye shurely don't want to lave me?"

"Whin Hiven calls, alanna," Nabby made reply.

"Aye, aye," Finan said, remembering how the sailors on the vessels he had helped unload addressed their Captain. "Aye, aye," he repeated, "whin Hiven calls."

"Shure, shure," Tom agreed, in a light voice, meant to change the solemn trend of the conversation. "An' I hope Bob Mitchell an' Sarah Curran will only happen half as well as you did, mother, with me father. Spake iv the divil an' he'll appear," he added, as the latch lifted once more and a quiet-faced

woman entered in advance of six foot two of stalwart manhood.

"Bob an' Sally, on me faith!" Finan exclaimed. "Shure we wor just talkin' iv ye."

"Come up to the fire this minit." Nabby hustled to meet them halfway across the kitchen floor.

"No, ma'am, thank you," said Bob, "we won't be sittin'. We have to be makin' tracks for Cawley's."

"Oh!" said Nabby, with a woman's quickness, "so ye're for takin' Sal to yer aunt's house?"

"For to-night, yes," Bob answered. "Tomorrow we go home. We thought ye'd like to know, so we came in to tell ye."

"An' what about yer father—what will he say?" Nabby questioned.

"He won't deny us, I think," Bob answered. "I'm the last one left to him now, but if he bears malice about the matchmaking—shure the world is wide for Sarah and me. Come, Sal," he called her, and together they went out on the mountain road, the light from Nabby's window streaming behind them like a benediction.

LUNA ÆTERNA

By W. S. HINCHMAN

TIS not, O moon, thy sad solemnity,
 Nor yet thy crescent in a clear cold west;
 'Tis not thy shimmering on a dark wave's crest,
 Nor yet thy white sepulchral majesty
 I feel; these have in lover's ecstasy
 Been sung; these have spurred wise men in their quest,
 Their keen attempt the secret song to wrest
 From thy shut lips, from the cold heart of thee.
 Yet, phantom, silent, dead, inscrutable,
 Thou hast a life in thine enduring death;
 Before man was thou wast and thou shalt be
 When man has gone; thy course immutable
 Thou measurest, and God's unending breath
 Thou breathest, symbol of eternity.

BIG GAME

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON



HE'S as cross as two sticks at your going," observed Delia to her sister, Lady Molly Calverley. "I could tell from the way she banged the door."

"Let her," said Molly indifferently as she laced her boots. "Evelyn's nothing to do with me now I'm nineteen."

Delia, who was only sixteen, regarded her with admiration. "You wouldn't dare to go away on your own hook and leave her?" she suggested interrogatively.

It was but a mild, respectful challenge, and Molly saw no difficulty in taking it up. "I shouldn't mind at all," she said, and straightened herself languidly. "Do you think I'd better wear my picture hat or the one with fur?" she asked vaguely.

Ere Delia could deliver an opinion twelve-year-old Cicely entered. "Evelyn says you're to be quick or she'll go without you," she said.

"If you talk to me like that I'll box your ears, you saucy thing," said Molly angrily, as she fitted on her picture hat.

"It looks sweet," said Delia. "You'll be getting married some of these days, Molly."

Molly shrugged her shoulders, as she nodded to Eileen to hand her her fur coat. "Marriage," she said sententiously, "isn't everything. If I married at all, it would be a man with plenty of money and a position."

"And a handsome man," added Eileen.

"With lots of dogs," cried little Marjorie.

"Would you marry him if he wasn't in love with you?" inquired curious Cicely. "I wouldn't."

"Oh, you're a child! You don't understand," said Molly. "Love's not everything. Is that Evelyn calling?" she asked anxiously. "Tell her I'll be down in a moment."

Evelyn was an admirable skater, and Molly was not ashamed of her own prowess. As

they glided smoothly along Molly became aware of a commotion behind her, and she glanced round. What she saw was a tall, vigorous young man in a short coat rocking vaguely about on the ice, with his arms in the air like semaphores. The next moment they were both on the floor of ice. Molly had sat down hard, and could have cried with vexation, as well as with the shock. But ere this calamity could fall, she was assisted to her feet by some one, and found herself standing with her hands in his, thanking him vaguely.

"Really people shouldn't be allowed—" Then she suddenly recognized her rescuer.

"That's quite true; they shouldn't," he said gravely. "I hope you're not hurt."

"Oh, no!" said Molly with a sublime loftiness. "Thank you very much."

He took her and placed her in a seat, unobtrusively seeing to her comfort. Then with a salutation he left her. Molly sat fuming inwardly.

"Molly, who was that you were talking to?" asked Evelyn approaching.

"Oh, an acquaintance of mine!"

"An acquaintance!" echoed Evelyn, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes, a man named Messiter," pursued Molly coolly. "He picked me out of a canoe in the summer at the Towers."

"Ah, I remember!" said her sister. "I don't approve of such introductions."

"At all events he was the only person decent enough to pick me up just now."

"If you can't keep your feet it would be wise not to come here."

"I did keep my feet," said poor Molly angrily. "It was a brute of a man knocked me down."

"My dear, you can't afford to be knocked down by men," Evelyn was beginning icily when she was interrupted by a voice:

"Lady Mary, the duke wishes to apologize. May I have the pleasure of introducing him?"

There was Mr. Messiter, and behind him the vigorous young man in the short coat.

"Will you forgive me, Lady Mary?" he asked, without waiting for further formalities. "I hadn't the remotest idea I'd hit you."

"It was of no consequence," said Molly.

At that moment a new voice intervened.

"Oh, it's you, my dear! I wondered who it was," said Lady Cecilia. "Did Edward hurt you?" That was the opportunity for the formal introductions, and presently Evelyn and Messiter were engaged in talk, while the duke devoted his attention to Molly.

"It was too bad," he said. "If I had to run into anyone I might have run into some one else—that stout woman in blue, for instance."

"I don't see that it would have been any better for her than for me," she answered.

"Oh, I don't care about her!" he observed frankly. "It reminds me of when I was in Colorado, shooting bear, and I knocked an old squaw into a water butt and—"

"Thank you, I'm not an old squaw."

He laughed. "I should think not." Nothing seemed to upset his complacency. "Skating's a poor sort of business, ain't it?" he asked of Molly.

"I'm extremely fond of it," she returned.

"You'll come, won't you, Lady Evelyn?" Lady Cecilia was saying. "I'm giving my brother and Mr. Messiter tea in my club."

Evelyn looked brilliant. "Certainly, with pleasure," she answered. She smiled at the duke, who, noticing another handsome girl, crossed to her.

Mr. Messiter turned to Molly.

"Is it peace and good will?" he inquired.

"It's our duty, I suppose," she said relaxing. "But I find it hard sometimes."

"So do I," he confessed, "awful."

Lady Cecilia showed a disposition to move, and the party drove to the club.

They chattered until the waiter brought the tea things. Evelyn was very bright and witty, and Lady Cecilia was absent-mindedly gracious.

"Are you sure you've got what you want, my dear?" she asked of Molly.

Molly assured her that she had.

"I never get what I want," said Mr. Messiter in his deliberate way. "That's what keeps me happy."

"Happy!" said Molly in surprise.

"Yes; there is only one golden rule for happiness—always have something beyond your reach. I have now."

"What is it?" she asked smilingly.

"A goal at which I shall never arrive."

"Then you'll be disappointed, and that means unhappiness," remarked wise Molly.

"I shall always hope to arrive," he answered.

"But you said you never would," she said in perplexity, "and if you know you never will, you know you won't."

"That sounds right," he observed thoughtfully. "You shed new light on the subject. But I mustn't allow you to depress me. I am incorrigibly hopeful."

"But you say you won't and then you will," Molly protested.

He nodded as he sipped his tea. "That's the advantage of being a complex person."

Molly fell back on more intelligible ground.

"What sort of goal is it?" she asked. "Politics?"

"Heaven forbid!" he said fervently.

"Painting?" she queried again.

"No; I know I never could paint decently."

"But you said—" began Molly.

"By Jove!" said the duke, his eye caught by the head of a moose over the door. He turned abruptly to stare round the hall, and kicked the table. Two cups and the cream jug went over on Evelyn's dress.

"Hang it!" said the duke. "What a clumsy fool I am," and, rising precipitately to help, sent the whole table flying.

Lady Cecilia gave vent to an exclamation of alarm and annoyance, but Evelyn, who had materially suffered, said nothing. Messiter elevated his eyebrows at Molly.

"It's all big-game shooting," he murmured.

"Well, he's only shot a few teacups," said Molly derisively.

"You forget Lady Evelyn," said he.

"Oh, she's not—!" Molly paused.

"All women are big game, you know," he said sententiously.

Molly pondered this. "To be shot?"

"To be shot at," he amended. "They're rarely hit. But they are captured sometimes, and then they adorn drawing-rooms."

Molly laughed. "Isn't it generally supposed that it's the other way round?" she asked.

"Oh, we both hunt!" he said mildly. "But women never get wounded; men do. That makes them happy."

"Happy!" she echoed.

"Yes; we like risks."

"Women take risks, too," said Molly firmly.

A little later Evelyn rose to go, and the sisters took their departure in the brougham.

"The duke seems very nice and bright," observed the elder in her pleasantest tone.

"Oh, Evelyn, your dress!" cried Molly.
 "Oh, I don't think it's much hurt!" said Evelyn philosophically. "Of course it was very clumsy, only I suppose he's got out of the way of tea parties. Lady Cecilia's bringing him to call," she added complacently.

Lady Cecilia did. They arrived about a week later, and the duke got on famously with Lady Templeton. He talked on this occasion a good deal to Molly.

"He asked me if I read 'books and things,' and when I said no, very demurely, he confided to me that he hated women who did." Thus did Molly confide to that old family friend and confidant, the Hon. Roger Martin, commonly called 'Tiggy.'

"He ought to have found out whether you did before hating," pronounced 'Tiggy.'

"But, 'Tiggy,' if I'd said yes, what would he have said?"

"Said he liked 'em," suggested 'Tiggy.'

"No; he would have said, 'Oh, really, well, I shouldn't mind your sort o' books, I know!' Oh, I know the duke, 'Tiggy!' He's a duck."

Mr. Martin looked serious. "They're not the same thing, dukes and ducks, you know," he observed. "The problem appears to formulate itself somewhat thus: Do dukes want ducks or ducats? I don't know. Some do."

"Some do what? You are stupid, 'Tiggy.'"

"It is mystifying," confessed Mr. Martin, rubbing his eyeglass. "When they go to America they get both."

"The duke only goes to America to shoot," remarked Molly.

"Duck shooting?" queried 'Tiggy.'

"No; big-game shooting," said Molly.

"Ah, well it might even be called that!"

"Why that's just what Mr. Messiter said."

"Mr. Messiter! And pray who is Mr. Messiter?" inquired 'Tiggy' politely.

"Oh, he's a friend of the duke's!"

"Big-game shooting, too?"

"No; he—I don't know what he does, but he can't swim."

"Perhaps he's a cripple?"

"No, he's not," said Molly decidedly.

"He's quite straight, and good looking."

"And he only hunts small game," mused 'Tiggy.' "What a pity with such qualifications!"

Molly took refuge from this unintelligible irony in a dignified retreat.

But it was easily seen presently that the duke had abandoned big game; and if he

could not be said to be after small game, he was certainly devoting a good deal of his time to Lady Templeton's second daughter, a fact which Evelyn was the first to perceive.

"It is evident he's set his heart on buttercups and primroses and that sort of thing," said she sneeringly to her mother, "and Molly must be talked to."

"What am I to say to her?" inquired Lady Templeton feebly. "She's only nineteen."

"So much the better," said Evelyn. "There will be no ridiculous obstacles. She'll take her medicine in jam."

The duke came a good deal, and a dinner party was given in his honor, to which his friend, Mr. Messiter, was also invited. Molly found herself in a corner of the drawing-room with Messiter.

"If there's one thing," remarked he, with his eyes complacently directed on the duke, "I dislike, it is his persistency."

"But isn't that a virtue?" asked Molly.

"It may be a vice," he declared. "The duke does not know when he's beaten. The only awkward part is that other people do."

"But—but," said puzzled Molly. "Why is he defeated?"

"I don't say he is," returned Mr. Messiter coolly. "I only hope he is. You see he goes out shooting lions and tigers and he thinks the same method will apply to everything else. He takes big-bore guns with him. In fact, as you may possibly have noticed, they're all bore." His face was quite grave.

The duke's eyes were wandering from his host, and had already reached their corner twice; but Messiter sat on unperturbed.

"The duchess (when there is one)," he went on, "will be a very happy woman. The family jewels are of enormous value—ropes of pearls and opals and diamonds."

"How awfully nice," said Molly, her eyes glistening.

He regarded her. "Yes, isn't it?"

"Opals," said Molly, who had been thinking, "are unlucky unless you're born in October."

"Are they?" he rejoined, and paused.

"When were you born, Lady Mary?"

Molly was guilty of a quick blush. "Oh—in—in October!" she stammered.

At that moment the duke, having emancipated himself, bore down heavily upon them.

"Lady Mary, will you come out with your sister and Lady Templeton in my motor car?" he asked in his cheery way.

Molly hesitated. "If—if it's arranged."

"Oh, we've fixed it all up!" he responded. "Messiter, there's room for you, too."

"Thanks," said Messiter languidly. "But I don't know your driving. I'm engaged."

"It was really very rude of him," explained Molly to her sisters, next day, when the dinner was being discussed. "He didn't wait to hear when it was."

"Is the duke going to drive himself, Molly?" inquired Cicely.

"Of course he is, dufer," said Eileen; but Molly was talking privately with Delia.

"O Molly!" said Delia. "Do you think—?" She left off, and glanced at the younger children, who were all agog. "You'd better go away," she said severely. "We don't want you gaping like pigs."

Delia put her arm through Molly's and drew her away. "Molly," she whispered, "do you think you'll take him?"

"He's not asked me," Molly said shortly.

"But he will; I know he will," said Delia.

There seemed to be some reason in Delia's confidence when the duke called next. Evelyn stage-managed the call, and the duke and Lady Molly were left together by accident.

"I'm glad you liked the motor drive," said the young man for the third time. "I've got a better car than that now, and I hope you'll come out on it."

Molly expressed a hope that she would.

"Do you remember when I upset you?" said the duke with his customary bluntness.

"Certainly, I do," said Molly with asperity.

He laughed. "I know I'm a clumsy beggar, but if I'd known it was you I'd have sat down."

"Did you do it on purpose?" asked Molly.

"Purpose! Oh, well, no. I saw something in front of me and grabbed at it, you know. But if I'd known—"

"It's very kind of you," said Molly, experiencing a curious resentment.

"But what I wanted, I suppose," said the duke more thoughtfully, "was some one to catch hold of—a partner, so to speak." He saw his way now. "And if I could get hold of a partner I wanted I'd pretty soon—"

"There'll be plenty of partners at Mrs. Stuart-Cockburn's dance," said Molly, rising.

She was angry, and without realizing it she wanted to stop him. The best thing that occurred to her was to ring.

"Let me see; you like Scotch tea, don't you?" she asked, turning to him. "Parker, will you bring the whisky and the soda?"

The duke was disconcerted, and showed it. He took the whisky and soda, however.

But that ring seemed to have been the signal for Evelyn's reappearance. She thought it was all over. But it was not quite.

"Did the duke—?" She paused as she put half a question in a coldly amiable way.

"The duke had a whisky and soda, to which he seems attached, and went," said Molly.

"He probably was not quite ready. He's very awkward," Evelyn told her mother.

But there was something to hope for from the dance, which came off the following week. There was not only a conservatory, but a long picture gallery. The following afternoon a little party was gathered in the library, while Molly recounted her adventures.

"You would have thought I was an elephant he was trying to lift. And he tore Evelyn's flounce."

Molly dissembled her dainty lightness, began to execute some laborious maneuvers, and painfully reached the middle of the room; achieving a clumsy turn of the waltz, she kicked out her foot. Her shoe flew into the air, as the door opened, and 'Tiggy's' voice was audible.

"This is where I generally hang out."

The shoe struck some one, as it seemed, in the face, and Molly uttered an exclamation.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said in confusion.

"She was showing us how the duke danced," said Marjorie shrilly. "It is so funny."

Mr. Messiter laughed softly; 'Tiggy' turned his eyeglass from one to the other.

"I'm glad to find in my old age that you're all growing so studious. "Mr. Messiter was anxious to see this haunt of ancient peace. You see its attractions, Messiter." 'Tiggy' passed in.

Molly was near the door and anxious to escape. "Did you—I mean my shoe dropped somewhere," she said to Messiter.

"It dropped on my nose," said he.

He put his hand in his pocket, and drew something out. As he looked at her there was in his gaze what she had never noticed before. He seemed no longer the cool man she had hitherto known.

"I have here a shoe," he said quickly and in a low voice, "which I should like to try on with the privilege of marrying the lady whom it fitted."

"Oh, it would fit lots," said Molly faintly.

"Will you let me begin with you?"

Molly hesitated; her heart was throbbing.

Then she put out her foot slowly, and ever so little a way. But it was sufficient for the experiment.

CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



WHEN the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison was receiving attention in December many interesting and notable things were said by many interesting and notable people. Everyone who wanted a say had it in one place or another, and while the natural purpose of the celebration was to extol Mr. Garrison as a heroic reformer, the other view of him, as an immoderate and irresponsible enthusiast, got some exposition chiefly in letters to the newspapers. What view the future historian will take of the labors of the antislavery prophet is debatable, and really doesn't much matter. Whether the historian concludes that slavery in the United States had become an anachronism and was surely doomed, and whether or not he argues that it might more profitably have been allowed to die a natural death, and that there was more mischief than true help in the efforts to kill it violently, we must in any case deal with Mr. Garrison as a vociferous and effectual fact, and weigh him against the counter facts on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line that were quite as vociferous, though, as it turned out, less effectual. Meanwhile, nothing that I read, of what was said about the Boston liberator, was more interesting than the testimony of his daughter, Mrs. Villard, as to his enjoyment of life. "He was the happiest man," she said, "that ever lived. He took the greatest comfort in doing his simple duty. There never was a moment in which he was not happy. He spoke harshly of sin, but was very tender of the sinner. He didn't hate the slaveholder; he pitied him. His desire to have slavery abolished was not alone to give the black man freedom; it was also to give the white Southerner freedom. However harsh his language may have sounded, his actions

were always gentle. His weapons were spiritual."

It was admirable in him to have been so happy—to have liked his job so well and to have had fun with it. Happiness is a condition that is very worthy of respect. That a man is continuously happy for years together in his work and in his life is not conclusive evidence that he is on the right track and doing the thing he was intended to do, but it is presumptive evidence of it. I presume that the chief ingredients of Mr. Garrison's happiness were the *mens sibi conscia recti*, and the *gaudium certaminis*. Of course a big fight is one of the most exhilarating human experiences possible, particularly if one's fortitude is kept up by regular meals and due repose in good beds, and if one never suffers from remorse. Mr. Garrison's great fight lasted him for thirty-five years, and however hard he laid on, the violence of the retort was always enough to save him from any pangs of contrition. Of course he was a happy man. With a good conscience, good health, the use of all the language there was, a most engaging cause, and a band of brilliant adversaries who could not safely reach him with carnal weapons, he ought surely to have been a very happy man indeed, and there is nothing surprising in Mrs. Villard's testimony that he was so.

WE TEND, I sometimes think, to waste a lot of sympathy on people who are doing the things they like to do, because those things do not happen to be the things that we like to do. Moreover, we are apt to pitch our estimate of the things that make for the entertainment of humans, rather too low. Because you or I happen to be lazy and would rather do nothing than anything, our hearts need not bleed for folks like the President, who would rather do anything than nothing. Because our wanton imaginings incline to such carnal

pleasures as food and drink and ease and conversation diversified by horseback exercise or motoring, we have no occasion to distress our sensibilities about our fellows who distrust all forms of self-indulgence and aim to carry every day the heaviest possible load the farthest possible distance. Those other chaps are probably having a great deal more fun than we are. Happiness, we must remember, is a state of mind, to which the body is contributory very much as a lemon may be contributory to a mixed drink, in that it takes pressure to get the good out of it. The contentment of a prize pig is a very low form of happiness. The razorbacks do better because they have livelier minds. I misdoubt that we dwell too much on the sufferings and discomforts of the saints, and not enough on their compensations; too much on their apparent self-sacrifices, and not enough on the sagacity of their choices. Asceticism and artificial renunciations are less in style in these times than they have been. Nature is more respected than she was and more generally regarded as a decent body who deserves better than to be berated with hard words and have the door slammed against her. I believe that the saints, as a rule, were saints from distinct preference, and liked their calling first rate, finding it amply remunerative and preferring it to any other, as Mr. Garrison did agitation. Mr. Garrison did not wrench himself away from the grocery business, or doctoring, at awful cost to his feelings, to go into agitation. Not at all. He commenced agitating without any visible wrench, just as soon as the preliminary adjustment of his energies to his environment made him suspect that agitation was his proper job. I presume it was so, also, with most of the saints, and if some of them did not have as good a time as Mr. Garrison did, it may have been because they were influenced by the sentiment of their times to go in for inexpedient extremes of renunciation. Mr. Garrison seems to have had a very happy family life, and not to have renounced anything (except the Constitution) out of mere fervor of spirit. Luther never renounced any good thing that he thought he could profitably keep. There seems to be plenty enough pains and obstacles in the path of an active saint, or reformer, to keep him in discipline without renunciation for the mere sake of renunciation. Indeed it was not for mere renunciation's sake that Garrison denounced the Constitution, but because it came handy as a

missile. St. Paul now and then enumerated his sufferings and hardships, but never for a moment disparaged his choice of service. I dare say he was quite as happy in the long run as Mr. Garrison was, for, after all, nothing equals the spiritual satisfactions in producing that state of mind which is happiness. Next to them come the mental satisfactions, and the mere physical satisfactions, though of decided supplementary value, are not good enough to warrant devoted cultivation for their own sakes alone. They are the only kind you can buy for money, and you can't get even them in good quality for money alone.

WHAT ABOUT the American people of this day and generation? They are regarded as a happy people; in general estimation the happiest, I suppose, now on the earth. We certainly think we are better off than the people of any other country, and as to what the peoples of many other countries think of us, it need only be said that immigration is the sincerest flattery. Are we having the most happiness of the best quality possible? Of course we are not, being human and imperfect. But are we making a promising and progressive try at it? Here is the opinion of a correspondent who seems not to think so. Grieved in her cultivated spirit by a book review which linked together "The Conquest of Canaan" and "The House of Mirth"—two books of different quality—and extolled them both as though they were performances of like merit, she breaks into imprecations at "the deed of leveling that journalism is doing." "It is all," she says, "in the general plan of the commercialism of the highest thing given on earth. . . . I read 'The Divine Fire' over again, and the very best we can do can't reach that level. Everything about us, as a nation, is thin—our intelligence, our consciousness of life, our culture, and our honor. . . . I think it's heartbreaking, and I don't understand why it is so."

Now this may not be a sound opinion, but it is so strongly and sincerely felt that it is entitled to respectful consideration. The grievance that stirred this correspondent to so impassioned a remonstrance was that a periodical from which she felt intelligent judgments on important books was due, seemed to her not to furnish them. And, if not intelligent, why not? Presumably because intelligent literary judgments are scarce and dear, or were not of enough impor-

tance to such a periodical to make it bestir itself to get them. And why not important? Because of the opinion that there are not readers enough in the country who care what they read so long as they read something, or who know the difference between a better book and a worse one, or care to be told. The business of most of the periodicals (except the newspapers) that publish book reviews at all, is rather to sell books than to expound their qualities, and, as a rule, every such periodical is particularly solicitous to sell the books of the house to which itself owes its life and maintenance. That, of course, is natural and almost inevitable, and to a certain extent is legitimate. But it tends to blight the independence of the bulk of American book reviewing, outside of the newspapers, and most of the newspaper reviewing is of limited value for other reasons.

I can't think, though, that it matters so vitally whether ninety-seven per cent of the American book reviews are valuable or not, nor indeed does it greatly matter, except commercially, what is said or thought about more than two or three new books out of every hundred. What is written about any book does not greatly matter. The writing in the book is what counts, and, after all, whatever our reviewers' defects may be, the merits of good books do not escape them, though they may be too indulgent to trash.

AND WHAT does this discouraged correspondent mean by the commercializing of "the highest thing given on earth"? Does she mean truth, or merely literature? Literature is, to be sure, a great vehicle of truth, perhaps the greatest, but it is not the only one. When anyone says that our journalism is an awful leveler, and that our intelligence and culture and honor are thin, he has always some standard in mind with which to make comparison, and usually it is England. I hear that our books are not nearly as good as the English books, and that our great population furnishes very much fewer readers who care for good books than England's population of half the size does. And I hear that our culture is not in the same class with English culture, and that our honor is on a much shifter basis than English honor, and our national character far less stoutly buttressed by honorable tradition and hereditary standards. We are raising hob with our honor and our national character just now, scraping and scouring them, and searching out all

their warts and speckles. One of the reasons why we don't read better books is that we have been so overloaded with the literature of our political and commercial iniquities, and so busy reaching out reprobation to our friends. I hope English honor is a lot better than ours and will stay so, since the more triple extra honor there is available in the world the better for all hands. But once we get our honor and our national character scoured up, I hope they will at least be in the competition with those of any other country on the road. But any country's honor or character, that is in any great measure in the keeping of legislatures, is at a disadvantage, because any group of men—be it a council of bishops, a vestry, a board of directors, a lynching mob, or our own sacred Senate—is less scrupulous and wickeder than the individuals that compose it.

THAT THE English standard of culture is higher than ours yet is, and that the English write and sell and read better books than we do, must be true, so much concurrent testimony there is to that effect. But after all, a much larger fraction of the English people is riding on some one else's back and has leisure to make and read good books, than of our people. Our people have very expensive tastes and habits, and are very busy indeed making provision for them, and creating capital on which some of their descendants can lean while they are acquiring culture. But even now, undeterred by Jowett's declaration that education is the grave of the mind, they are the greatest wholesale dealers in it in the world. I wish they got better books to read and read them. I wish they even bought and read the best that are offered instead of some of those they do buy. But let us not lose too much sleep because the current generation of us reads too much trash. Some famous generations that preceded them read very little of anything. Lincoln is credited with knowing only one poem. He was a reader, and doubtless a reader of sound books. But it was not altogether out of them that he got his language and his leading. Give a man the Bible for his language, and parts of it to shape his character, and newspapers for his current history, and put him where he has to think and act, and if his mind is powerful enough he will think out for himself a vast deal of what some reading people suppose is only to be got out of books. Men are bigger than books. Books may sometimes have

made men, but more times the men have preceded the books and made them. "Who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, must first be a live poem." So Milton said, they tell me. If we the contemporary Americans are

only duly busying ourselves in being live poems, and shaping into proper stanza the weekly throng that invades our gates, there need not be despair that some of us will write well hereafter in laudable things, and find due readers.



THE WORLD FOR A MONTH

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, England's ancient seat of learning, actually participated in a public thanksgiving for American independence. With the permission of the Oxford authorities, the Rhodes scholars at Oxford held services last Thanksgiving Day, and Englishmen as well as Americans participated. Surely there is no greater test of the friendship between the countries.

COUNT WITTE believes that Russia has gone mad. The manifesto which the Czar issued October 30th, granting civic liberty, he said, was published on the supposition that it would be heralded as a boon. Instead of that, however, anarchy broke out all over the empire.

"Until and unless," added Count Witte, "the elements of society that are opposed to anarchy join hands to check it and cooperate with the Czar's ministers in carrying out the principles laid down in the imperial manifesto, the situation may be regarded as truly disquieting and serious."

In diplomatic language Count Witte announced that unless quiet was restored the manifesto would probably be repealed and that he, Count Witte, would be obliged to resign. These statements of Russia's Premier were preceded by strikes of all telegraph and postal employees in Russia. For days it was impossible to send a dispatch or a letter out of Russia. Rioting and bloodshed prevailed all over the empire. Disaffection arose among the troops and several hundred officers and men of the Czar's guard had been arrested at Tsarskoe Selo. General Sakharoff, who had been sent to Saratoff to suppress the agrarian riots there, was shot by a woman. It was after these events that Count Witte

threatened to revoke the manifesto and to resign.

CAPTAIN ROLAND AMUNDSEN has realized the ambition of so many explorers for centuries past—he has navigated the northwest passage. He has also located the true north magnetic pole, where the compass middle actually stands vertical—another of Jules Verne's fictions that has become a fact.

Captain Amundsen left Norway in June, 1903, and arrived at Fort Eglort, Alaska, on December 5, 1905. It was in the summer of 1904 that he made his magnetic observations, and in the next summer that he established a base station and self-registering instrument on King William's Island. All this will complete and correct calculators and charts for navigators in every sea.

SPENCER EDDY, the secretary of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg, recently discovered that his diplomatic correspondence had been tampered with. The contents of his letters was common talk in Russian official circles.

He had no positive proof upon which to base an official protest, but he deemed it wise to invoke the aid of the British Government, and now by courtesy king's messengers carry our diplomatic letters between London and St. Petersburg and their integrity is assured.

KOGORO TAKAHIRA, Japan's Minister to the United States, and junior peace envoy signatory to the treaty of Portsmouth, has been recalled by his Government and will probably be retired from public life. His recall, it is believed, is due to the dissatisfaction of the Japanese with the peace terms, and Minister

Takahira is made a sacrifice to the will of the people.

THE FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS, which is bound to prove historical, was opened on December 4th. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, was reelected speaker of the House, as a matter of course.

The President's message was in itself historical. The President begins with the corporations. "Experience," he says, "has shown conclusively that it is useless to try to get any adequate regulation and supervision of these great corporations by State action." While by no means hostile to corporations he believes that Congress should enact laws providing for national supervision. At present the laws are in a very confused state. He emphasized the necessity of railway rate regulation. He severely censured the practice of allowing secret rebates to large shippers by railway traffic officials. Proper laws would remove the possibility of temptation from corporations. He does not believe in federal

ownership of railroads, and he advocates the establishing of a commission to inquire into the labor situation and suggests that the facts in labor disputes should be reported to the public. Mr. Roosevelt also urges upon Congress the need of investigating the "race suicide" phenomenon which appeared coincidentally with the introduction of women into industry. Other reforms recommended are federal control of insurance, economy in government offices, a more elastic currency, better naturalization laws, more stringent examination of immigrants, and a more adequate State Department service both at home and abroad, where our legations and consulates are notoriously ill maintained.

The President has also spoken at last on campaign contributions. Contributions by corporations, he believes, should be forbidden by law and lobbying should also be prohibited. The message was received with great enthusiasm both at home and abroad and its general effect upon business was stimulating.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

IN the last analysis we are all sentimentalists. However much we may admire the sociological novel, the psychological novel, and all the other novels of "ologies," we know in our hearts that the sentimental romance, provided it is not mawkish, makes the deepest appeal. And that is why Dickens was and is a universal favorite, and that is the reason a "Trilby" makes a furor.

Mr. Booth Tarkington has caught some of the old Dickens flavor and by its virtue became a popular writer almost before he knew it. In his latest book, *THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN* (Harper), we come upon the old, old formulæ that we loved in our youth. The triumph of might is so poor and so short lived; the triumph of right is so real, so brilliant, so absolutely satisfying. Judge Pike! Hark to the name! Do you not guess at once that he is the richest, most respected, most hard-hearted citizen in Canaan, Ind.? You need scarcely be told that his flinty old bosom is filled with implacable hatred against

Joe Loudon, the hero, illtreated, motherless boy, unloved even by his father, who preferred Joe's stepbrother, Eugene Bantry. Ariel Tabor, the heroine, Joe's girl chum, is no less badly off, poor little Cinderella, with a soul of gold under her rags. But observe the mighty hand of destiny! If Joe is driven out of town by that cruel Judge Pike, it is only that he might prepare himself for a great career in the law and in politics. Nor does Apollo always bend the bow against Ariel. With a suddenly inherited fortune, she goes to Paris, assumes all the richness of grace that is hers by divine right, and comes back to dazzle Canaan, at just about the time, strangely enough, that outcast Joe returns to practice law. Does Joe win back his good name? Does he crush Judge Pike? Does he become a popular political leader? Does he marry Ariel? Mr. Tarkington answers all of these questions in his own way. It is not the large way of Dickens, but as we read we think of Dickens, and of Tennyson's lines:

"Did I hear it half in a doze,
Long since I know not where?"

Is it an echo of something
Read with a boy's delight?"

There is a somewhat similar savor about Florence Morse Kingsley's *THE RESURRECTION OF MISS CYNTHIA* (Dodd, Mead). When Miss Cynthia Day, who has been living that shut-in, repressed life of New England Puritan respectability, within a grim old house in a grim little town, learns that she is under the very dart of death by inherited consumption, she resolves to devote her last year on earth to living and loving. She begins to wear colors, she romps with certain neighborly twins, brightens the house with new paint, rids it of the ancient stuffy atmosphere, and makes it her business to be warmly interested in human kind—a heretical doctrine for the daughter of her exclusive forebears. And what though she startles the chilly little community in which she lives? She doesn't care. She gives love and wins love, becomes well and realizes the romance of her girlhood.

In Miss Alice Brown's *PARADISE* (Houghton, Mifflin) we have a more serious study of rural New England life. A faint aroma of Hawthorne pervades the story. Miss Alice Brown doubtless stands in the front rank of those writers who depict that remnant of Puritan austerity, New England life. Barbara, the strange young girl who comes to Malory Dwight's farm, is the companion of a juggler; but how all these grim people take her to their hearts for the bit of warmth she brings them with her radiant nature! Those souls swathed in gloom are made in part to realize Paradise on earth by the warm-hearted little wayfarer that sojourns among them for a while. Miss Brown draws with firm skill and a sure hand this severe country and its denizens.

Annie Hamilton Donnell's *REBECCA MARY* (Harper) deals with the same sort of Puritan atmosphere in terms of childhood. Rebecca Mary Plummer, a small girl living with her aunt Olivia, is craving for a little affection, but Aunt Olivia won't show it because it is unlike the historic Plummers. But by force of amiability Rebecca breaks down the Plummer barriers that trench the heart of Aunt Olivia. It is an interesting story of childhood that can emanate only from America.

One of the most exasperating novels that

can come to the hands of a reviewer is Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's *THE PROFESSOR'S LEGACY* (Holt). The book contains an interesting story and the author obviously knows whereof she writes. She understands German character and English rural life. But the book has a total absence of light and shade. It is a monotone—all in one key. Dacre, an English student, inherits from his German professor an unfinished work on corals and a pretty daughter, whom he marries first and converts into a loving wife afterwards. It is a story with good scenes, situations, and character drawing, but written in the style of the chronicle. It is as though all the world suddenly took on the color of blue. Anyone who doesn't mind that will enjoy this book.

One of the strangest literary products of America are the "Uncle Remus" stories of Joel Chandler Harris. Devoid of a folklore of our own, we find in these darky dialect tales, peculiarly American, a substitute for a mythology. Mr. Harris's new book, *TOLD BY UNCLE REMUS* (McClure, Phillips), is fully as good as the previous books of that order, and Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox are just as exciting as ever.

THE SA'-ZADA TALES (Scribners), by W. A. Fraser, is a similar book in that it deals with animals, but it is rather a variant of the *Jungle Book*. The Beasts in the Bronx Zoo tell their stories to the keeper in the jungle language that was invented by Mr. Kipling. Mr. Fraser's stories are not quite so well told as Mr. Kipling's, but are nevertheless pleasant reading.

The last phrase, by the way, is one usually applied to the essays of Augustine Birrell. An English reviewer once opined that we should add to our vocabularies the verb "to Birrell." Birrelling, he maintained, was by now a recognized, definite act. It is a pleasant, soothing sort of thing not calculated to fatigue the brain and particularly recommended to convalescents. Mr. Birrell's latest book, *IN THE NAME OF THE BODLEIAN, AND OTHER ESSAYS* (Scribner), is quite of a piece with his previous volumes. The twenty-seven essays are all worth reading, and we cannot help feeling that their author (now a Cabinet Minister) will continue to Birrell for us in many future publicanda. Dr. Henry Van Dyke is an essayist of another sort. His *ESSAYS IN APPLICATION* (Scribner) are really lay sermons setting forth certain lofty but practical ideals and their application to life. In his little volume *THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST-*

MAS (Scribner) he devotes a story, an essay, a sermon, and two prayers to the holiday.

It seems odd to class with Dr. Van Dyke and Augustine Birrell a writer so different as David Graham Phillips. But *THE REIGN OF GILT* (Potts) is made up of papers that are at once essays and sermons. In his way Mr. Phillips is a good deal of a preacher and he smites the multimillionaires hip and thigh. It makes one feel so glad one is not a millionaire.

One of the most valuable biographies ever published is the recent *LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB* (Putnam) by E. V. Lucas. So much new material has recently been unearthed that these two volumes are really the first complete biography of "the sweetest, sanest, and most human of English prose writers."

Every intelligent reader has felt, at one time or another, an interest in Goethe, the man, aside from his work. The life of Goethe was so rounded and complete that the most widely differing temperaments find solace and guidance in the history of the great German. Albert Bielschowsky devoted practically all his life to the study of his subject, and his *LIFE OF GOETHE* (Putnam), translated by William A. Cooper, is beyond a doubt the most complete, the most readable, biography of Goethe extant. Dr. Bielschowsky, we are informed, took as his motto Goethe's words: "All the pragmatic characterizations of biographers are of little value, compared with the naïve details of a great life."

Dr. Bielschowsky was singularly gifted for his task. He had a pleasing style and a keen insight into characters and conditions. He makes a story of the life of Goethe.

"One familiar with Goethe's letters, journals, and poetical writings," the translator tells us, "is constantly pleased and surprised at the consummate skill with which Bielschowsky has woven into his narrative the poet's own words and expressions. But not only does the language recall so vividly the language of Goethe, its spirit, too, is thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the poet. One feels almost as if Goethe had sat at Bielschowsky's elbow and dictated to him. His was the first biography to give us a whole Goethe, the writer, the thinker, the statesman, the man, and this makes it a handbook that will have its permanent place beside the poet's own writings." The work is in three volumes, which may be had separately.

One of the most interesting books of travel recently published is *TIBET AND TURKESTAN* (Putnam), by Oscar Terry Crosby. Ever since Colonel Younghusband's expedition to Tibet, the reading public has been waiting for some authentic work on the mysterious country, but none has come forth. Mr. Crosby's book, to some extent, fills the want. He describes, not only the dangers involved in traveling in a land that is now a furnace of heat, now icy cold, but he tells in some detail of the manners and customs of the Tibetans. He shows that their polyandry and polygamy are the outcome of economic conditions, and he even quotes some of the songs of Tibet. In an appendix, Mr. Crosby goes at some length into the foreign relations of Tibet.

Mr. Harry Graham has yielded to the demand and published a book of *MORE MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN* (Fox, Duffield), with pictures by Malcolm Strauss. Some of the subjects are Robert Burns, Andrew Carnegie, J. M. Barrie, and "Sherlock Holmes." At times the verses seem labored, but for the most part they are amusing. This is a fair sample:

My publishers, I love you so!
Your well-secreted virtues viewing;
Who never let your right hand know
Whom your left hand is doing;
Who hold me firmly in your grip,
And crack your cheque-book like a whip!

Two recent books of drawings that deserve praise are A. B. Frost's *DRAWINGS* (Fox, Duffield) and John T. McCutcheon's *THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AND OTHER CARTOONS* (McClure, Phillips). Mr. Frost's pictures, full of life and humor as they are, have, besides, clever accompanying verses by that intrepid poet, Wallace Irwin. The combination is altogether irresistible. Mr. McCutcheon's cartoons with their sparkle and vim and infinite variety form the most potent possible antidote against dull spirits. A word must be added touching Jessie Wilcox Smith's pictures in Scribner's new edition of Stevenson's *A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES*. Other artists will doubtless illustrate this perennial little book in the future, but for the nonce Jessie Wilcox Smith's conceptions seem inimitably right. Stevenson himself would have delighted in her work.

WITH THE PUBLISHERS

WHEN WE DECIDED to publish Rex E. Beach's revelations of "The Looting of Alaska," we had no idea that they would command the widespread interest that they have already aroused. With the current number, we have reached only the third installment; but the result already apparent from the publication of the first two papers will be as surprising to the public as it is to us. The entire Northwest is evincing the keenest interest in these articles. We are receiving, almost daily, from newspapers and periodicals requests for permission to reprint the whole series. One magazine has translated the first installment into Swedish, for circulation among the settlers of that nationality in the Northwest. The Good Government League of North Dakota approached us with the urgent request that they be allowed to reprint these articles and circulate them broadcast and the chairman has already issued in pamphlet form thousands of copies of the first article—all we could allow him to use—and is distributing them widely throughout the Dakotas and the Northwest.

WE HAVE EVERY evidence of the widespread interest, among general readers, in the thrilling truths which Mr. Beach sets forth. Our news-stand sales throughout the Northwest have increased nearly one thousand per cent. The first editions of the January and February numbers were sold out in advance in this locality, and we could not supply additional copies, despite the urgent demand for them from newsdealers. Our advance orders for forthcoming issues show that the interest is increasing in ratio tantamount to the interest of the articles; and this has made it necessary to increase our edition of this and future numbers to an extent which taxes our present manufacturing arrangements.

ALL THIS SHOWS that the people at large want, above everything else, the truth; for, as was said by the Founder of the religious system under which we as a nation are living, "The

truth shall make you free." Our nation was established in freedom and for freedom, and still stands for freedom, as all but a few pessimists among us will agree; but, as was said by a representative American, not a pessimist, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and there is no healthier sign of the basic freedom of our institutions than the desire among the rank and file of our population to get at the truth, and the ability to give them the truth, exemplified so aptly by this phenomenal interest in these articles, and by their fearless publication in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, despite the many deterring influences that were brought to bear. The fourth article, appearing in the April number, describes the most exciting and intense period of the scandalous *régime* in Alaska, which amounted to a veritable reign of terror.

ANOTHER STRIKING evidence of the indomitable desire of the American people for the truth is the present intensity of interest in Panama. Whether there is any truth or not in the recently published statements by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, they have had the effect of turning all eyes toward the isthmus, and the public at large is now demanding to know the truth about our operations on the canal. The public at large in America is preëminently a reading public, and their demands come with peculiar force to the makers of a magazine such as APPLETON'S.

WITH THE SOLE purpose of getting at the truth in a way that shall not provoke vague and useless discussion, we have selected Dr. Henry C. Rowland to visit the scene of the Panama Canal operations, and to lay before the readers of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE the actual state of affairs as he shall see them. Dr. Rowland is well known as an author. The extent of his personal activity is, perhaps, not so well known. He is a graduate of Yale College, and he served as an army surgeon in Cuba and the Philippines;

hence he is peculiarly well fitted to describe sanitary conditions on the isthmus and judge of the efficiency of the hospital service there. By temperament Dr. Rowland is primarily a traveler, and wide experience has made him a trained observer. Dr. Rowland is now on the isthmus gathering material for a series of three articles, the first of which he is now writing. We expect to receive it in time to appear in our April number. All the articles will be fully illustrated from photographs taken by the author amid the scenes which he will describe.

EDITH WHARTON'S story, "In Trust," which will appear in the April number, is a fine example of the delicate subtlety of her art, whereby she discerns for the reader the interplay of human motives among ordinary, present-day circumstances. It is the predominant art of the modern literary period, and Mrs. Wharton is its preëminent exponent. She is also the most potent conservative force in American letters to-day for the preservation of what is finest and best in literary style.

IT IS THE PURPOSE OF APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE to publish from time to time a study of some representative personality by a writer whose achievements in his special line are none the less representative—in other words, the study of a real man by a real man. In the April number, David Graham Phillips will present some considerations based on the type of man represented by Tom Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland. Readers will appreciate that it is not easy to secure articles of this sort that strictly meet the characterization we have given above. We think they will agree with us that if we can present from time to time an article so good as this one by Mr. Phillips, we will have inaugurated a new type of the "personal sketch."

BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG is another author who is a born traveler. He has just returned from a trip through southern Mexico and Yucatan, where he became much interested in the prehistoric remains which exist there, as everyone knows vaguely, but about which everyone knows so little. In his article "The Mystery of Ancient America" he describes in a fascinating way the more important of these remains. The article is abundantly illustrated with some very remarkable new photographs, secured by Mr. Brandenburg.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, which is almost completed, is certainly the most interesting and may prove to be the most efficient public building of its kind ever erected. In a way, it is an example of radicalism, both in architecture and library arrangement. It will be fully and interestingly described, and its place in the history of library construction defined, by Hamilton Bell, in an illustrated article in the April number.

SO MUCH INTEREST was manifested by our readers in an article by Brander Matthews, on "Comedy," published in the January number, that we have induced him to write for the April number a somewhat similar article, but giving other points of view, which he calls "Stray Notes on Stage Humor."

MR. WALTER HALE, actor, artist, author, but preëminently motorist, is always taking some whimsical trip in his moments of recreation—how ever he gets them. He and E. W. Kemble, the artist, recently made the run from New York to Boston over the old post road, still the best route for the automobile between the two cities. This trip will be described in the April number, with a quaint mingling of antiquity and modernity, and many charming drawings by both authors.

IN ADDITION to the great serial by F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"), which will reach its penultimate installment in April, Edith Barnard tells a fascinating love story, the scene of which is laid in the feudal days of merry England. It shows what a woman could do when she made up her mind to it, even in those times, so remote from the higher education. Ellen Paine Huling writes a touching story of the mystery of a Canadian logging camp. It is full of the atmosphere of the woods. It is not often that the editor can secure two thousand words that meet so many of the requirements of an ideal short story as does "The Wisdom of Sheriff McGee," by Catharine Young Glen, which will unquestionably prove a treat to our readers.

IT WILL BE noticed that to this number of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE are added sixteen pages of reading matter above the number of pages in preceding issues. This will be the size of the magazine in future—144 pages of the best literature. From the beginning it has been our aim to give as much as possible of the best.

APPLETON'S BOOK GOSSIP

THE geography of modern fiction is much more cosmic than that of ten years ago when literature seemed to take up one nation after another and exhaust its resources. There was the time of the English country novel, the time of the Latin Quarter novel, the Russian Nihilistic novel, the South African novel, the Australian novel, and even the Norwegian story. But in recent years, perhaps on account of the increased facilities for transportation, all peoples and all places are making their claim on literature simultaneously. The Appleton list of recent novels is no exception to this rule. The scene of "The Great Refusal," by Maxwell Gray, is Oxford, London, and rural England. The atmosphere of the entire book is English to the last degree, an atmosphere which tends to exaggerate the greatness of the great man, the beauty of a beautiful woman, and the importance of all things. As these three characteristics make life trebly interesting they are not drawbacks in literature.

It is a great jump from London to the South Sea Islands where the scene of "Wild Justice," by Lloyd Osbourne, is laid. This is a locality which has claimed a place in literature by virtue of the genius of one man, and the school which has formed itself upon him.

In "The Healers," by Maarten Maartens, the action takes place in Holland, and scarcely ventures as far as Paris. America is treated as an extremely far-off and unknown country, and we are made to feel it though the scene of the next half dozen books we read may be local.

From Holland we pass to a little country town in Ireland where the entire dramatic action of "The Lake," by George Moore, takes place. In this novel there is much correspondence from England and all parts of Europe, but the hero does not budge from Ireland until the time of his final release.

"Fishers of Men," by S. R. Crockett, takes Edinburgh as its headquarters. It is natural that books written in English should have as their scenes the principal English-speaking

countries, but those of which the scenes are laid in alien lands are so many that they go far to prove the ubiquitousness of the race.

"With John Bull and Jonathan," by John Morgan Richards, treats of Great Britain and the United States as is indicated by its title. These are the memoirs of the man who has been dubbed the dean of the American colony in London. The writer is the father of John Oliver Hobbes, and his book incidentally records many facts in regard to the talented author's childhood.

Major Louis Livingston Seaman, who wrote the most successful book on the Russo-Japanese War last year, is bringing out a second book under the title of "The Real Triumph of Japan." The scene is naturally in that country and in Manchuria, a part of the country unknown to literature until the Russo-Japanese War.

Alice in Wonderland said that she did not see the use of books without pictures and lots of dialogue in them. That seems to be the modern taste, especially in regard to dialogue, by means of which so much is interpreted. The tendency is not indigent to the United States, for all the foreign schools of writing are also making their effects by means of direct discourse. Sometimes this tendency is cleverly disguised, as in "The Reckoning," by Robert W. Chambers, which is written in the first person, and "Nancy Stair," by Elinor Macartney Lane, which is put in the mouth of an old servant in Stevensonian style. The distinction is in telling the tale or allowing the story to interpret itself.

Perhaps the most modern phase of this tendency is to be found in Robert W. Chambers's "Iole," in which direct discourse is carried on in telegrams, and the ingenuous speeches of the poet's seven fair daughters do far more toward portraying them than pages of description.

In "The Yellow Journalist," by Miriam Michelson, there is a complete absence of unnecessary description, and the most excit-

ing points are made in the battle of phrases, the thrust and parry of journalistic question and answer. The absence of dialect is also refreshing.

"Baby Bullet," one of the most humorous novels of modern times, is chiefly so through the whimsical view that the characters take of their own situation. The thread of action and event is very slender, but the intensely human psychology of it all as interpreted in dialogue, now sprightly, now serious (for the conversationalists), furnishes all the fascination.

tragedy is often contained in a single conversation. The bonds of love are broken and reunited in the course of a dialogue.

In his detective story entitled "Outside the Law," James Barnes describes his characters and then makes them talk in such a way that it is impossible to forget their characteristics. The South is known by its speech in "Duke of Devil-May-Care," by Harris Dickson.

"The Lake," by George Moore, which is published by the Appletons this spring, is written in epistolary direct discourse. There is no wearisome author's psychology, but



SENATOR BEVERIDGE

Author of "The Young Man and the World."

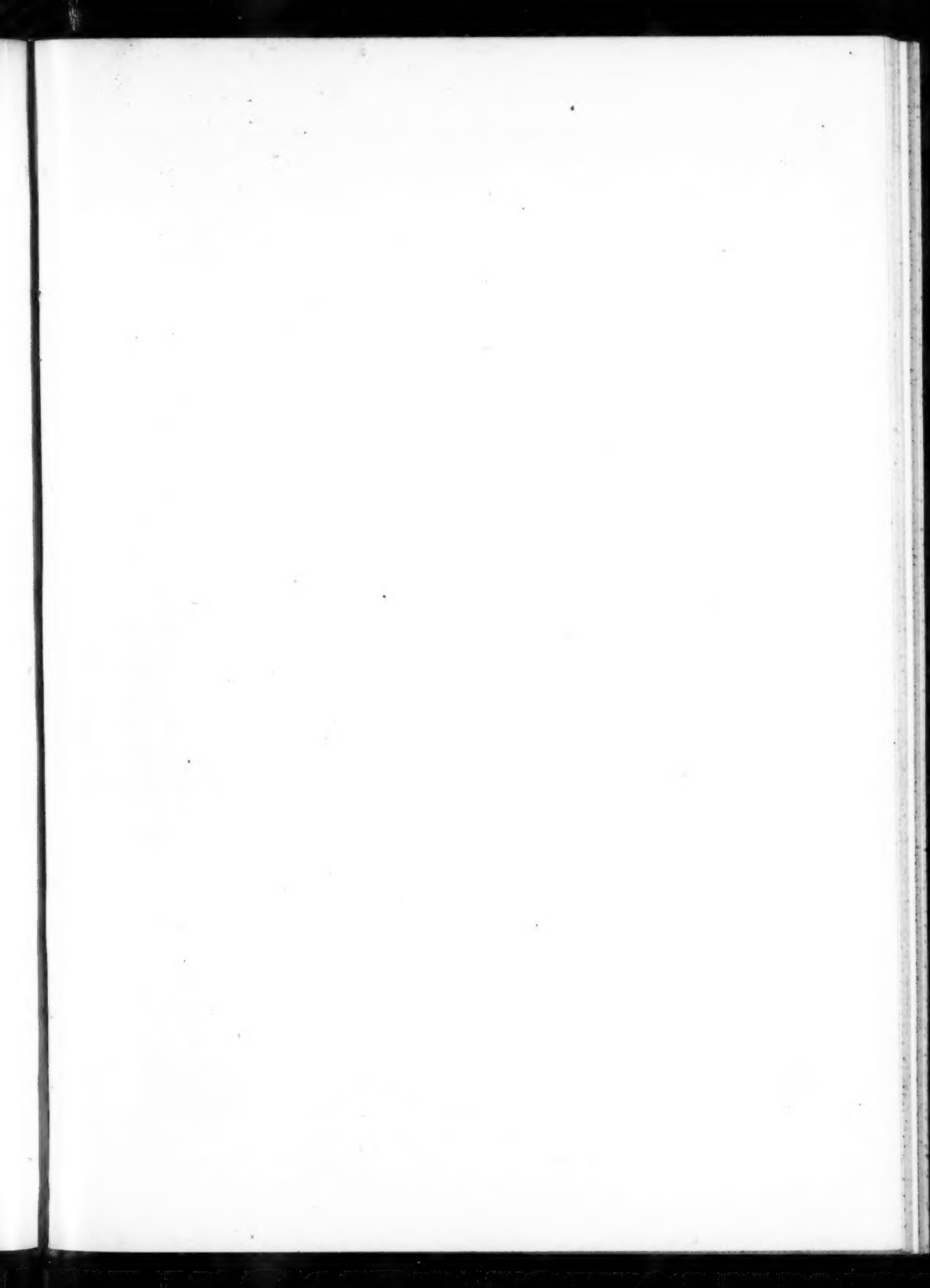
"The Young Man and the World," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, is all good, inspiring, straightforward, direct discourse. The whole book has the effect of listening to the conversation of a man of the world who has been through the mill and knows that whereof he speaks.

The frivolous court life which is portrayed in "The Flute of Pan" is of necessity chiefly interpreted by means of dialogue. With rare art John Oliver Hobbes has indicated what her characters meant by what they said, and yet they say things diametrically opposed to what they mean. An entire comedy or

emotions rendered, decisions arrived at in letters and conversations.

To remove the dialogue from "The Healers," by Maarten Maartens, would be to practically cancel the book. Half the amusement and three-quarters of the interest in the book are contained in the talk of its characters.

The most interesting portions of the memoirs published by the Appletons, such as "The Second French Empire," by Dr. Thomas W. Evans, and "With John Bull and Jonathan," by John Morgan Richards, are the direct quotations, the living speech of the great men and women of the times.





"Mrs. Halidon was bending over a pot of carnations."

—*"In Trust,"* page 437.